

THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS • OF • THE • DAY

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THE AIR NOT YET CONQUERED

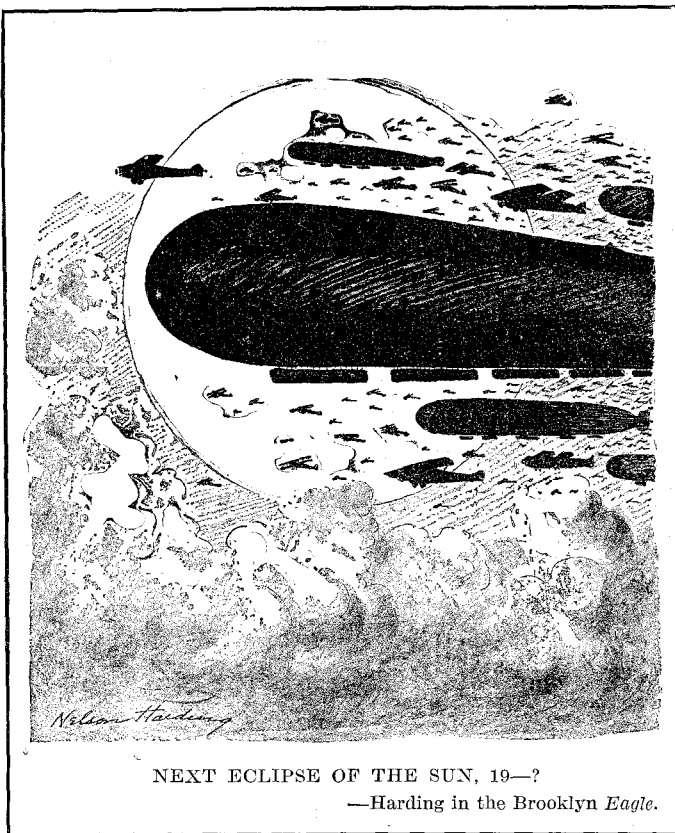
A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE is what the Byrd flight across the Atlantic seems to most editors in the days of calm reflection following the suspense and drama of that night when the American flyers were "lost" in the driving storm and mists above France. The demonstration of courage, skill and endurance, and the ability of plane and men to survive the worst of possible weather conditions stamp the Byrd flight as a triumph even tho the *America* never reached her destination, and is perhaps too badly shattered by the hasty landing ever to fly again. The flyers themselves seem to have a similar feeling about their exploit. Commander Byrd told some one that he felt as tho he ought to be kicked for not reaching Le Bourget field, and yet now that it is all over, he says: "I am glad we had such difficult weather conditions, because our flight proves what an airplane can survive, and I believe we learned something about what to do in such bad weather." The peril of the four Americans during the night and their strange escape on a Norman beach in the morning not only furnished a new thrill to France, but somehow gave these flyers an entrance into the hearts of Frenchmen which another smooth successful uneventful air voyage would never have done, say the correspondents. As one writes: "The drama of that effort in inky blackness and amid driving rain with low-lying clouds blotting out all landing-places—that seized and held the French imagination." And *Le Soir* of Paris calls the flight of Byrd "an Odyssey of indomitable energy"; "one of the finest examples of heroism and dogged perseverance ever offered for our admiration."

In this country, too, the news of the flyers' safety after a night when thousands listened nearly till morning for the radio bulletins of the news from France, gave all a new thrill. The story, says the *New York Times*, is "the most stirring record of adventure in the air ever told." To the layman, reflects the *Manchester Union*, "it seems at once a demonstration of the progress that aviation has made and of the further progress which will be necessary before commercial service over the route will be practicable." Many seem to think the air is not yet

conquered. The *New York Evening Post* is convinced that there was after all "something of luck in Lindbergh's great flight." It is upon such work as Byrd has done that the development of aviation depends, argues the *San Francisco Chronicle*, for "the route flown passes through the bleak regions where the Atlantic storms are born, and if men are to conquer these conditions they must have first-hand knowledge of them, not theories." If transatlantic flying is ever to become practicable and popular, it must be made possible to cross under just such conditions as the crew of the *America* experienced, says the *Springfield Republican*, wherefore "in the best interest of aviation it is just as well that the long shots should not always be bull's eyes." "It is by his mistakes that man gains wisdom," agrees the *Newark News*. We would have been happier, the *Minneapolis Star* believes, if Byrd, Acosta, Noville, and Balchen had ridden "down into Paris as serenely as did Colonel Lindbergh; but by failing to do so they have demonstrated that it is possible, even in the face of most untoward conditions, to stay aloft until gasoline and oil give

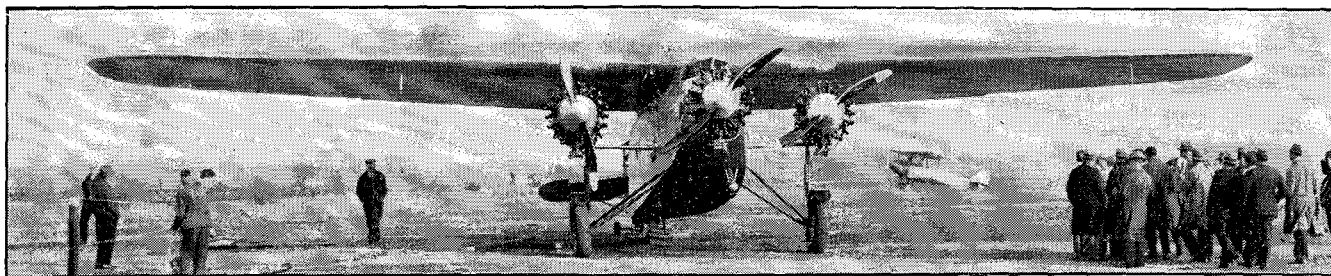
out and then make a safe landing."

Perhaps the failure of the Byrd expedition to reach Paris and the very narrow escape from fatal disaster are valuable, as the *South Bend Tribune* suggests, "in dispelling the cocksureness stirred in some by the Lindbergh flight." Commander Byrd proved once again that the trip across the Atlantic can be made, but, reasons the *Cincinnati Post*, "he proved even more decisively how much more there is to be done in the field of aviation before ocean voyages by air become a part of every-day life." "In the light of the experience of the *America* a little caution about prophesying an early realization of the dream of Atlantic airliners, on regular schedules, carrying passengers, mail, and freight," seems to the *Boston Post* to be in order. "The feat of crossing the Atlantic is not likely to become a commonplace while the Arctic sends down freezing depressions and the Gulf Stream converts them into blinding fog," reasons the *London Star*. Or, in the words of the *New York World*, "the flight to Paris is not for ordinary mortals yet; it is a task for heroes."



NEXT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 19—?

—Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.



International Newsreel photograph



Acme

COMMANDER BYRD



P. & A. photograph

BERT ACOSTA



P. & A. photograph

LIEUTENANT NOVILLE



Acme

BERNT BALCHEN

THE AMERICA AND ITS CREW

At the top, the Fokker plane before it left New York; below, the four flyers who safely crossed the Atlantic through nineteen hours of fog, only to find Paris shrouded in rain and mist, and then to make a forced landing on the coast of Normandy, after forty-three hours in the air.

The dramatic story of the *America's* flight has been told and retold so often, by each of the four participants, by correspondents, reporters, and editors, that it is now familiar to all our readers, and space forbids the retelling of it here. It will be remembered that the four aviators left Roosevelt Field at 5:24 A. M. (New York daylight saving time) on June 29; that after passing Newfoundland they flew for nineteen hours (nearly 2,000 miles) over the open ocean, through a dense fog. They reached the French coast near Brest as per schedule, but ran into heavy fog and severe rains between the coast and Paris. They were therefore unable to make a landing and were additionally hampered by the fact that their compass went wrong and that it was necessary to stop the radio sending, which had been kept up regularly throughout the flight up to that time. Early in the dawn they made their landing in shallow water near the beach at Ver sur Mer, on the coast of Normandy. This was 9:30 P. M., New York time, on June 30. After the people of Ver sur Mer had extended a welcome hospitality the flyers went on to Paris, where they received a most enthusiastic welcome and all sorts of honors, official and unofficial.

Without attempting to repeat the stories told by the aviators, it may be well to note certain practical lessons they draw from their experience. Commander Byrd has still to make his official report to the Navy Department on the scientific features of his voyage, but he says in an Associated Press interview:

"As soon as we learn more about meteorological conditions on the Atlantic, it will be possible to shorten the distance between New York and Paris by 500 miles, and the westbound flight between Paris and New York by 200 or 300 miles. This will come when we learn more definitely the direction and speed of the winds in the different altitudes and in the different areas over the ocean.

"When transatlantic travel by air becomes a regular thing we shall have to have radio-direction finders at both ends of the route and on the planes themselves. With them, if you know your position approximately, you can check it with ships at sea, definitely know where you are and set your course exactly.

"It is a wonderful thing, when you come to think about the fact that, while we were lost in the fog over the Atlantic, we were

able to get our bearings by wireless communication with ships which also were in fogs.

"Then there is the matter of ice forming on the wings. Especially if you get in the critical temperature of 32 degrees. We want to learn more about temperatures in different areas and different altitudes."

Commander Byrd has no fault to find with the Weather Bureau, believing that it deserves the greatest credit for predictions made in connection with Lindbergh's, Chamberlin's, and his own flight. This, he says in his story for the *New York Times*, "is the first time such weather prognostications have been made, and this beginning is destined to develop eventually into a very efficient and satisfactory meteorological service for the Atlantic." In the same paper he points out that "science has not yet developed any instrument that will enable an air navigator to locate himself in a fog except by radio bearings." Commander Byrd predicts that "the transatlantic fields of the future will have in the vicinity several radio direction-finding stations so that, if a plane arrives in foggy weather, it will be able to locate itself by these radio bearings."

Lieut. George O. Noville, who had charge of the *America's* radio apparatus, declares in his *New York Herald Tribune* story that over France "they were blind men in the air." When they realized that they had missed Paris they sent out an S O S call—the first, according to Lieutenant Noville, ever sent out from an airplane. Their final escape the Lieutenant considers "an undebatable demonstration that you can not carry too much fuel on long flights, which embrace such hazards." The engines functioned perfectly; indeed, adds this member of the Byrd party, "every single bit of equipment functioned with almost absolute perfection, with the exception of the compass, which failed over France, but through no fault of the compass." And this means for the progress of aviation "what Columbus's voyage meant to ships of the sea." As radio operator of the expedition, he naturally emphasizes the value of the plane's wireless equipment, which in his opinion functioned perfectly until it was necessary to pull up the antenna while over France a few hours before the landing. We are told that

when transatlantic air service becomes established as a permanent thing every air liner will be equipped with the very finest radio facilities, and in abnormal flying conditions "wireless aboard will mean protecting and saving countless lives." Aviation officers in Washington, according to a dispatch to the *New York Times*, believe that "some instrument must be developed in the form of a landing altimeter to enable flyers to estimate better their height from the ground when endeavoring to make descents or landings during storms such as Commander Byrd faced."

Floyd Bennett, Commander Byrd's companion on his Polar flight, who was unable to fly to France because of injuries received in a trial trip, says:

"There is needed a marker of some kind to put on landing-fields in case of heavy fog such as overshadowed Paris. Four very powerful beacons, one at each corner and all pointed upward—making pillars—would be desirable. Unfortunately, there are no lights at the present time strong enough to serve."

In the opinion of radio experts, writes Lemuel F. Parton for the Consolidated Press, the new mastery obtained by the light but powerful sending apparatus used on the *America* "means that the last great hazard of aerial navigation—guidance in fog—is about to be finally overcome," and new developments are under way to perfect this type of apparatus. Also to fight the fog, says the same writer, experiments are being made with neon gas to perfect a beacon which will "sweep the skies with a slender baton of pink light, possibly to a height of ten miles. It has been learned that the neon ray stabs the deepest fog bank like a rapier."

Scientifically, Byrd's trip was a greater success than any of the other transoceanic flights, the *Camden Courier* is convinced, believing that without his modern equipment he and his crew would have perished. It seems to the *Grand Rapids Herald* that "a scientific world that made it possible for Byrd to remain in the air forty-three hours can provide means for guiding transatlantic aviators as straight and true to London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, or Rome as a shot from a targeted rifle." The perfect action of the airplane engines used by all these transoceanic flyers seems extremely important to the *Columbus Dispatch* in eliminating or at least materially reducing one important source of danger to the air traveler. Considering the flight a scientific experiment, the *New York Herald Tribune* makes



SURPRIZING ALL THE CRITTERS

—Ireland in the *Columbus Dispatch*.



GETTING DIZZY

—Kirby in the *New York World*.

certain deductions. For one thing, the fog over the Atlantic precluded astronomical observations, "but with the aid of radio the navigation was accurate; the plane not only knew her position, but was able to avoid storms and pick the best route."

"Considering what has been accomplished by four sets of flyers who are citizens of the United States, it is clear" to the *Charleston (W. Va.) Mail*, "that the first half of 1927 has been fruitful in extending knowledge of aviation and in advancing its practicability." Now, says the *Washington Star*, "the continents are linked by the air, and no doubt remains that in a short time there will be practical, regular service between them." To-day, says the *New York Times*, passenger service between New York and Paris "seems to be a matter of a few years—years of improving motors, designing stronger 'ships,' and providing weather reports that will tell navigators what bad spots on the Atlantic they will have to expect." *The Times* reminds us that—

"Since the *America* came down on the French coast the following long-distance and overseas flights have been seriously planned: One from San Francisco to Australia, with stops at Honolulu, 2,407 miles; Pago-Pago, 2,614 miles; Suva, in the Fiji Islands, 792 miles, and Sydney, 2,003 miles; another from St. Paul to Tokyo, by way of Seattle; a third from Ottawa to London and return.

"That present distance records over both land and sea will be broken before long, and that all the oceans will be spanned, it is reasonable to believe."

"Naturally in the Eastern States more interest is taken in the flights across the Atlantic, but possibly," the *Springfield Republican* ventures to remark, "the Pacific will come to be the greatest playground of the adventurous aviator":

"Not only is it a much vaster ocean, but its enormous spaces are more hospitable to the airman, or will be when he has so thoroughly mastered navigation as to be able to fly surely from one island group to another.

"Because of the number of islands at which steamers do not frequently touch, shipping and aviation might advantageously cooperate for more flexible and expeditious service.

"Lieutenant Maitland and Lieutenant Hegenberger are pioneers in what may prove one of the greatest and most important fields of aviation, and other great triumphs are offered to daring flyers by the far-flung isles of the Pacific. That ocean will yet be spanned, tho perhaps not in a single flight."

TO PUT WARS TO A VOTE

"SENSATIONAL," "thought-compelling," "just another panacea," a "distinct service to peace"—these are some of the terms used by American papers to tell us what they think of Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton's proposal to curb war between civilized nations by votes of all the people. Our Ambassador to Great Britain outdistances all previous referendum proposals by advocating, not only a popular vote directly on the question of whether the people want to go to war, before governments declare it, but he also proposes that they vote for or against ratification of an international conference agreement not to resort to war against one another for a whole century. The *New York Times* declares that Ambassador Houghton's suggestion "should challenge the genius of modern democracy to find a way to put the proposal into practical effect."

It was in Boston, just before returning to his post in London, that Mr. Houghton, a Harvard man and United States Ambassador to Germany after the World War, spoke his own mind only, he would have us understand, in his Commencement address at Harvard University. The "Uncle Dudley" editor of the *Boston Globe* thinks that Houghton's plain-spoken attack upon war and the remedy proposed "are novel indeed, coming from so highly placed a personage," remarking further that seldom has the ancient theory of "the inevitability of war" owing to "an inherent weakness of human nature," received such a lambasting.

"The time is at hand," said Mr. Houghton in his address, "when a new experiment in democratic control must be made":

"Those peoples who have demonstrated their competence to govern themselves within their own national frontiers must assume direct responsibility for their relations with each other. Our governments have shown themselves unable to protect us against war. They continue to act along well-defined grooves, and in accordance with the dictates of a political theory which exalts nationalism and relies frankly upon the use of force, when necessary, to attain these ends.

"If the danger of war is to be lessened, a sufficient measure of control, it seems to me, can be obtained only when the self-

governing peoples definitely and constitutionally take the decision into their own hands."

How can this be done? Mr. Houghton's propositions, culminating in a dramatic international referendum day, he diplomatically states as follows:

"First, if so great a political experiment is to be tried, it must be frankly an international experiment. It can not be safely or expediently entered upon by one nation alone. Obviously the experiment would have a greater chance of success if confined at the beginning to those peoples who are most alike in race and ancestry, who possess roughly the same degree of economic and political and educational advancement, accept the same standards of life, respond to the same appeals, and react to the same emotions—in other words, the great self-governing peoples.

"Obviously, too, such a proposition can only be brought before them by the consent and with the cooperation of their respective governments. A conference at which each is represented would therefore be a necessary preliminary. Second, the object of such a conference would be, of course, to determine whether each of these governments is prepared by proper legislative action to enable its people to accept or reject a proposition whereby a declaration of war against the other peoples in the group can be made only after the question has received the affirmative sanction of a majority of its qualified electors; and, following this, to enter into an agreement whereby in return for reciprocal pledges, each shall agree not to attack the others for a term of—say—100 years.

"If, as a result of such a conference, these two propositions can be formulated and accepted, a day should be fixed on which all the peoples so pledged would be given an opportunity to vote for or against ratification, so that by the simultaneous action of the individual electors in all the great nations involved the full responsibility for that agreement would be dramatically brought home to each, and each be made aware that the issue of peace or war between them will be thereafter in their own hands and control. Into such a conference, it seems to me, the plain people of America would be eager to enter."

It does seem to be true that many important papers hesitate either to whole-heartedly endorse or openly attack Ambassador Houghton's propositions, and public men seem slow to break into print with discussion of the idea of plebiscites to control war-making. The *New York World*, after repeating the proposals regarding conference agreement and plebiscites, says:

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated.

1. What new source of wealth has the British Empire found in Palestine? (p. 20).
2. What is the "dendrograph"? (p. 21).
3. Do mental handicaps apply to golf? (p. 23).
4. How near the earth was the June comet? (p. 24).
5. How much carbon does a boy of 70 pounds weight carry in his system? (p. 24).
6. What chance has a runaway girl in a big city? (pp. 29 and 30).
7. Who is responsible for our addiction to thrills? (p. 30).
8. Does a casual traveler in this country see much liquor? (p. 31).
9. Is there any real use in forcing a person to study? (p. 51).
10. What are the tonnage, length, beam, horse-power, and speed of the new French liner, *Ile de France*? (p. 52).
11. What was the nationality of a doctor who wrote an able treatise on typhoid fever in the Second Century? (p. 38).
12. Why does a college dean describe himself as "practically a policeman"? (p. 49).
13. Are our 800,000 college students motivated by "a self-felt desire for knowledge"? (p. 50).
14. What poetry prize did Tennyson take at Oxford? (p. 26).
15. Who has served longest as dramatic critic in America? (p. 28).
16. Where does Gainsborough stand in the arcana of English art? (p. 25).
17. What important Canadian city was "a collection of huts" in 1867? (p. 15).
18. Who pays the bill for keeping Indian troops in China? (p. 18).
19. When did the Dominion of Canada begin to exist? (p. 15).
20. What nation of North America consists of two races, two languages and two religious beliefs? (p. 15).
21. What is the "distinct service to democracy and peace" which Ambassador Houghton recently rendered? (p. 9).
22. What progress is being made toward razing tariff barriers throughout the world? (p. 13).
23. How many Canadian Provinces still remain in the dry column? (p. 11).
24. How may the fog menace to aviation possibly be conquered? (p. 6).
25. In what respect is the Pacific a better ocean for aviators than the Atlantic? (p. 7).

"Coming from the Ambassador to Great Britain, and spoken at the moment when a conference of historic importance affecting Great Britain and the United States is in progress, these words of Mr. Houghton's deserve the most sympathetic attention. They were, of course, not spoken officially. They represent, as he says, his own personal views. But they are the views of a highly responsible man at the most important diplomatic post in the whole world. They are inspired, without doubt, by the conviction that a way must be found, not merely to reduce armaments by technical treaty provisions, but forever to make war impossible between the British and the American peoples."

Similarly, this comment by the *Montgomery Advertiser* typifies the attitude of numerous papers:

"The great significance of Mr. Houghton's address lies, not in the plan he suggests, for that is only a tentative proposal, but in the fact that it is evidence of a sincere effort on the part of present-day statesmen to make war as nearly impossible as it can be made. Plans put forward to this end may vary, but that is not great matter, for the accepted plan would naturally have to be worked out carefully and slowly. What counts is that statesmen are in accord on the proposition that some way must be found to prevent repetitions of such a disastrous conflict as the World War. It is the great lesson that all nations have learned from the last war."

Washington correspondents discover no open disapproval of Houghton's ideas in the Administration, but "there is appreciation of difficulties in the way of entering into such a compact apart even from the implied necessity of amending the Constitution which reposes in Congress the power to declare war," we read in correspondence to the *Boston Globe*. No war referendum propositions ever got past the Foreign Affairs Committee. "The idea of popular control, in any degree, of foreign relations, always has been regarded as a piece of fantastic radicalism," reports the *Brooklyn Eagle* correspondent, but when so conservative a high official as Houghton "begins to speak the language La Follette and Lindbergh (father of the transatlantic flying hero) and Bryan were speaking ten years ago, it is time to sit up and take notice. Doubtless Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg, reading press reports of his speech, are already a little shocked."

On the other hand, *The Christian Science Monitor* praises Houghton's "distinct service to the cause of democracy and peace," and opines that he "echoes the beliefs of the level-headed New Englander who now occupies the Presidency."

Many papers content themselves by summarizing Mr. Houghton's "thought-compelling" thesis and proposals or, like the *Boston Herald*, suggest that it may be "too soon to expect any large number of public men to discuss the idea of a world plebiscite if indeed they feel that the opinions of Mr. Houghton are entitled to any consideration at all." The *New York Telegram*, a Scripps-Howard paper, says:

"If the real feelings of the peoples of the civilized nations are fairly expressed—if they have their way about it—international relations will continue friendly and there will be no war. Ambassador Houghton, in advocating what amounts to a referendum on war, has made a notable contribution to the cause of peace."

"The audacity of the plan is almost thrilling," exclaims the *Springfield Republican*, which believes, however, that—

"If an appeal directly to the people in times of excitement and passion is not always advisable, in case the object is to avoid war, a referendum can not be depended upon to maintain peace."

"The war election, so to speak, would come in each nation on the same day,

and all the peoples would be under a treaty obligation to vote for war or peace. One can conjure up difficulties that might arise to prevent the referendum all around at the critical time, but the fact remains that Mr. Houghton's plan would end war between the nations of the group for 100 years, if it would work in practice. For, suppose that in the group only one nation should vote for war. That nation would then become the aggressor. But, according to the treaty, it would still have to keep peace until the 100 years had elapsed. So, if no one Power could 'attack,' whatever the results of the national referenda, a century of peace would be assured."

Jeremiah Smith, the Boston lawyer who succeeded in bringing about financial reconstruction in Hungary, and who considers the League of Nations organization a valuable deterrent of



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VOTERS, NOT GOVERNMENTS, SHOULD DECIDE ON WARS

Says Alanson B. Houghton, our Ambassador to Great Britain, here shown with his daughter Matilda, who was married in London last week to Mr. C. P. Anderson, Jr.

war, thinks that Ambassador Houghton's treaty and referendum plan might be of some help. But, addressing Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, he stresses the chance of people being misled:

"We have chosen a representative government as the best means of expressing the popular idea in domestic affairs, and I do not see any substitute for representative government in foreign affairs. The great trouble with many of the political remedies that are proposed to-day is that they call on the people to do too much; they call on them to spend too much time in considering the question, and they submit too many questions to popular vote which can not be answered intelligently without a most thorough study of facts for which the average man, engaged in earning his living, has not the time."

The *Manchester (N. H.) Union* turns down the Houghton proposition cold as "the latest panacea," declaring in part:

"The Ambassador's plan is negated by the fact that to be effective it must be universal. Mr. Houghton recognizes this difficulty himself. The experiment, he says, to be successful, must be international. It could not be put into effect by one alone. This condition alone is fatal. Most peoples to-day have not yet succeeded in securing real democracy at all, and the time is far distant when many of them will win the effective right of diffusing the power of control even in domestic affairs among the masses. In fact, the experiment in democracy is still in its incipency. Mr. Houghton's plan, therefore, has little practical bearing upon the actual world of to-day."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood
GEN. ALVARO OBREGON



Keystone View Company photograph
GEN. FRANCISCO SERANO



GEN. ARNULFO R. GOMEZ

THE THREE MEXICAN GENERALS WHO WOULD SUCCEED PRESIDENT CALLES

MEXICO'S COMING "GENERAL" ELECTION

THE QUESTION OF HOW MANY TERMS a President should serve will be an issue, not only in the United States in the next Presidential campaign, but in Mexico. But in the republic to the south, the issue will be the second term, not the third. There, three Generals hold the political stage. Generals Serano and Gomez, following ex-President Obregon's formal announcement that he will be a candidate to succeed his successor, President Calles, have both adopted platforms denouncing the menace of "reelection," despite the fact that General Obregon has been out of office four years. Washington and Mexico City correspondents are therefore predicting a merry three-cornered contest.

The Mexican Constitution, we are told, prohibits a President being elected to succeed himself. But, explains Ashmun Brown in a Washington dispatch to the *Providence Journal*:

"Last year's amendment to the Constitution, driven through by President Calles, makes eligible a President who has been out of office for one term. Gomez and Serano assert that Calles and Obregon are political twins, and that the plan is for Obregon to succeed Calles in 1928, and for Calles to succeed Obregon.

"The two candidates opposing Obregon are Army men. Gen. Arnulfo Gomez, the only candidate to receive a convention nomination, recently took a year's leave of absence from his post, to enter the Presidential race. He is idolized by the troops. Gen. Francisco Serano was President Obregon's Secretary of War, and he has been President Calles's Governor of the Federal district of Mexico City. He, like Gomez, is immensely popular in military circles. Both are denouncing lustily and within the hearing of President Calles, what they declare is the plot of Calles and Obregon to establish a dynasty by alternating in the Presidential office.

"The very fact that Gomez and Serano have been permitted to take leave of absence to run in opposition to Calles's choice, Obregon, and that they are conducting their campaigns against Obregon openly in the City of Mexico, within the very shadow of the Presidential Palace, is striking proof of the fact that Calles is not the dictator that Obregon was. Calles, according to the reports here, does not dare to suppress the Gomez and Serano candidacies."

General Obregon's candidacy, reports the *New York Times* correspondent at the summer White House, "is accepted by this Government as forecasting better relations with Mexico if the General is elected." And the Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* agrees that—

"While General Obregon has pledged himself to carry on the Calles policies, he is regarded here as more friendly to the United States and as less radical than the incumbent President. When

he was President, following his recognition by the United States in 1923, relations with the United States were fairly comfortable and trade flourished, a condition strikingly in contrast with the last two years of the Calles Administration.

"Early in the year General Obregon conferred with President Calles, and thereafter the Mexican Government modified its anti-American attitude. Obregon, it is understood, warned Calles that he was going too far, and that it would be better, while not capitulating on the land, oil, and religious laws, to move less drastically. At any rate the Mexican Government has made no move to nationalize or otherwise dispose of the vast petroleum properties which theoretically had reverted to the ownership of the nation when the American owners failed to apply for 'confirmatory concessions,' as required by law."

In a statement announcing his candidacy, General Obregon said, in part:

"In so far as our policy toward the United States is concerned we continue to maintain with energy the decorum and right which Mexico has as a sovereign State to give herself that legislation which best adjusts itself to the aims which this country is pursuing, and to its interest without other limitation than that imposed on all States by international law."

"To the fair-minded American, there is little to criticize and much to commend in the Obregon manifesto," believes the *Los Angeles Times*, from its position near the Mexican border. And in Washington, *The Star* reminds us that—

"While a Mexican President may not succeed himself, it will be recalled that Obregon has been out of office since 1924. He is therefore eligible for election as President. Obregon proved himself the strong man of Mexico when that country was still in a chaotic state after years of revolution. He was one of the few Presidents of Mexico who served out his four-year term and turned the Government over in peaceful fashion to his successor. It was Obregon who defeated Villa years ago.

"It was largely through the recognition of his Government by the United States that Obregon, when President of Mexico, was able to become firmly established. Furthermore, it was while Obregon was President that agreements were drawn up between this country and Mexico safeguarding American interests."

Several other American dailies, however, apparently look with suspicion upon the Obregon candidacy. "What is in prospect in Mexico if General Obregon is successful," declares the *Springfield Union*, is a continuous dictatorship, with alternating heads—Calles and Obregon." The *New York Herald Tribune* and *Providence Journal* are likewise critical of the owner of the third sombrero to be cast into Mexico's Presidential ring, and the *Washington Post* even goes so far as to maintain that the Obregon announcement "has brought nearer the inevitable breaking off of diplomatic relations between Mexico and the United States."

A DRY VICTORY IN CANADA

AMERICANS ARE INTERESTED in Canada's liquor-law experiments, not only because the Dominion is a near neighbor, but because Prohibition there has never been a part of Canada's organic law, as it is in the United States. Repeal of Provincial dry laws, therefore, have not been difficult to bring about, once the voters took the notion. When, therefore, Ontario and New Brunswick voted for government control of the sale of liquor, considerable interest was aroused in various editorial sanctums, not only in this country, but in Canada, and it was freely predicted by the wets in each country that Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, the only two Provinces remaining under the Prohibition banner, would follow their example in the next election. But the "P.E.I." election, held on June 25, leaves that island still in the Prohibition column. As the *Toronto Globe* explains:

"Premier James D. Stewart, of Prince Edward Island, attempted to follow the policy adopted by Premier Ferguson, of Ontario, when seeking return to office. He ran on a platform of government control of liquor, promising a law very similar to that passed in Ontario. The Liberal leader, Mr. A. C. Saunders, K. C., adhered to Prohibition, agreeing to strengthen the enforcement machinery and to cooperate with the Dominion authorities in the suppression of rum-running and smuggling, and proposing a plebiscite in 1929 to give the people an opportunity to say whether they wish Prohibition or liquor."

"Where Prohibition can be enforced, the people want to keep it. Where it fails to work—as it seemed to do in Ontario—the people want to try something else," remarks the *Montreal Star*. Prince Edward Island, the smallest Canadian Province and the first to legislate against the sale of intoxicating liquor, swept the Conservative Government out of power in what the *Charlottetown Patriot*, a Liberal paper published in the capital, terms "both a political and a moral victory." According to this opposition journal:

"It was generally felt that the Government of Premier Stewart was doomed to defeat. It did not merit a vote of continued confidence by the people of Prince Edward Island. And, as if to accentuate its feeble administration in the dying hours of its term, it adopted a policy called government control of the sale of liquor."

"Now, even a tyro in public affairs must realize that the restoration of the sale of liquor as a beverage in this Province is a fatal policy for any party. We do not pretend, however, that the victory of A. C. Saunders, the Liberal candidate, was altogether a political victory. It was both a political and a moral victory. Our people, isolated from the mainland, have decided that the sale of liquor shall not be clothed in the legal garb of respectability."

Prince Edward Island, we are reminded by another Liberal paper, the *Summerside Pioneer*, "is the first Province to turn back the advancing tide of the liquor interests, thus setting a good example to the rest of Canada." In this editor's opinion:

"The utter defeat of the Stewart Government in a political sense is merely incidental. The rising tide of Liberalism probably would have brought about Premier Stewart's defeat on other issues had there been no question of Prohibition. That question was the issue, however, and the extent of the turnover makes it clear that it was the determining factor. There were other planks in the platforms of the two candidates, but they were disregarded. The fight was for and against Prohibition."

On the other hand, a Liberal-Conservative paper published in the capital, the *Charlottetown Guardian*, points out that 47 per cent. of the voters in the recent election "registered their opinion in favor of government control of the sale of liquor, while a large percentage of those who, for party reasons, voted for Prohibition, are in favor of a change." Furthermore, we are assured:

"A great deal was made of Prohibition in the campaign, but actually it did not affect the issue to any great extent. Some Liberal candidates, who openly break the Prohibition Law, were elected simply because they were Liberals. In each case the Prohibition tag meant nothing; while the party label meant everything."

The defeat of the Stewart Government, in the opinion of the *Summerside Journal*, Conservative, can be ascribed to but one thing: "A misconception on the part of a majority of the voters in regard to Premier Stewart's policy of government control. Apart from this phase, which many people declared they could not conscientiously indorse, the Stewart Government stood to win, hands down, for they had a remarkable record of achievement lasting over a period of four years." The returns of the election, we are informed by the *Montreal Gazette*, were: Liberal (Saunders) 24, Conservative (Stewart) 6. In this paper's opinion:

"Normally, the Stewart Government would most probably have won on their creditable record of administrative and legislative work. But the Liberals turned the liquor question to their advantage, and, with the aid of temperance speakers from other parts of the Dominion, persuaded a majority of the electors of the Province to defeat the Conservative Government because a Stewart victory meant the abandonment of Prohibition."

As a result of the Prince Edward Island election, points out the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, the new Premier will call a referendum on the Prohibition question in 1929, and in the *Manchester Union* we learn that—

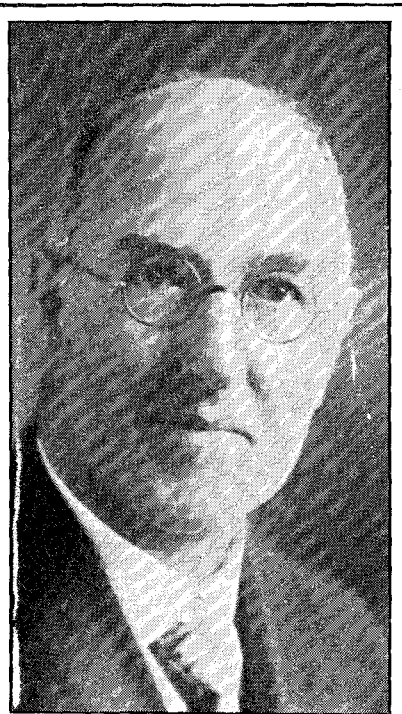
"Prince Edward Island was the first Province in Canada to legislate against the sale of intoxicating liquor. When in 1877,

the Scott Act, a local option law, was passed by the Dominion Government, the people of the island Province put it immediately into force; and soon after the Privy Council of Great Britain decided that each Province in Canada had the power to adopt Prohibition if it chose, the Prince Edward Islanders were the first to employ the newly granted authority.

"In 1907 provincial Prohibition was legally enacted, and it has remained continuously in force until the present. The attempt of the recent Government was therefore a reversal of a policy that has been consistently maintained in this Maritime Province for almost fifty years.

"There are certain features peculiar to Prince Edward Island that have favored the Prohibition policy. The population of the Island is almost entirely agricultural in character, and as in the United States the farmer has in general been in favor of legal enactment against liquor. Furthermore, the population is homogeneous, not only racially, but in habits and ideals.

"This victory can not help but have its effect in the Dominion as a whole. Of late, sentiment has been swinging away from Prohibition. The difficulties of enforcement have been allowed to obscure the benefits. The prosperous Prince Edward Islanders will at least call attention to the fact that the Province that first made the Prohibition experiment does not consider it a failure. This impression will doubtless influence the coming election in Nova Scotia, the other Maritime Province that remains bone dry."



Keystone View Company

THE DRY PREMIER-ELECT

Mr. A. C. Saunders, K. C., of Prince Edward Island, Canada's smallest Province, who proposes a Prohibition plebiscite in 1929. Meanwhile the island stays in the dry column.

ENDING "MILITARY RULE" IN THE PHILIPPINES

"I'M LIKE A BANGED-UP FREIGHT-CAR that is still running on its wheels," Gen. Leonard Wood told the press correspondents in South Dakota on June 24, when he announced, after a long talk with President Coolidge, that he will return to his post as Governor-General of the Philippines in September. The General's homely figure of speech had no reference to his political fortunes, for the President had just informed him that his work as executive over 12,000,000 people was wholly satisfactory. He was referring to his physical condition. As the *Chicago Tribune* explains, the General is "badly battered up from two operations, an automobile wreck and an accident on shipboard, which cracked three ribs, but he has all his old indomitable fighting spirit."

The newspapers of the country are somewhat puzzled, however, by the fact that the President, on the same day that he bade General Wood go back and continue the good work on the islands, also told the press correspondents that he favored placing the Philippines under a civil bureau at Washington—preferably with the Department of the Interior—instead of under the War Department as at present. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Dem.) charges President Coolidge with "straddling," because "on the one hand he indorses the military régime under General Wood, and on the other approves what seems to be the civilian administration recommended in the report of Col.

Carmi Thompson, who went to the islands last year as the President's personal representative." The *Louisville* paper, like others in the South, thinks the question "whether or not the inefficient military autocracy in the Philippines is to be abolished" depends upon which of these two advisers is followed.

To this the Republican papers retort, quite unanimously, that there is no "military autocracy" in the Philippines, nor is there any "inefficiency" in the present conduct of affairs in the islands. "General Wood is our most competent and successful colonial administrator," declares the *New York Herald Tribune*. The *Kansas City Star*, *Indianapolis Star*, and many other papers, speak of his work with similar enthusiasm.

The phrase "military rule," the *Boston Herald* points out, is practically meaningless as applied to the Philippines, because the islands have a complete civil government, and have had such for years. The *Springfield Republican* also helps to clear up the confusion on this point as follows:

"The idea that military rule still exists is due mainly to the fact that Governor-General Wood is a retired officer of the United States Army, that he has called to his assistance in operating certain administrative departments a number of Army officers, and that the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington is still housed in the War Department. General Wood, however, as a retired Army officer, does not make the Philippine Government a military government any more than the retired Army

officer who, until recently, was a park commissioner of Springfield, put the local park department under military rule. General Wood's predecessors since Taft's time in the Philippines have been civilians for the most part. There will be more civilian Governors in the future. The cry of military rule is based on these superficialities."

The idea of a civil bureau that shall have charge of all insular possessions is no novelty, as the *New York Times* points out, for even before Colonel Thompson recommended it in his Philippine report it was suggested by President Coolidge himself in a message to Congress, and was embodied in the reorganization bill

framed by Walter Brown of Ohio, but was never acted upon by Congress. That bill proposed to put all our islands under the State Department, but Secretary Hughes, then in office, thought his department had enough to do. Now President Coolidge suggests the Interior Department, which already administers Alaska. Most of the editors of the country seem to favor this idea. One of the few exceptions is the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, which has no faith in civilian appointees for such a place. It says:

"Our task in the Philippines is not yet completed. It should be extended under the control of a military man. It is doubtful that any civilian Governor could hold his own in the difficult situation so long and so ably guided and controlled by General Wood."

The *Philadelphia Bulletin* strikes the prevailing note, however, when it says:

"Territorial administration has historically always been under the jurisdiction of the Interior. That department has the right background for

the job. Control by the State Department might have the disadvantage of stressing the international aspects of Philippine relations, whereas for many years the emphasis ought to lie on business, education, and orderly progress in the path of self-government in domestic affairs. The value of the transfer lies in its effect on the Filipino mind."

"Unquestionably the situation in the Philippines would be improved if the administration of its affairs were in the hands of a department of the civil branch of the Government," the *Buffalo Courier-Express* thinks, and the *Manchester Union* remarks that "it would no doubt encourage the Filipinos, and quiet the agitators, to know that they were in the hands of that branch of the Government ordinarily charged with the tutelage of candidates for self-government."

In a way the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* sums up the matter when it says:

"Assuming that General Wood is to return to Manila in the autumn, the transfer of the Bureau of Insular Affairs to the Department of the Interior, for example, would make no change whatever in the methods of the government in the islands, but it would remove one grievance which the irreconcilable native leaders have been carefully nursing for many years. It would probably mean that a civilian would be put at the head of the bureau, and that the civilian rather than the military point of view would prevail when island problems were considered."



Photograph from the Rise Studio, Rapid City, South Dakota

HE DOESN'T SEEM "A BANGED-UP FREIGHT-CAR"
Gen. Leonard Wood as he appeared beside President Coolidge at the latter's summer home in the Black Hills.

BIG BUSINESS HITS THE TARIFF

A STRIKING EXAMPLE of how the "tariff thought" of the world is changing is seen by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in the recent meeting at Stockholm of the International Chamber of Commerce. A plea for the lowering of all commercial hindrances between nations, including tariffs, was the major subject of discussion, we are told, in an attempt to improve world conditions in industry and commerce. Whether the American delegates to the convention "held their tongues in their cheeks," as one editor suggests, when the matter of tariffs was discussed, is not known, but a resolution was passed calling on all governments to reduce high tariff walls, saying: "The conference declares that the time has come to put an end to increase in tariffs and move in the opposite direction." In the opinion of Owen D. Young, chairman of the American delegation, "the major problems of the present moment are economic, and nobody can do more to help in their correct solution than the business men of the world. If the economic relationships are improved, political relations will take care of themselves."

The Stockholm conference, writes Frederick Simpich in *The Independent*, "became the clearing-house for the business brains of the world." Continues this writer:

"It is nearly ten years since war left world trade paralyzed, millions idle, and nations bankrupt. Economic restoration has been slow. Various trade barriers impede the free movement of goods across frontiers. These barriers spring from racial feuds, fears, and suspicions; from laws often ill-advised, and even from the futility of a decorative but dumb diplomatic system."

"These business men and bankers are seeking to cultivate friendly relations among the nations they represent, and to promote international trade. Diplomats are helpless before such concrete problems as shipping, cables, double taxation of corporations doing business in two countries, patents, trademarks, and government control of raw materials. These are problems which only business brains and experience can solve. It is to such questions, which hit hard, not only American business, but indirectly at every American's pocketbook, that this International Chamber brings the best trade thinking of the world."

"In the six years of its life, the decisions of the International Chamber have wielded far-reaching influence. When this body met at Rome in 1923, it found that the reparations problem was the key log in the European economic jam. Despite the doubts of diplomats, the voice of world business was listened to with respect in Italy, Germany, England, and even in France. In thus molding a favorable public opinion, it encouraged the governments concerned to call together the economic experts and turn over to them what had previously been a political problem. Thus, while the International Chamber did not make the Dawes plan, it cleared the way so that it might be worked out by business men."

"With all her frontier restrictions on the movement of men and goods, Europe now is as the United States would be if, for example, New York had to pay a high duty on motor-cars made in Detroit, or a man had to get a passport to go from Minneapolis to St. Paul. So [the trading nations would banish trade barriers. If, by so doing, they can make of Europe more of a free-trading area, then they can begin to compete with the United States. But as long as each national unit fights to protect itself, tariffs as a whole can hardly be much lowered."

The tariff, recalls the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "was the subject foremost in the minds of South American representatives to the recent Pan-American Congress. It was the principal issue at the Geneva Economic Conference which closed on May 23, and at the Stockholm meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce." To the *Cleveland daily*:

"The significance of this lies principally in the fact that the tariff has been removed from the field of academic discussion, and for the first time in modern times is being considered as a measure profoundly affecting the prosperity, and possibly the peace, of the world. The time-honored political arguments for protection are all but forgotten in these conferences. One hears no more the contention that high protection protects living standards, or contributes to the full dinner-pail, but rather that it limits markets, compels many nations to produce commodities

under distinctly unfavorable conditions, and accordingly reduces their incomes."

"No violent readjustment in American tariff legislation is in sight, but the beginning of the end of the extreme protectionist policy which has prevailed since the Civil War can not be long postponed. The next Act will carry more moderate protection than the present Act, no matter which major party is in power when the tariff is revised."

According to the Stockholm correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*, the meeting at the Swedish capital drew together the largest number of financiers from different countries ever assembled. It was the first of its kind to be attended by a German delegation. Said one of the reports:

"Trade barriers, in the international sense, are those arbitrary national restraints on the free movement of goods and capital services which not only hamper trade and traders, but limit the economical production and distribution of goods and capital services, to the detriment of all peoples affected by the restraint. They inevitably depress the standards of living."

"The subject of trade barriers is the principal question before the world of international business at the present time. The business men of every country recognize the importance of an early solution of the problem of the barriers, which are preventing the full development of the economic welfare of the world."

One of the speakers, Sir Alan Anderson, pointed out that—

"The nationalist fever after the war gave us the sympathy and full support of all our peoples. Even the consumers, weighted down with inflated taxes and inflated currency, joined our cry that national industry must be helped and the foreigner and his trade must be barred. As happens to the ship which is too heavily freighted with even the best cargo, our argosy capsized. We all know now that we can have too much of a good thing; that without foreign trade the national trade, aye, even the nation's life, languishes."

"Our duty now is to help that exchange between the nations of goods, men and ideas which we call trade."

Of course, admits Prof. Gustav Cassel, of Sweden, "it is practically impossible to abolish the whole system of Chinese walls at once." But, he goes on:

"If we can unite all countries on the principle that trade barriers must be done away with, starting first with the worst, then a new day will dawn."

"The nations must first recognize economic maximum protection. Our American friends say that protection should be limited to what is necessary to protect the standard of living and the standard of wages. On this the advocates of protection and of free trade can perhaps agree. Of course a formal international agreement is impossible; it would be too meager. What is wanted is a general understanding of what is fair in the way of international protection."

"The nations have been bent on developing their political economy as if the main concern were that of becoming self-sustaining or economically independent in the highest degree without import from abroad. This has meant nothing less than a tendency to decrease to the utmost the international exchange of products. There can be no doubt that these efforts are, to a large extent, responsible for the decline, since the war, of the economic status of the world."

"The time has come for putting a stop to any further raising of customs tariffs and for reversing the trend of present commercial development in this regard. This should be begun by removing such tariffs as hinder trade most."

Aside from all this, maintains the *Detroit Free Press*:

"There is real importance attached to such meetings as the International Chamber of Commerce conference at Stockholm, in the advance toward better living throughout the world that follows in their wake. More comfort, more wealth, and more leisure come from them, and while they may lack the spectacular news value of an ocean flight, they may be of even greater material value to the world."

"Transatlantic and transpacific airplanes are annihilating space and bringing the continents nearer, but ideas and common interests are doing more by bringing nations nearer, and every conference such as the one in Stockholm breaks down some new barrier."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

GUNMETAL finish—What you get in Chicago.—*Life*.As a horse lover, the Prince of Wales displays a most forgiving spirit.—*Arkansas Gazette*.It won't be long before we'll read, "Dry Air Service Captures Rum Plane."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.It seems only a question of time when some one will hop off this little globe entirely.—*Asheville Times*.CASINO owners in Monte Carlo have cut a melon of 17,000,000 gold marks, thanks to marks of another sort.—*Detroit Free Press*.MANY a man thinks he has an open mind when it's merely vacant.—*Peoria Star*.HASN'T "Say it with flyers" become just as serviceable a slogan for Uncle Sam as "Say it with flowers"?—*Beloit News*.PROHIBITION may not have done anything else for the country, but it has reduced the number of men who think they can sing.—*El Paso Times*.ATTORNEY-GENERAL SARGENT rebukes those who laugh at the law. He might take a whack at those who make it so comical.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.CONTEMPORARY says the story of Mary and her little lamb is pure fiction. Well, that's more than can be said for lots of other stories.—*Arkansas Gazette*.It is said that the Black Hills are above the altitude limit for insects, but we would like to bet that the old Presidential bee survives.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot*.A JOB in this country is the best in the world, says Mr. Coolidge, thus subtly dispelling the impression that he might be out for the job of President of some other country in 1928.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.FRENCH Commissioners Contemplate Visit to U. S.—*Head-line*. They have a rendezvous with debt.—*Arkansas Gazette*.CHINA hopes to prove that other nations don't necessarily have to own part of her territory to carry on trade with her.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.HALF of the world's yield of coffee is said to be used in the United States. Perhaps that is why we are such a wide-awake people.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.CHANG TSO-LIN has been appointed leader of the Northern Chinese armies. And if he maintains his lead, eventually he'll make some of these Indian long-distance runners look slow.—*San Diego Union*."SHIRTS that laugh at the laundry" are advertised by a certain firm. One of ours, bought elsewhere, has such a keen sense of humor that it arrived home the other day with its sides split.—*Punch*."A CERTAIN South American insect," says one of the scientific magazines, "has a white light at its head and a red light at its tail." And we had thought all along that they came from Detroit.—*New York Evening Post*.MANY of the girls nowadays seem to feel that beauty is knee-deep.—*Louisville Times*.ONE reason for the divorce evil is that people don't divorce evil.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.THE most noticeable thing about the limitation of arms conference is its limitations.—*El Paso Times*.WE'LL agree that Mussolini is a superman. He succeeded in making the landlords reduce rents.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times*.THERE are two classes, the righteous and the unrighteous. The classifying is done by the righteous.—*Publishers Syndicate*.ONE of the most comforting places to spend a vacation is just inside your income.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun*.ABOUT the only way to get girls to take long walks for their complexions would be to locate the drug-stores farther apart.—*Arkansas Gazette*.MUSSOLINI, having brought all the cities of Italy under his domination, is now proceeding to dig up a few more.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot*.COURT statistics show that wives get 65 per cent. of the divorces. It may be noted, also, that they get 100 per cent. of the alimony.—*Arkansas Gazette*.A FRENCH royalist riot was calmed by the threatening display of fire hose. Evidently the French royal pretender's claims won't hold water.—*Beloit News*.SINCLAIR LEWIS'S son has come home from Europe to see what the United States is like. Haven't they let him read his father's books?—*Minneapolis Journal*.THE New York dramatic critic who retired at the age of eighty-two after forty-seven years of service may have seen the hopelessness of his task.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.SOUTH DAKOTA has named one of its mountains for Mr. Coolidge. But the President will not be satisfied until the State names all of its delegates for him.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.THE United States manufactured a hundred billion cigarets last year, most of which were smoked by young men who say they never had a chance to save any money.—*Chicago American Lumberman*.PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has gone West this year, and Governor Smith has gone South. It will be over a year, however, before we know whether the West has gone Coolidge, and the South has gone Smith.—*Christian Science Monitor*.MR. WAYNE B. WHEELER announces that there is a possibility that the drys will form a third party to take part in the next Presidential election. That's what Mr. Coolidge gets for being photographed in a ten-gallon hat.—*New York Evening Post*.MOTION-PICTURE salaries are going to be mercilessly slashed 10 per cent. at least, say the big producers. Gosh, some of the kings and queens of the cinema may be reduced to a beggarly million dollars a year and we'll see 'em on the corner with a hand-organ and a cup.—*Chicago Tribune*.

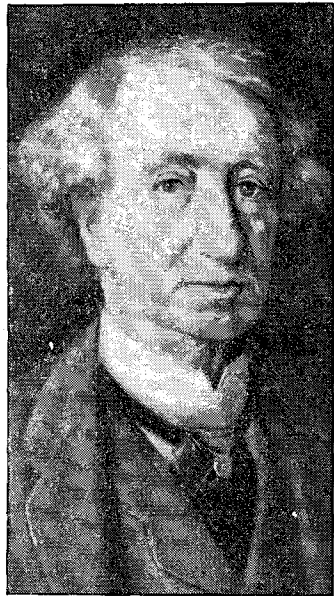
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JUST ONE MORE LITTLE JOB AND WE'RE DONE

—Darling in the New York Herald Tribune.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

CANADA'S EPIC YEARS OF CONFEDERATION



Canadian Pacific Railway photograph

"SIR JOHN"

As Sir John Alexander Macdonald (1815-1891), one of Canada's great statesmen, is affectionately spoken of by Canadians.

*"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."*

—From Kipling's *"Our Lady of the Snows."*

SIXTY YEARS OF TRIUMPHANT TOIL and faithful following in the footsteps of the fathers of the Dominion of Canada, we are told, was the burden of the anthem pealed forth from the Victory Tower of the Parliament buildings, on July 1st, the Dominion's Diamond Jubilee. Through the marvels of science the music of these bells was echoed from sea to sea and their message transmitted to a hundred thousand homes, it is noted, but at the same time feelings both exultant and grave moved in the hearts

ALBERTA

Among the strictly Canadian problems confronting the Dominion, the *Calgary Herald* notes the duty of producing in a land of widely separated parts and sharply divided interests a common working ground for two races, two languages and two religious beliefs. Again Canada's position in relation to the Mother Country and to other units of the Empire is said to involve problems requiring sagacious treatment. As between the United Kingdom and the United States, Canada is pictured by this newspaper as "an interpreter of each to the other" with obligations of service of value to the English-speaking world and to the world at large. Moreover, it is declared that:



SIR WILFRID LAURIER
(1841-1919)

Canada's famous French-Canadian statesman, the first French-Canadian Premier of the Dominion (1896-1911).

of the Canadian people, and the national mind and mood was reflected in the press of the provinces from coast to coast. These sentiments are set down in the columns of *THE LITERARY DIGEST* as a proud and distinguished record of nation-building in the past and present and of national vision for the future. Salient tones in this orchestration of Canada's editorial opinions sound the courage and determination of the early pioneers, who ventured to build a country from ocean to ocean alongside the United States, which should be at once an equal member of the British Empire and yet an ever loyal adherent to the British Crown. We hear, too, the familiar yet always concerned protest against any of the aims of so-called "misguided annexationists" in Canada, as well as rejoicing over the fact that the several thousand miles of boundary between Canada and the United States are safeguarded only by the defense and armaments of good-will and understanding. Many other impressions and ideas may be gathered from these utterances of Canada's editors, who look upon the day of jubilation not only with high hearts and high hopes but also with a profound sense of responsibility for the "carrying on" of the good work begun by the Dominion's founders.

"We have the resources to make a great nation. We have abundant inspiration spiritually to create desire for high achievement. We have a sound foundation of character. We have youth. Sixty years of the life of a nation is merely its beginning. Canada stands to-day like a young man facing the future with the light of the rising sun shining upon his forehead. The future is all golden with promise. In no realm of achievement can this land be denied greatness if it remains true to the vision and the ideals of the fathers of Confederation and the soul of its people stays steadfast, confident, aspiring and pure."

BIG FACTS OF CANADA'S JUBILEE

PROVINCES of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, united into one Dominion under the name of Canada by Royal Proclamation on May 22, 1867.

Dominion of Canada began to exist July 1, 1867.

Diamond Jubilee of Canadian Confederation July 1, 1927.

From the official booklet "Sixty Years of Canadian Progress 1867-1927" as summarized by the *London Morning Post*:

"The Dominion's original provinces contained 350,188 square miles of land and inland waters; to-day the grand total of land and water area in Canada is 3,697,123 square miles.

"Canada's development is mirrored by that Dominion's finance during its sixty years. Where the Government at Confederation had only about 1,500 employees, it has to-day some 39,000.

"In 1868, with an estimated population of 3,372,000 revenue receipts and expenditure were respectively (in round figures) 13,000,000 dollars and 14,000,000 dollars.

"In 1926 the population had risen to 9,390,300 while the revenue receipts and total expenditure had grown to 380,745,506 dollars and 355,186,423 dollars respectively.

"Fifty years ago Canada's towns and cities accounted for 18 per cent. of the total population; to-day rural and urban populations are about equally divided.

"Since the Confederation Ottawa has grown from a lumber town of considerably below 20,000 population into a handsome city of well over 120,000. There was no Calgary, Edmonton, or Vancouver in 1867; Winnipeg was a collection of huts, and Toronto and Montreal were not one-sixth of their present size."

Sixty years ago, we are reminded by the *Medicine Hat News*, this flourishing manufacturing city in the valley of the great southern branch of the Saskatchewan River was "the home of the buffalo and the favorite hunting grounds of the red man." In 1874 a Northwest Mounted Police contingent still rode through to Fort Macleod and the region had made little progress until 1884, we are told, which year heralded the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the other hand, the *Calgary Albertan* believes Canada is too busy about the future to spend much time in studying her past, for it is "still a very young country," and this newspaper adds: "The end of

the first sixty years finds the Dominion not only headed toward assured prosperity with its northern habitable boundaries being pushed steadily forward, with its people developing new efficiency and new ambition year by year, with the largest favorable trade balance of any nation in the world, with the greatest wheat surplus of any country, but enjoying equal status with the motherland as a member of the Empire."

What has been accomplished in the six decades since the original provinces joined hands forms a remarkable record, the *Edmonton Journal* avers, and turning then to the much-discussed question of Canada's population, it adds: "The growth in every other way must soon be followed by that of population on a scale that will satisfy the most impatient."

BRITISH COLUMBIA

If the pride of Canadians is great as they keep the birthday of the nation, yet it is not great beyond measure, thinks the *Vancouver Province*, which points out, however, that Canadians will not celebrate their Jubilee worthily unless they celebrate it with humble and contrite hearts, and this daily continues:

"The record of these sixty years, and all the labors of them and the achievements, are worthy indeed in retrospect, and we do right indeed to honor them, and we are very right to keep the memory and honor the names of the valiant men and good women who have made the name of Canada respected in the world. But the story of our sixty years is greater as promise than as achievement. Canada is yet in the making, and it is still ours to bear a hand."

Similarly conscious of the Dominion's responsibilities is the *Vancouver Sun*, which remarks rather tartly that altho the country is celebrating the political confederation of nine provinces, nevertheless, it has given hardly a thought to economic federation, and this journal proceeds:

"We have fixt our political boundaries; what will be our economic boundaries twenty-five years from now? Can the economic unity of these nine provinces now be fruitfully extended to include the United States? As we have plotted our course politically so we must now begin to plot our course economically, and that course must be one which will assure us economic success. The young Canadian is going somewhere, young Canada is going nowhere. Young Canadians individually know what they want. Does young Canada know what she wants?"

No domestic or foreign question exists to introduce a note of discord into the general chorus of jubilation, says the *Victoria Colonist* happily, and it adds:

"It may be well to remind outsiders of the fact that the establishment of the Dominion involved no change in our immemorial allegiance, no break in our political and constitutional tradition. The newer western provinces were as deeply imbued with the old tradition as the eastern. Our occupation of the west began nearly one hundred years before the American Declaration of Independence and was an old story long before Wolfe and Montcalm met on the Plains of Abraham. From the beginning imperial sentiment has been the chief bond of union in Canada. The time was ripe for federation in 1867, and we see to-day the fair fruit of the union and the fair promise of the future."

There are no limits to what the imagination may paint of Canada's future, declares the *Nelson Daily News* exultantly, as it wonders what the next sixty years will bring, "if three hundred years has brought Canada from the ox-cart to the flying-machine, from the signal fire to the wireless telegraph, from the shouted word to the transocean radio, from philters to insulin, from the spinning-wheel to a vast industry covering every want of humanity and from unconnected and self-centered weak colonies a well integral, young nation, possessing limitless resources, with the spirit of the world open to it."

When the shouting and the tumult of the Jubilee are over, says the *Vancouver Star* gravely, it may be well to take quiet thought of other things than mere material prosperity, and it points out that in Canada there should be inculcation of the fact that:

"First and foremost ought, not would, is the keyword of true living. Again, is there not something to be desired in Canadian public life, a better tone, a greater effort to achieve exalted ideals?"

MANITOBA

We scan the present to deservy the movements and the aspects of the future, says the *Winnipeg Manitoba Free Press*, which continues:

"Sixty years ago Canada doffed her colonial garments. To-day she stands before the nations garbed as a nation. Her interests and her problems have been national and domestic. They are now widened and expanded and amid the most extraordinary political faiths and liberties and licenses, with old races asserting a new power, and feeble peoples putting on a novel dominance, in a world contracted by machinery to a hand's breadth, and in which space is spanned by a clock-beat, Canada takes her place as a recognized figure, a recognition which will become clearer to herself and to the world as the years go on."

NEW BRUNSWICK

The *Fredericton Gleaner* believes that all Canadians may well be animated by a just pride in the past and a buoyant confidence in the future, for after sixty years of effort, and altho as far as population is concerned a comparatively insignificant people, still Canadians "have won the crown of leadership in many important spheres of activity." Says the *Moncton Transcript*: "Sixty years is more than the span of the average human life, but it is a short period in the history of a nation. Marvelous results have been attained in the unifying and upbuilding of the Dominion since 1867. But this is little more than the laying of the foundations for the greater structure that yet is to be erected." Recognized economic principles were set at defiance, the *St. John Telegraph-Journal* points out, by those hardy adventurers who set out to make trade flow east and west when its natural channels were north and south, and to build up a commonwealth along a thin line 3,000 miles to the north of a great, populous and rich republic. This daily recalls then that:

"Two peoples of different racial origin, but marked by that common devotion to a flag which makes the members of the British Commonwealth of nations unique in world history, ventured together on this quest. May we not on this great anniversary indulge the confident hope that as the fathers of confederation made possible the Canada of to-day, the men and women of this and later generations will build on that foundation, and out of diversity bring lasting unity of purpose in harmony with the noblest traditions of each race represented in the molding of the Canadian citizenship of the years to come. Canada's deep devotion to the Empire has been demonstrated in war and peace."

NOVA SCOTIA

According to the *Halifax Herald*, the moral of the Jubilee of the Dominion of Canada, is that "the same fate which accomplished confederation is our one reliance for carrying it to ever greater heights of development and strength."

ONTARIO

Apart from the material progress of Canada, the *Toronto Daily Star* recalls from the past as a text for spiritual well-doing now, a Pre-Confederation speech, delivered at Montreal by Hon. John H. Gray of New Brunswick, in which he said in part:

"I now call upon you Canadians by your own name, here in the presence of your hills, which rose to their majestic height ere yet your race began—here in the presence of your own St. Lawrence, hallowed by the memory of Cartier and spanned by the stupendous work which shows that in the onward march of progress and improvement you are not behind—by the memory of the past, by the spirit of the present, by the hopes of the future—I call upon you to rally round a proposition which will tend to perpetuate the glory of your name and promote the prosperity and happiness of your people."

That the persistent irritation of would-be annexationists in Canada is felt in Canada, we gather from various references to

such "misguided propagandists" and a specific attack on them is launched by the *Toronto Mail and Empire* under the head-line, "In 1927 as in 1867, Canada true to British connections." We read then:

"All the statesmen who worked together to bring about confederation were of one mind on the subject of British connection. Tache, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Tupper, Tilley, and most of the others, have left on record public utterances showing them to be no less actuated by loyalty to the Mother Country than by a passionate desire to make of the scattered colonies of British North America a great dominion under the British flag."

Sixty years ago Canada faced a serious crisis, recalls the *Chatham Daily News*, for "confederation seemed to many an impossible dream, since the provinces were so widely scattered, and with no railways to provide adequate transportation facilities, provincial narrowness brought its obstacles."

As the *Toronto Globe* sees it—"To-day there is need that the spirit of confederation be dedicated anew. This sixtieth milestone and its celebration should signify the pledge of a nation to know no longer sectional or racial interests." Altho Canada is stronger, wealthier, and more united than at any time in her history, declares the *Windsor Border Cities Star*, nevertheless no nation is more kindly disposed than the Canadian, and it adds: "This Dominion and the great Republic to the south have demonstrated what two countries can accomplish by using common sense and by being honest and truthful with one another." Despite ups and downs, bright days and dark ones, says the *London (Ont.) Free Press*, Canada has grown and expanded until to-day "the Dominion stretches not only from coast to coast, but is gradually unrolling the map of the continent northward," and the *London (Ont.) Advertiser* casts an interesting historical retrospect on Canada, reminding us of the struggle between Britain and France over possession of the country, while it notes that:

"Even when British arms prevailed, Canada was not regarded as a tempting field for British colonization, and one of the early British Governors plainly expressed his preference for the country to the south. The American revolution changed the situation, making Canada a refuge for the exiled loyalists. This was followed by a large immigration from the British Isles. Then it became necessary to reconcile British and French ideals of government and to devise means by which the two races could live together in peace and harmony."

The Canadian people are Canada's chief asset, thinks the *Hamilton Herald*, and it mentions also as a valuable asset Canada's connection with Great Britain. At the same time it speaks of Canada's good fortune "in having as our only near neighbor a kindred nation which, whatever may be said of the distant past, is now genuinely friendly and sympathetic, willing to cooperate cordially in all matters touching the common welfare—a good neighbor as well as a great one." The *Kingston Whig-Standard* adopts the simile of the Supreme Being as a master weaver, and solemnly declares that: "Canada as a nation, if she is to be selected for his material from among the other nations of the world, must see to it that she is able to stand his test." The *St. Thomas Times-Journal* is convinced that what Canada has accomplished has been no fortuitous result, for the quality of her statesmanship has been tried and proved in the struggle of her handful of pioneers to establish themselves in a land that yielded nothing except for hard and ceaseless toil. Altho no country has more justification for viewing the future through the rosier spectacles, the *Hamilton Spectator* calls attention to the fact that the responsibilities of the Canadian people must be kept constantly in mind, and speaking of Canada's great wealth of natural resources and the country's conditions for building up a strong, virile population, the *Cornwall Standard* observes: "Let the Diamond Jubilee of the Dominion be marked by a more determined resolve to conserve and develop those advantages." Canada's relationship to the United States is "an example to

Europe," remarks the *St. Catharines Standard*, and as for the Jubilee, it finds Canada "commanding an important sphere of influence in world affairs."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The sixty-year jubilee concerns more especially the young, thinks the *Charlotte Guardian*, which adds that "the children of to-day will look back from the Centennial of forty years hence to the Diamond Jubilee as to a primitive time."

QUEBEC

Reminding us of the pealing of fifty-three bells from the Victory Tower of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa as one feature of the commemoration of Canada's Diamond Jubilee, the *Montreal Daily Star* calls attention to the fact that through the marvels of science the music of these bells was echoed from sea to sea and their message transmitted to a hundred thousand homes, and this newspaper adds: "It is only a few months ago since they were molten metal. Yet in truth the casting of these bells was begun aeons ago when man fashioned his first spear-point and forged his first pruning-hook. So Canada celebrates her sixtieth birthday, but the tools with which her destiny has been molded were hammered out through many centuries." What Canada commemorates in her Diamond Jubilee is the purpose and work of the men who established on this continent an enduring British State, remarks the *Montreal Gazette*, which, capable of working out its own economic problems as a Dominion within the Empire, is also capable of self-support in peace, and self-defense in war, and capable of development into "a vigorous, progressive, and self-reliant nation under the British flag." Taking for granted the wealth of Canada's national resources and her progress in trade and industry, the *Montreal Herald* urges that there be no boasting of material things but rather thought and vision of things eternal. Among the French-language press, the *Quebec Soleil* calls sharp attention to the fact that the principal phase of Canada's development has not yet really begun, for altho "the house is built, the task remains to have it fully occupied," and this newspaper continues: "Therefore the ten millions of Canadians living to-day must create a soul truly Canadian in order that they shall be able to accomplish the necessary assimilation and Canadianization, at least in two generations, of the numerous and diverse elements that shall come to them from foreign lands. Another French-language journal, the *Sherbrooke Tribune*, urges that Canadians of to-day keep constant to the ideals and example of the founders of the confederation who "were real fathers for us, models of bravery and wise precursors." The need of the hour, says the *Sherbrooke Record*, is that "we should school ourselves to think in terms of Canada as a whole and recognize only one class of citizens in this country—Canadians." Amidst the jubiliations of the occasion, the *Quebec L'Action Catholique* pauses to refer to the school question with some adverse criticism of the Dominion's policy in the past, but at the same time it is not stinted in its recognition of the benefits that confederation has brought Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN

The *Regina Morning Leader* believes that in celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, Canadians may well make some fresh resolves, among which it names the following:

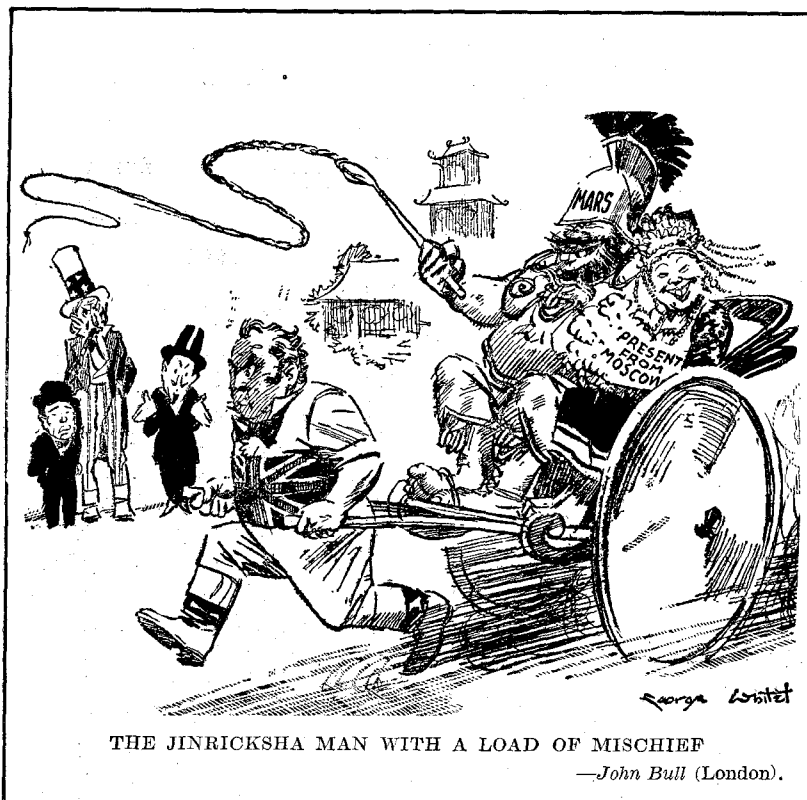
"One of them is that they may be worthy of the legacy passed on to them by the fathers of confederation; that they may be sons and daughters worthy of the trust reposed in them by the men of '67; that they may take up anew the work of national consolidation and expansion passed on to them by Macdonald and Galt and Tupper and Cartier and Brown; that they may dedicate themselves anew to the great cause of national unity which was uppermost in the minds and hearts of the political fathers of Canada; and that through no lack of effort on their part confederation may go on to new and greater achievements."

WHY INDIAN TROOPS ARE IN CHINA

THE MORAL ISOLATION of India and the creation of ill-will and hatred against her in a great part of the world are consequences that "automatically flow from the use of Indian troops in China." This is the charge brought

spared from India because the military authorities had declared that they needed every single Indian soldier, the *Calcutta Englishman* says:

"The answer is an easy and obvious one. Happily India and her frontiers are tranquil at present, while every one hopes that the mission of the Shanghai Defense Force will have terminated peacefully within a few months."



THE JINRICKSHA MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF

—John Bull (London).

by adverse critics of the British Government, who lament loudly that Indian troops are sunk to the level of mercenaries "for the benefit of British Imperialism." Such criticism of the decision to send a brigade from India to China was cited in its various degrees of intensity in *THE LITERARY DIGEST* of some weeks ago. One point made against the British Government by the oppositionists is that the mere cost of the expedition is one the Indian Government is hardly in a position to bear. On this matter the Allahabad correspondent of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette* writes as follows:

"First of all the whole cost of the dispatch and maintenance overseas of Indian troops is a charge on the British exchequer and Indian revenues *pro tanto* find relief. Then, as the Viceroy has pointed out, in the Chinese Treaty Ports the lives and property of Indians, as well as of Europeans, are endangered. In Shanghai alone Indian trade has considerable interests of great value. The British Government have made it clear that they are not interfering with the development of Chinese nationalism or with the internal affairs in China, but they are bound to take steps to prevent an invasion by force of the rights and property of British subjects in China and the Indian population of Shanghai, to say nothing of Indian interests—a by no means negligible factor in the problem."

Until a settlement is reached between Britain and China, remarks *The Times of India* (Bombay), both the British Government and the Indian Government owe a plain duty of protection to their nationals and their interests, and "that is all they seek to safeguard." This newspaper goes on to say:

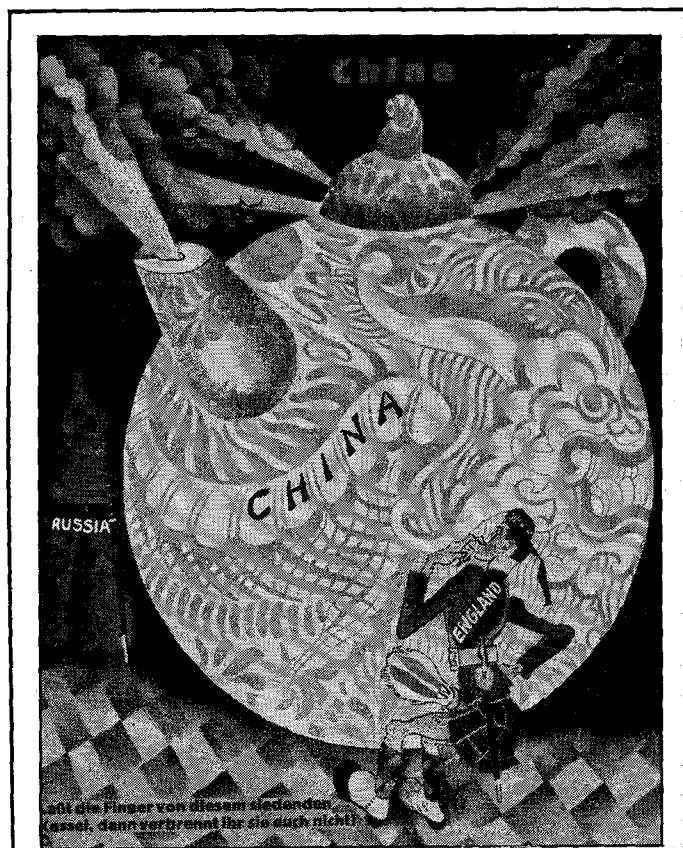
"The dispatch of Indian troops was done in strict accord with the procedure prescribed by the Assembly itself and, if the legislature had insisted on paying for the maintenance of the Indian troops sent to China instead of leaving the Imperial Government to fulfil its undertaking to do so, the effect would better have accorded with India's dignity than does leaving England to pay the cost of defending Indian Nationals."

Retorting to an objection raised by opponents to the expedition, namely, that it is questionable whether troops can be

A PATIENCE PLEA FOR MOSCOW—"Don't shoot the pianist. He's doing the best he can," would seem to be the slogan of the day in Moscow, whence warnings have gone abroad against undue prejudices against the government of the day, as represented by Stalin, Rykov, Bukharin, and Kalinin, which, its friends assert, stands for law and order. This we learn from the Riga [Latvia] correspondent of the *London Statist*, who informs us further:

"In the first place, they draw attention to the fact that for some time past the Communists of Leningrad, inspired by the Peking, London, and Warsaw incidents, have deemed the time ripe for upsetting the new régime. And the assaults made upon the Government have been strenuous. It is easy enough to incite an ignorant population like that of Russia to rebellion. It is claimed that it was only the extreme firmness of the government of the day that has saved the Russian situation during the past three weeks from complete demoralization; that is to say, from being swept away by the extreme Communists. The Government may now be regarded as having weathered the political storm that burst upon it. The bellicose utterances of the Minister of War, Voroshilov, must not be taken too seriously, being entirely intended for internal purposes. They were designed to distract the overexcited public mind from

the Leningrad propaganda, and to try to divert the Army from political intrigues. For many reasons Russia is in no condition at present to go to war."



A GERMAN THRUST

Moscow: "Keep your fingers off the seething China pot, and they won't be burned."

—Lachen Links (Berlin).

THE WATCH ON THE RHINELAND

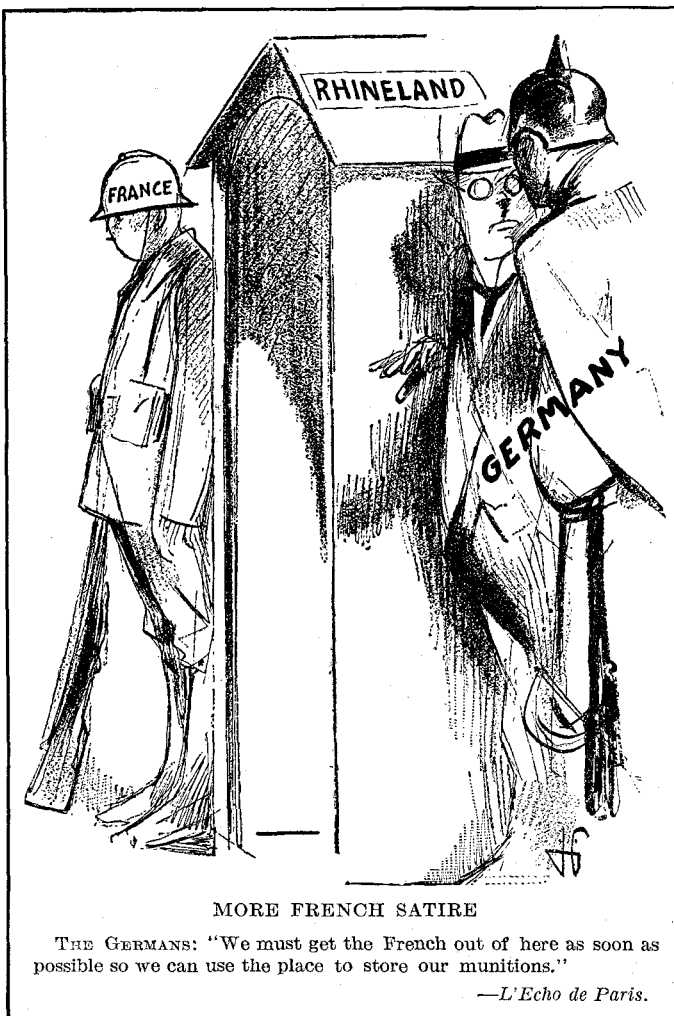
A STINGING REMINDER of defeat is what the Allied occupation of the Rhineland is for the Germans, we are told, and Dr. Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, is said to have lost much of the authority he enjoyed a year ago, because of his inability to obtain the withdrawal of British, French, and Belgian troops from German territory. It is true that the first zone, that of Cologne, has been liberated, but, according to the Germans, the fact that the five years of occupation foreseen in the Treaty of Versailles were at an end anyway does not greatly cheer the German Government. A distinguished British commentator on German development and events, who is reported to hold "an official position," and who is a regular contributor to *The Fortnightly Review* (London) under the pen-name, "Augur," flatly declares that the attempt by German jurists to establish an absolute right to immediate complete evacuation of the Rhineland can not be upheld, yet he adds:

"But we believe that there is much more weight in the German demand for evacuation as a moral right. For it stands to reason that it would be against common sense and justice to expect a nation which is a member of the League of Nations and a permanent member of the Council of the League to remain under the humiliating control of other members. The spirit of the Covenant is against such a state of affairs. Yet here we come up against a terrible fact: Europe does not trust yet the sincerity of Germany's conversion to the faith of the Covenant. We know that this statement will be met with a shout of indignation in Berlin: 'How, after Locarno, after Germany's entry into the League? What more can Germany do to prove her sincerity?' Alas, shouting can not change the fact that the distrust exists, and we personally are convinced that there is good reason for its existence."

"In spite of Locarno and of the entry of Germany into the League, the 'Abmachungen' [arrangements] of the Reichswehr with the Red Army have not been liquidated; German diplomacy continues to work in close contact with Moscow, even when the latter's policy, as is the case in Latvia, is directed

against the League of Nations; in the Council of the League Germany is not yet, as far as Moscow is concerned, a free agent. Worse still, a recent speech of Vice-Chancellor Hergt proves that in the German Government itself the spirit of Nationalist aggression is powerful and Herr Stresemann is able to remain at the Wilhelmstrasse only by constant acrobatics."

But the Wilhelmstrasse, i. e., the Foreign Office, is not in the hands of Dr. Stresemann, according to this informant, who says



the Geheimrats [Privy Councilors] are his masters. We read then:

"How they act we see in the example of relations between Berlin and Warsaw. Dr. Stresemann and Dr. Marx have always been anxious to improve these relations, but the Geheimrats with their Agrarian-Junker sympathies, were opposed. In consequence, each time when negotiations were about to succeed they were suddenly broken off by the action of some 'Ministerialdirektor' or 'Decernent' at the Wilhelmstrasse, of whom his colleagues and even Parliamentary Ministers stand in holy dread. So, when Stresemann was taking a rest in Italy, the Geheimrats, against his wish, broke off the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Poland, under a futile pretext, which he disavowed. At the last meeting of the Council at Geneva, Stresemann again patched up the break and arranged with the Poles for an amicable continuation of the discussion on the basis of reciprocity. More than two months later we discover that the German Minister in Warsaw has been led into a blind alley by the instructions of his bureaucratic superiors and can not carry on a conversation which promised to bring a final settlement. This is not the first time that the Geheimrats have prevented a German-Polish settlement. In 1924, when the negotiations had successfully reached the final stage before signature, they took advantage of one day's absence of their chief to send instructions to the German delegation to break off relations."

The chief obstacle to the treatment of Germany as an equal among equals, we are then told, is her obstinate clinging to the Moscow connection.

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION



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RICHES HERE THAT SOLOMON NEVER SUSPECTED: THE DEAD SEA

"The Dead Sea is one of the most extensive and valuable storehouses of mineral wealth on the surface of our globe."

FORTUNES IN THE DEAD SEA

TWELVE HUNDRED BILLION DOLLARS is the modest estimate of the value of recoverable salts contained in the waters of the Dead Sea, presented by Dr. Thomas H. Norton, technical editor of *Chemicals* (New York). In this he gives the story of the efforts toward securing an operating concession for exploiting these riches and throwing on the market vast quantities of valuable industrial and agricultural material at prices far lower than those now obtaining. The bulk of the profits, we are told, will go to the Government of Palestine and be employed for its rehabilitation. Writes Dr. Norton:

"There are few opportunities for expansion in the field of chemical industry which can rival that now being opened in Palestine. That historic land, now a mandated territory under British rule, is entering upon a period of economic development totally impossible under Ottoman domination. The most fascinating domain is that within the province of the chemist.

"There is nothing to prevent this land from becoming at an early date a powerful factor in the production, on a large scale, of some of our most important chemicals, and from being the seat of one chemical world monopoly. The Dead Sea, into which the river Jordan pours, is one of the most extensive and valuable storehouses of mineral wealth on the surface of our globe. Here are accumulated enormous quantities of a few staple chemicals, adequate in amount to meet the world's needs for many centuries. They are in solution, in the form of a saturated brine. For their separation, solar evaporation is the chief factor employed. No spot on our planet is so favorably situated for the purpose. A combination of climatic and topographic conditions renders it possible to recover, in a state of high commercial purity, these few salts, at incredible cheapness, within a few miles of ocean transportation. These salts are magnesium chlorid, potassium chlorid, common salt (unusually pure) and magnesium bromid (serving for the production of bromin).

"Palestine will not be alone in profiting from this sudden entry of the Dead Sea among the chemical assets of the world. The farmers of Great Britain and of the Dominions, as well as those

of all other countries, will appreciate a cut in the cost of potash, that indispensable plant food, to at least one-half of what they have hitherto paid.

"The question naturally arises: Why have these vast chemical treasures remained for so long practically unknown to the industrial world, while eager pioneers were developing the gold placers of the Yukon or Siberia, amid arctic hardships; or the tin of Bolivia, the copper of the Kongo, and many other sources of mineral wealth, protected by equally serious climatic handicaps and transportation difficulties?

"The explanation is simple. The contents of the Dead Sea were the private property of the Sultans of Turkey. Abdul Hamid, strongly opposed to the entrance of foreign enterprise into the Ottoman Empire, except on a limited scale, refused to grant any concessions affecting the Dead Sea.

"Then came the war. In December, 1917, General Allenby captured Jerusalem. A canny Scotchman, a former officer in the Indian Army, alert to mineral possibilities, urged the Government to immediately make a technical survey of the Dead Sea. While the Turkish Army still occupied the northern half of Palestine, a competent geologist was sent to study the deepest depression on the globe. The report revealed wonderful possibilities.

"A year after his tour of exploration, another chemist perfected a very simple but exceedingly comprehensive project for the economic extraction of the contents of the Sea. Unaware of each other's work, both submitted applications for concession rights. As the political status of the country was still uncertain, no action could be taken.

"In 1922, the League of Nations confided the Mandate for Palestine to the British Government. The power to grant mineral concessions was entrusted to the Colonial Office, acting with the Palestinian Administration. Careful preliminary studies were carried on, the results were carefully compiled, and the monograph was published by the Crown Agents for the Colonies, in May, 1925. At the same time, the Agents invited tenders for the recovery of the salts in the waters of the Dead Sea. The date for presentation was the 31st of December, 1926.

"Since then, the applications, reduced in number, have been

subjected to careful study, both in the Colonial Office, at London, and at Jerusalem, where the final decision is lodged.

"No one can blame the officials charged with the serious task of granting so important a franchise, as being unduly slow. The responsibility of dealing with the problems of creating a vast modern industry, in what is little more than a pastoral country, must of necessity be entrusted to men competent to handle them.

"Fortunately for Palestine, this type of chemist is well represented in the small group of applicants for the concession. The dominant idea of the studies and experimentation of the past nine years has been the ambition to achieve a notable success in unlocking a marvelous storehouse of mineral wealth. It is, however, coupled with a resolute determination that Palestine shall be the chief beneficiary.

"Formal proposals include the transferal of the bulk of the surplus profits to the Government of Palestine, or the obligatory reinvestment of a portion in the Palestinian industrial, financial, commercial, transportation, and similar organizations, thus retaining, in the land itself, the chief amount of the tribute paid by the rest of the world, for the country's mineral treasure; the distribution of potash salts, as a fertilizer, at cost prices, to the farmers of Palestine and Transjordan; the gift of the entire plant, for the recovery of the salts of the Dead Sea, after a short period of years, to the Government of Palestine; the establishment of vocational schools to train natives for subordinate posts, and eventually higher administrative and technical positions; the presence in the directorate of the proposed Corporation, of one or more competent natives of Palestine, representing ex officio its Government; a highly perfected welfare organization, dealing with the interests of workmen and their families; and similar features, aiming at the closest cooperation with the mandatory administration, for the social and industrial uplift of Palestine.

"Probably no government has ever been approached with more generous propositions, in return for a franchise.

"Very complete preparations have been made for a prompt entrance upon active operations in case the Concession is granted. Thus the staff of one applicant includes four prominent chemists of international reputation, all fellows of the London Chemical Society, distinguished by the number and value of their researches, and specialists for all key positions are already chosen.

"The preliminary studies and experiments show conclusively, that the term 'speculative' must disappear.

"The actual problem will be: How far below the minimum cost of production of potash salts in Alsace, Germany, Poland, Russia, and Spain, shall the price of Palestinian potassium chlorid be fixed, to meet the demands of agriculture throughout the world?

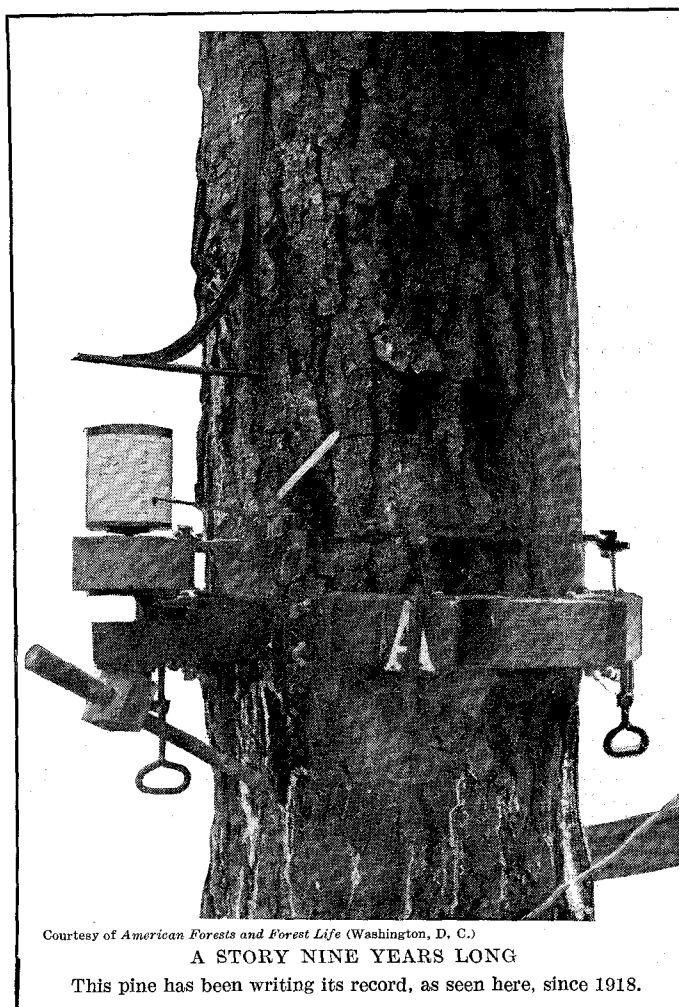
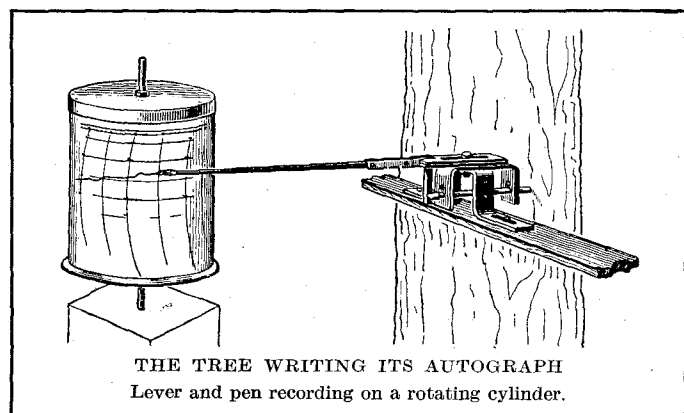
"Few realize the amounts and potential values of the contents of the Dead Sea. Based upon current quotations, they are:

	Tons	
Potash—K ₂ O (as KCl)	1,300,000,000	\$70,000,000,000
Bromin—Br ₂ (as MgBr ₂)	853,000,000	260,000,000,000
Salt—NaCl	11,900,000,000	27,500,000,000
Gypsum—CaSO ₄ ·2H ₂ O	81,000,000	120,000,000
Calcium Chlorid—CaCl ₂	6,000,000,000	85,000,000,000
Magnesium Chlorid—MgCl ₂ ..	22,000,000,000	825,000,000,000

\$1,267,620,000,000

"Of the above, the gypsum is purely of local interest and the calcium chlorid, for the time being, is without value.

"British armed forces, at a tremendous cost of blood and treasure, freed Palestine from the grip of the Turk. British administrators are now teaching her population to govern themselves. This latest effort of Anglo-Saxon technical and scientific efficiency may place the historic land, at an early date, among the powerful industrial factors of our age."



THE AUTOGRAPH OF A TREE

HOW TREES ARE MADE TO RECORD the story of their own growth is told by Daniel Claude in *La Nature* (Paris). They thus relate, he says, incidents unknown previously, such as the fact that most trees expand and contract regularly every day. Writes Mr. Claude:

"D. J. McDougal of the Carnegie Institution has devised an apparatus, the 'dendrograph,' to make a tree trace its own curve of growth and characteristics. This was no easy thing to do, because the movements involved are extremely slow and slight and the device must be fastened to the tree, so that it must remain for a long time in the open air and exposed to the pressure of the wind.

"Nevertheless, he has succeeded; and he describes the instrument and its earlier results in *American Forests and Forest Life*. Our information is from the *Revue Internationale d'Agriculture*.

"While trees of rapid growth increase in size rapidly enough in their early years to enable us to measure their thickness successively with compasses, or their circumference with a steel tape, slow-growing trees or old ones enlarge yearly by only about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch, and some, when 200 or 300 years old, by not more than 1-25 inch. We need in these cases some kind of amplifying device.

"The dendrograph carries a polygonal frame of a metal that will not expand with heat. This fixed frame is fastened to the tree with a screw that penetrates through the bark. It carries a bent lever, pivoted on its angle, the smaller vertical arm bearing on a rod of melted quartz which is in contact with the tree by its other end. The horizontal arm, ten or twelve times as long, writes with amplification on a paper divided into millimeters, rolled on a registration cylinder that revolves very slowly. The whole dendrograph is kept firm by a belt of wooden blocks connected by metal pieces that surround the tree and are capable of adjustment.

"This apparatus has already revealed several interesting things—for instance, daily changes in the tree's diameter. In fact, with most trees, there occurs every day, independently of their growth, a swelling and shrinking. The ascent of the sap in the vessels of the wood, produced by the transpiration of the

leaves is so powerful that the trunks of most trees contract between morning and evening and then begin to swell again until early morning when they regain their normal size again.

"The daily alterations in size may vary from 1-1250 to 1-200 of the tree's diameter; they are inverse to the changes due to temperature, for the tree contracts when it is warm, by losing its moisture, and dilates when it is cold and wet. Mr. McDougal has studied especially the California red pine and the Monterey pine. A dendrograph has been in place since 1918 on one of these latter, and inscribes regularly its curve of growth. Important conclusions will be drawn from these records."

TRAINING ANIMALS BY MACHINERY

A NEW FRENCH MACHINE to train small animals to perform certain acts, and to record the progress of the training, all without human intervention, is described in an article contributed to *La Nature* (Paris). The author even holds out the prospect that we may be able, by some such means, so to train animals as to utilize their brains in industrial processes. We read:

"A young inventor, Claude Bussard, has invented and used a machine intended for the study of animal psychology, or more properly of animal behavior as a reaction to stimulation from their environment.

"The idea in itself is not new, and various psychologists have already studied the question by the use of labyrinths of different forms, by means of which they have compared the intelligence of the creatures placed therein, by observing the time they require to get out. An objection to this device is the possibility that the subject might be guided by the scent left by previous passages.

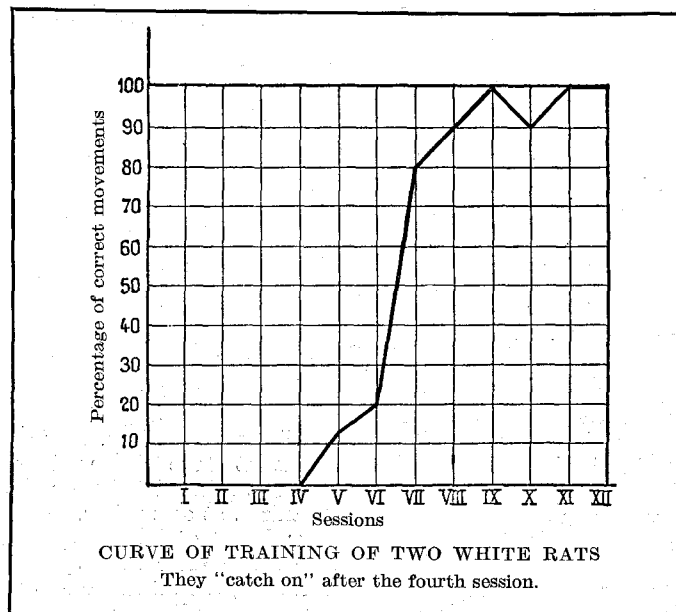
"Other investigators have used receptacles to be opened by releasing a certain number of catches. Yerkes employed the influence of disagreeable sensations, electric shocks notifying the subject that he was on the wrong track. Pavloff caused mice to associate the auditive image of an electric bell with the presence of food.

"The inconvenience of all these methods, no matter how ingenious, is that they require the continual presence of a human being—even his cooperation.

"Bussard, while working with Danysz at the Pasteur Institute, devised an ingenious apparatus that is entirely automatic, which he named the *cephalotrieur* [brain-sorter]. It consists of a mechanical sorter connected with what we may almost term a thinking brain.

"It consists essentially of a glazed cage whose floor is divided into two sections—one light-colored, the other dark. Each of these parts is covered with an electric network of doubled copper wire, the two filaments being a small fraction of an inch apart, and the network taking up the entire floor-space.

"One of the sides of the cage bears a black box, in the bottom



of which is a transparent disk that may be illuminated by a small electric light, and that is visible from all parts of the cage. A control wheel at the upper part of the machine, having a regulable speed of rotation, carries a cam that makes it possible to mask the bright disk with one of a darker color. It also has conducting sectors controlling the opening and closing of three electric circuits that respectively light the electric lamp, charge the network on the dark floor-section, and charge that of the light-colored section.

"The motor having been started, the following things are done in succession:

"1. Lighting of the lamp, which illuminates that one of the disks momentarily in its field and then remains still.

"2. Passage of a current in the network on the floor-section of opposite color to the disk.

"3. Extinction of the light and eventual substitution of the other disk. This is so arranged that there is not regular alternation; for example, the rhythm may be: dark, light, dark; dark, light, light.

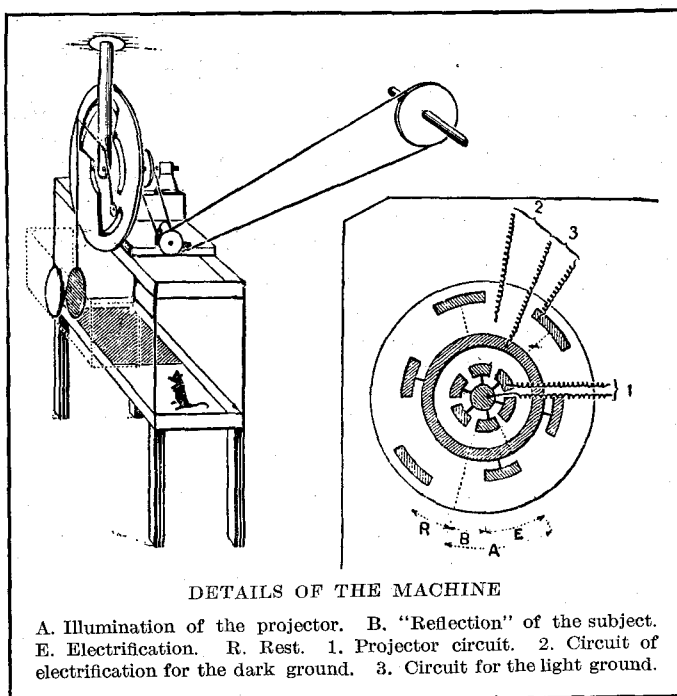
"The motor having been started, the animal placed in the cage—a rat or a guinea-pig—has his attention attracted at first by the lighted disk. He is then given a few instants for reflection, then, if he is not on the floor-section of color corresponding to the disk, he gets electric shocks that drive him over to the other section. Finally he is given a few instants of rest in darkness.

"The training of a subject has two phases. In the first he learns to distinguish the two sections of the floor by their colors, and he acquires the notion that when shocked on one section he can be relieved by seeking the other. In the second the animal establishes a connection between the appearance of a disk of a certain color and the electrification of the floor-section of the opposite color, and he runs to the section of corresponding color without waiting to feel the shock.

"The necessity of an attendant to record these movements is obviated by using a tilting floor, which drops slightly under the subject's weight and with an attached pen describes on a moving strip of paper a curve recording the floor-movements by the side of a similar curve showing the displacements of the disks.

"The recording apparatus thus shows automatically all the actions of the subject. It is thus possible to train an animal completely for a given course of action and to have a detailed record of the training without any human intervention."

Mr. Bussard has shown that the first phase of training usually ends, with guinea-pigs, toward the end of the first twenty-minute session, and with rats after three such sessions. On the other hand, the complete training of the guinea-pigs took more than fifteen sessions, whereas the rats usually began to perform the acts correctly in the fourth or fifth. One particularly brilliant pupil even performed some acts correctly in the third session. With all the rats, the general shape of the curve of success is as shown herewith. It is characterized by sudden increase at the end of a few sessions (the moment when the rat understood what he ought to do) and by a slight drop later, due perhaps to a relaxation of attention. To quote further:



"Mr. Bussard has thus noted the progress gained by the rat in the course of his training:

"The subject, who at the outset had presented evident signs of fright, became calmer and calmer and seemed clearly to be 'reflecting' for some time before the appearance of the first correct displacements. He rested on his paws, looking toward the lighted disk, made a few disturbed motions, then suddenly looked about to see whether he were on the floor-section corresponding to the disk, and leapt over to the other if his position were not correct. He then licked his fur and seemed perfectly at his ease until the presentation of the next disk.

"The time of reflection necessary to obtain a correct movement decreased very rapidly—from ten seconds at the beginning to about one second, the minimum being reached toward the end of the second third of the sessions. Errors of judgment were frequent at first, but rapidly disappeared.

"Bussard's apparatus has proved a number of things, some of which apply to human beings undergoing a course of training, as well as to animals.

"Thus, according to him, the time necessary to the manifestation of a correct reflection varies with the intelligence of the subjects of a given race, this variation being in the proportion of about one to three.

"The age of the subject is an important factor in his intellectual development. Some maturity is necessary, but animals that are too old have no longer sufficient plasticity.

"The best age for training a rat is between six months and a year. The sex of the subject also has some influence.

"Group-training gave rise to some interesting observations:

"At first when several subjects were together in the apparatus, the chances of error lessened in very considerable degree; for if one of the subjects acted differently from his companions he became unquiet, 'reflected' deeply, and persisted in his decision only when he had serious reasons for so doing.

"Again, if one subject wrongly acted differently from the others, his leaps and cries when he got the electric shock were useful in informing the others of what would happen to them if they did not do as they should.

"Work in common seems to be less disagreeable to rats and guinea-pigs than work done alone, altho, especially at first, there is some distraction caused by the presence of companions. There are no collective errors.

"The use of the Bussard apparatus enables us to carry out interesting investigations in collective psychology, and its inventor even hopes by its means to go on to experimental sociology, which has for its object the study of the behavior of a group of animals in the presence of a graduated series of excitations. This would be quite a new branch of science and might be extended into wholly unforeseen regions.

"It is also possible to imagine more practical applications. In fact, among industrial operations there are some that can not be performed by a machine, no matter how perfect. For example, no automatically controlled device can sort out objects by color or odor. For this a brain is necessary.

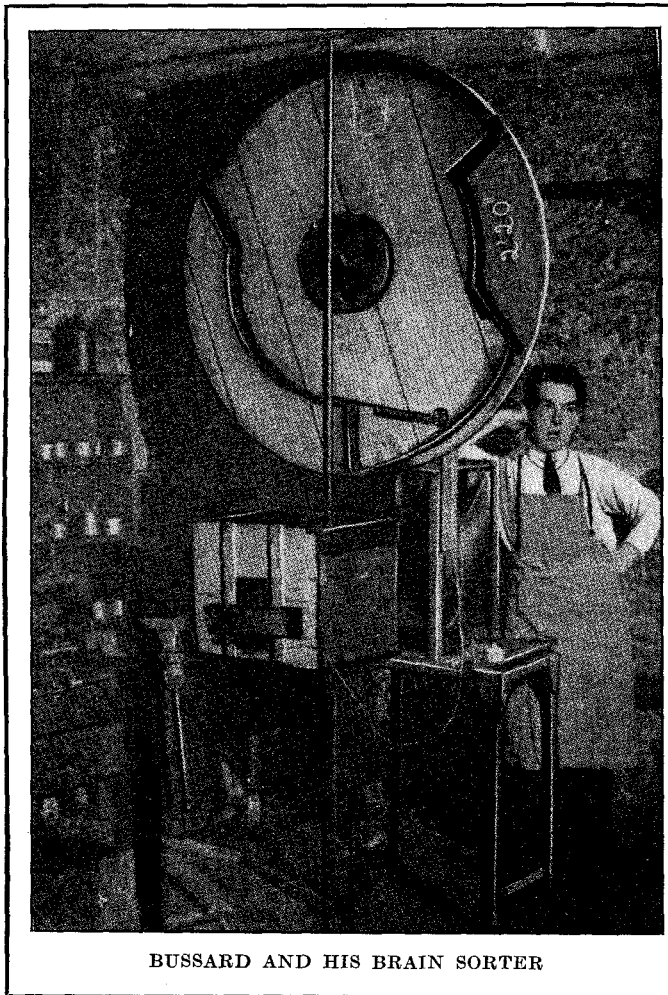
"But it is certainly a very low use for a human brain merely to establish a relation between a visual or olfactory perception and the movement of a hand or finger operating the handle of a distributing machine.

"It is perfectly possible, for work of this kind, to use the Bussard apparatus with trained animals, whose collective employment will avoid all error, since it has been shown that in a group, errors are individual. It suffices to make each part of

the floor vertically movable and actuating a sorting device that sends the sorted objects to one or another receptacle according to whether a majority of the animals are on this or that platform.

"We are not forbidden to conclude that, so long as we are content with a simple effort of the brain, based on the action of a single sense, we may obtain from properly chosen animals results equal, or even superior to those given by man, since certainly easily trained animals have at least one sense better than his—the scent of the dog, for instance. And as hereditary transmission of an individual habit seems to have been well established by the researches of several authors, who knows what rôle in industry might be played by animals hereditarily specialized in a given field?

"These are still only anticipations, but it is proper to ask whether, after machines have added so much to the power and skill of human muscle, Taylorization pushed to the limit may not prepare the ground for the cooperation of animals."



BUSSARD AND HIS BRAIN SORTER

GOLF PSYCHOLOGY—Psychology is spreading like a weed. It has even invaded the golf courses, we are told by *The British Medical Journal* (London). The latest example is a small volume on mental handicaps in golf, by Dr. T. B. Hyslop, who is not only an enthusiastic golfer, but also an entertaining writer. Says *The Journal*:

"Before we opened it we felt instinctively that the book would add another to those distractions which afflicted the centipede of fable, and indeed the honorary secretary of the Medical Golfing Society (to whose members Dr. Hyslop dedicates his volume with sympathy and regard) appears to have a similar feeling, for he quotes the whole of the fable in a foreword. Incidentally he quotes it wrongly, but that is another matter. Hitherto we have been under the impression that golfers and poets had one common characteristic in being

born and not made; the golfer, of course, being born with a wooden spoon in his mouth. But after reading what Dr. Hyslop has to say on mental handicaps we have come to the conclusion that a babe with the minimum of golfing instincts may grow into a golf champion, provided he attends to his mental stance, when sufficiently grown up, that he is neither too optimistic nor too deprest in addressing the ball, and keeps his mind off his opponent and his opponent's mind. Moreover, if he suffers from bunkeritis, putterphobia, or any of those other disorders to which he is subject between the tee and, let us call it, the putting green, he need only consult a psychologist or, better still, read Dr. Hyslop's book, which does not, however, tell us much in a therapeutic sense. Etiology and diagnosis are its prominent features. Nor is it a book that lends itself to analysis. Its ten short chapters are concerned with such subjects as prodromata, diatheses, mental stances, automatism, stigmata of degeneration, time-reactions, psychotherapy, the tee-side manner, and anecdote. We hoped to enjoy some new golf stories in the last chapter, but it contains none. The other chapters contain several. The ultimate result of mental handicaps is, in the author's own words, that 'reserve, resource, and reason are the three best clubs for a golfer's mental bag, and these three mental characteristics are really the triumvirate of potential champions.' Altogether it is a most entertaining volume if not taken too seriously. Taken seriously it is distracting and brings us back again to the fable of the centipede."

OUR VISITING COMET

CLOSER TO THE EARTH than any comet except one is known to have come before, the Pons-Winnecke comet was only 3,500,000 miles away from us on June 27, about fourteen and a half times as far as the moon, and far closer than any other astronomical body ordinarily comes. But despite this neighborly visit, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), no empires fell because of its proximity, and no kings passed away. In fact, no signs at all appeared in the sky, for it is quite doubtful if the comet was visible to the unaided eye, and even if visible, it was a mere faint patch of light, quite different from the usual conception of a comet, for in the ten previous visits on which it has been observed by astronomers, it has never shown any trace of a tail. We read further:

"The mere fact that it is coming so close makes it interesting to the astronomical profession, and for the next month or two it will be the cynosure of telescopes large and small. Only once, so far as astronomers know, has a comet come anywhere near as close as Pons-Winnecke. That was in 1770, when Lexell's comet approached to a mere stone's-throw of 1,400,000 miles from the earth. Probably within a few years after that, many people thought that it had been a warning of the American Revolution, for until comparatively recent times superstition about comets has been rampant. They were supposed to be the heralds of wars and conquests.

"Halley's comet, for instance, which visited the neighborhood of the earth last in 1910, was supposed to foretell the Norman Conquest when it came in 1066. On the famous Bayeux Tapestry the comet is depicted as King Harold views it in alarm, possibly with some fear of the future work of William the Conqueror, which cost him his throne. And then, as Halley's comet appeared again in 1910, these early historians would probably have supposed that it foretold the Great War.

"Halley's comet is one of respectable size, even tho it is by no means the biggest. Pons-Winnecke, however, is rather a second-rate comet, as far as size is concerned. It is a periodic comet, and returns once in a little over six years to the neighborhood of the earth. A French astronomer at Marseilles, named Pons, discovered it in 1819, but it was not found on the next few visits. In 1858, however, a German astronomer, at the University of Bonn, Winnecke by name, discovered a comet. After a few observations of his comet had been made, it was found that it was the long-lost Pons comet, and in honor of his having rediscovered it, the German's name was attached, making it the Pons-Winnecke comet.

"In the following years, constant track has been kept of it, tho some of its returns have not been observed. It was seen in 1869, 1875, 1886, 1892, 1898, 1909, 1915, and 1921. It came back also in 1880 and 1904, but in those years it was not in a good position, and so it was missed. This year an American astronomer had the honor of being the first to find it, for Prof. George Van Biesbroeck, of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, sighted it on March 3, with the observatory's reflecting telescope, in which a dish-shaped mirror two feet in diameter serves the same function as the lens of the refracting telescope.

"The comet's path is an ellipse, one end of which is near the sun, the other out beyond the orbit of Jupiter, which is itself 483 million miles from the sun. When closest to the sun, at what the astronomer calls perihelion, it is just a little farther away from that luminary than we are. The earth is about 93 million miles from the sun, and the comet is about three and a half million miles farther. This year it happens that the comet comes to perihelion at about the same time that the earth is in the part of its orbit nearest the comet orbit. If it were coming six months from now, then the earth would be on the opposite side of its orbit, and the comet would be about 190 million miles away.

"But the earth, as a matter of fact, has very little effect on a comet. Out in the part of its orbit farthest from the sun, even a large comet, like Halley's, is very faint and inconspicuous, entirely invisible to the best of our telescopes. And then, as it approaches the sun, it is excited to activity and may get very bright if it comes very close to the sun, tho all this is at its own expense. The tail, and all the stuff that is thrown off from a comet, leaves it, never to return, so that comets are all gradually wasting away. Without doubt, the day will finally come when Halley's comet will be no more.

"Pons-Winnecke, however, will not come any nearer to the sun than it has in past years, about 96 million miles from it, and so it will not get particularly excited about the proximity of such a relatively unimportant planet as the earth. Even when it gets near Jupiter, largest member of the solar system, it is not excited to activity, tho that big planet can, by his gravitational attraction, pull the comet out of its old orbit, and into a new one if it gets too close.

"Just what a comet consists of is not definitely known, but whatever it is, the stuff is very sparsely scattered. It is really no denser than the vacuum obtainable with the best of our air pumps. Stars can be seen in undiminished brightness through even a comet's head, and even when a comet has passed between us and the sun, it has been entirely invisible. But the spectro-scope often shows carbon monoxid, the same poisonous gas that is given off by automobile exhausts, in a comet's tail. Other gases, many of them poisonous, have been found in comets as well, but since they are so exceedingly rarefied, the people of the earth would probably not be poisoned even if we have a head-on collision with a comet. Perhaps the only effect would be a shower of meteors, or shooting stars, if the collision occurred at night!"

CARBON: THE LIFE ELEMENT

IN A BOOK RECENTLY PUBLISHED in Paris on "Carbon, Combustion and Its Chemical Laws," Henry Le Chatelier, one of the world's greatest experts on this subject, sums up part of his recent lectures on Mineral Chemistry at the Sorbonne, which Henry de Varigny, writing in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris), tells us constituted a "veritable event in science," Mr. de Varigny goes on to say:

"Is carbon a substance particularly wide-spread? Not at all. In the degree in which we evaluate the proportions of various elements in the solid earth, the ocean and the atmosphere, that of carbon is small. While oxygen, the most abundant body in nature, makes up nearly half of all matter (49.20 per cent.) and silicon 25.67 per cent., carbon makes up less than 1 per cent. The capital rôle in life belongs therefore to one very common element—oxygen—and to one very rare one—carbon. For carbon is the characteristic element of living matter. This is made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen—one abundant element and three relatively rare ones. A boy who weighs 70 pounds has in him 44 pounds of oxygen, 12 of carbon and 6 of hydrogen. Carbon forms part of all foodstuffs—sugars, fats, meats; it enters into the composition of all living things.

"Whence comes it? From the air; from the carbonic acid present everywhere in small proportions; with the aid of the sun's rays, plants that include chlorophyl absorb the carbon from the carbonic acid gas, and this is the beginning of the building up of living matter and also of foodstuffs. A remarkable fact is the great attraction of carbon for other elements. No other element enters into so many combinations or such different ones. It unites with almost all the solids, metallic and non-metallic, and with oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen forms an immense series of compounds. Doubtless this flexible character is connected in some way with the very considerable part played by carbon in life.

"On the other hand, it plays a capital part in industry, being the basis of all combustion, domestic or industrial. It would be infinitely more advantageous for us to be able to manufacture carbon, a source of all kinds of energy, than to make gold. Especially is this true now, when our fossil carbon-reserves—coal and oil—are getting scarce. In these conditions, we may understand the place that Henry Le Chatelier, in his book on carbon, assigns to industrial and other combustion. And in a very different order of ideas, in considering the importance of carbonic acid in nature and the necessity of understanding its properties, we should not wonder that Mr. Le Chatelier gives a large place to researches in physical chemistry.

"In this connection, we may note that in his 'Geochemistry' Mr. W. Vernadsky has stated his opinion that a limitation of carbon might well entail a limitation of the quantity of life on the earth. And perhaps the quantity of living matter is thus a planetary constant. The idea is ingeniously developed.

"Carbon is decidedly one of the most interesting elements from very different view-points; it plays two parts of the first order and is worth all the attention that chemists are giving to it. Le Chatelier first of all, then biologists and geochemists."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A SUBJECT OF THE UNICORN

THE LION AND THE UNICORN are popularly said to be "fighting for the crown." George Santayana, who used to fascinate Harvard classrooms, has turned a pretty figure in saying that these two give official recognition to the dual traits of British character—the stolid and the fanciful. Seizing upon this, the art critic of the *London Times* finds

his point of departure in dealing with Thomas Gainsborough, the bicentenary of whose baptism was celebrated on May 14. Reynolds and Gainsborough flourished in the field of English art at the same time, and seem to this critic to represent the English character completely in their combination, Gainsborough, of course, representing the Unicorn in his fanciful nature.

"The moment you begin to think about it," he says, "you see that not only do English artists tend to range themselves under the lion or the unicorn, but that, in history, the presence of one type is an almost certain indication of the existence of the other, with approximately equal powers. It is as if the English genius needed two men at a time for its full expression. Byron and Shelley are the most obvious examples, and there are plenty of others, and their coupling might be made the subject of a widely allusive and duly quarrelsome parlor game." Even in indi-

viduals, says this writer, "side by side with the John Bullishness of the typical Englishman, there exists a strain of delicate fancy as different from Celtic magic as it is from Latin refinement of intelligence." Note how "the rough soldier or explorer conceals a vein of moonshine and carries Shelley about in his pocket." Having established the two traits in general, the critic shows us how the one applies particularly to Gainsborough:

"Waiving 'fanciful' as not quite the right word for his genius, there can be no question at all that Thomas Gainsborough, who was baptized on May 14, 1727—the exact date of his birth is uncertain—was a true subject of the unicorn. Look at his face, for one thing. English to the heart's core, he had not a trace of John Bullishness in his composition. Reynolds had it all—as his

friend Johnson had it at the expense of Goldsmith. Apart from the merits of their individual works, and irrespective of the fact that Gainsborough was a landscape painter as Reynolds was not, English art required that we should have Reynolds and Gainsborough at the same time. Nor was it only a question of expressing fully the national genius, it also applied to representation; and without the portraits of one or the other we should, at any

rate in the case of women, have had a whole side of the national character and temperament unrecorded in terms of that period.

"When it comes to defining Gainsborough's genius the case is difficult indeed. His art was indefinite in itself, pervasive rather than emphatic. 'Fanciful' will not do, but the mind continues to run on such terms as 'ethereal,' 'slim,' 'silky,' 'moonshiny,' 'fairylike.' At the same time there was nothing Celtic in it; his fairy was as English as Ariel. To catch at a musical comparison—and we remember that Gainsborough was a musician—he was Mozartian rather than Handelian. Something may be learned from his name, for—tho we must be on guard against deriving from a name what has become attached to it by association—there was never, surely, a more appropriate name than 'Gainsborough.' A man so named was clearly born to paint like that. 'Gainsborough'—say it quietly, but with proper delay over the first syllable, and it is like the strain and ruffle of summer wind in ash boughs.

"Gainsborough, indeed, seems to have had the faculty—the fatal gift, we might almost

say—of externalizing for us the dream. 'The dream and the business' well sums up the division of the world between him and Reynolds. To call his genius 'feminine' would not be exact, for only an intense, if refined, masculinity could have set such visions free. The sweetness of his work is entirely unsentimental; it is rather the sweetness that comes of intense pressure upon the raw material of life, leaving the dross behind and giving us only the essence which, diffused through the affairs of life as we know it, is too subtle for us to perceive unaided. Feminine it is, in a sort, but it is less the feminine presented to us in the actual shapes of the opposite sex than that more absolute feminine, not consciously desired and never to be experienced in life, which haunts the imagination of every fully developed man—the feminine echo of masculine personality.

"That Gainsborough's genius moved to music is evident



"EXTERNALIZING THE DREAM"

This was the fanciful faculty of Gainsborough the English painter, seen in "The Market Cart," which hangs in the National Gallery, London.

enough. He himself said that the 'Portrait of Orpin, Parish Clerk of Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts,' in the National Gallery, was painted to music; we know that musical instruments were his passion, and that he learned to play the violin, and would readily desert his easel to take part in the orchestra, and all his progress was in a musical direction. Comparison between his earlier and later works, say 'View of Dedham' and 'The Watering Place,' brings this out clearly. In the first there are musical passages—with an actual musical allusion in the figure of the man listening to the song of a bird—but in the second the whole picture moves to music. Nor is it only a matter of composition; the touch itself has become rhythmical, as if in the change from prose to poetical



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A GAINSBOROUGH PORTRAIT

"The fashionable world flocked to him to be painted," and it was fitting that one of them should be Miss Sparrow.

statement, and the solid and, so to speak, static condition of pigment is exchanged for a light, feathery play upon the canvas."

Whoever heard of a painter honored in our country as Gainsborough was in his native town of Sudbury in Suffolk on May 14? The Mayor and Mayoress gave a luncheon; visitors flocked into town, "and in front of the Gainsborough Memorial the Suffolk Regimental Band played selections." In the afternoon wreaths were laid at his statue. It all chimes more with Italy. Our tribute is the colored cover offered our subscribers, depicting that much portraitized actress of the eighteenth century, Sarah Siddons. At the Sudbury celebration Sir Frank Dicksee of the Royal Academy spoke words that the London *Times* passes on:

"We have gathered here to-day to do honor to Gainsborough's memory, and to fulfil that craving which is always in our hearts to give expression to any strong feeling that might possess them. We are here in a spirit of gratitude for benefits bestowed, of thankfulness that in this dear land a man was born who loved art and beauty with a lifelong devotion, a devotion so compelling, that it enabled him to realize, in a manner never before attained by one of the race, all the beauty, all the charm and the grace that can be found in the women who came under the magic of his brush. I dwell on his portraits of women, simply because I consider the finest of these his highest achievement in art, altho pictorially, the 'Blue Boy' is their equal. In justification I have only to recall his portraits of Eliza Linley, afterward Mrs. Sheridan, the Hon. Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Robinson (Perdita); and of course there are many others.

"We know that love, even the most devoted, can not alone accomplish the rich heritage we have received from the eye and hand of Gainsborough. To outward seeming gay, handsome, quick of wit and also of temper, impulsive, generous, with a passionate love for music, a faculty for friendship beyond the ordinary, without possessing great intellectual endowment, yet with a lively intelligence which dictated every thought and action, we picture him as a man of many parts all brilliant in their way: needless to say the one outstanding feature being that he was a supreme artist—

to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

"All the minor things of life, his quick temper, his quarrels with the Academy—with faults on both sides—all these and such like things are the little details that hardly tell in their conception of the man. What does emerge out of the twilight of the past into the full brightness of to-day is that on which he lavished his love in fullest measure, his Art. That is indeed his main feature, his true signature, the work not only of the hand and eye but the very soul of him; the genius that bestowed the instinctive perception which enabled him both to delight the eye and please the understanding."

A number of Gainsborough canvases, both portraits and landscapes, hang in the Metropolitan Museum, while the "Blue Boy," mentioned above, is one of the gems of the Huntington collection in California. The London *Daily Telegraph* in its tribute dwells on some interesting personal facts:

"Yet the curious thing is that even when Gainsborough was at the height of his fame, few of his patrons seem to have thought enough of his landscapes to buy them. He gave them away, as he gave away hundreds of pencil sketches, which he threw off—for his hand was never at rest—almost as tho they were valueless, and his unsold landscapes, many deep, used to line the walls of his painting-room. He gave 'The Harvest Waggon,' among many others to Wiltshire, the carrier of Bath, who loved the artist and so admired his genius that he would accept no fee for carrying his pictures to London. Gainsborough to-day, by universal consent, stands with Constable and one or two others in the selectest company of English landscapists, because his canvases are 'forever England,' and transcripts of England at her sweetest and best. The artist of 'The Market Cart' in the National Gallery, of 'The Watering Place,' of 'The Cottage Girl with Dog and Pitcher,' and of a hundred other rural scenes has no rival in a department of art which is typically English. He could not be sated with country sights and glimpses. Even when the coaches at his door in Pall-Mall rivaled in number those which stood before Reynolds's in Leicester Square, and the fashionable world flocked to him to be painted, Gainsborough was forever slipping out into the country to see the rural scenes in which his soul delighted—scenes where the sun was usually shining, and storms rarely disturbed the soft, dreamy atmosphere."

WOMEN PRIZE WINNERS—Two women stand forth as poetry prize winners in England. Miss Gertrude Trevelyan wins the Newdigate Prize for English Verse, and thus enters the long line of names that include Tennyson and Oscar Wilde. The other winner is Miss V. Sackville-West, poet and novelist, who receives the Hawthornden Prize of £100, the greatest offered in England, for a long poem called "The Land." Of her we read in the London *Morning Post*:

"Miss Sackville-West is the daughter of Lord and Lady Sackville, of Knole, Sevenoaks, and is the wife of the Hon. Harold Nicholson, who is a member of the Diplomatic Corps at Teheran. Her best-known novels are 'The Heir' and 'The Dragon in Shallow Waters.' She has published short poems, but 'The Land' is the first long poem that she has attempted. The poem concerns the life and struggles of a farmer in Kent."

In making the announcement of the award, John Drinkwater said:

"The award this year is not made for a play or a novel or a book of poems, but for a long poem. I suppose that on the rubbish heap of literature bad long poems hold an easy and lamentable pride of place, but I do not hesitate to say that a good

long poem is the noblest kind of literature, and occasionally an author without any urging will write a good long poem, and then it is a fitting occasion for caps in the air.

"Such a one is 'The Land,' by Miss Vita Sackville-West. It is a kind of farmer's calendar and a closely detailed account of a farm's year, and it is written with the authority of one who knows her land in all its moods and seasons from childhood."

LITERATURE FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE WITH ECONOMICS

AS A NATION WE SPEND almost half as much for education as for cigarets, which looks like a "generous financial allotment" to a writer in *The North American Review*; but he reflects that "our standard system of education helps prepare us for only the few working hours and leaves us to our own devices the rest of the time." The plaint of the writer, Earley Vernon Wilcox, is that education as conducted among us is not symmetrical, and the emphasis has shifted away from literature to economics. The new-fangled recipes for measuring intelligence deal with "mental physics," "mental chemistry," "the machinery of thought," "the dynamics of mental process," and the question arises, "can such formulas express the pupil's capacity for a rational use of his leisure time as well as of his working hours?" "Unless your formula can measure the child's aptitude in entertaining himself and in using his leisure in a sensible manner, it fails miserably," he thinks, "as an intelligence index," for it leaves us without a "clear indication whether the child will become an asset or a liability to the nation. For, however important a steady job at a fair wage may be to the individual, what he does in his spare moments is of far more consequence to society." The writer makes the indirect charge that the champions of economics are trying to dominate the whole educational system; and he reveals some startling discoveries:

"In order to test this matter I secured a copy of a carefully considered list of one hundred names of the greatest figures in the fields of art, music, painting, poetry, fiction, philosophy, science, politics and other lines of human achievement from ancient to modern times. My next step was to show this list to a number of acquaintances, including fourteen well-known scientific and economic experts in the Federal Departments in Washington, asking each man for a critical opinion on the worthiness of the one hundred names to be included in such a list of honor. The answers were more shocking than I had anticipated. The best informed of the fourteen experts had heard of only seventy-one of these hundred famous names, and one man had never heard of but twenty-five of the list.

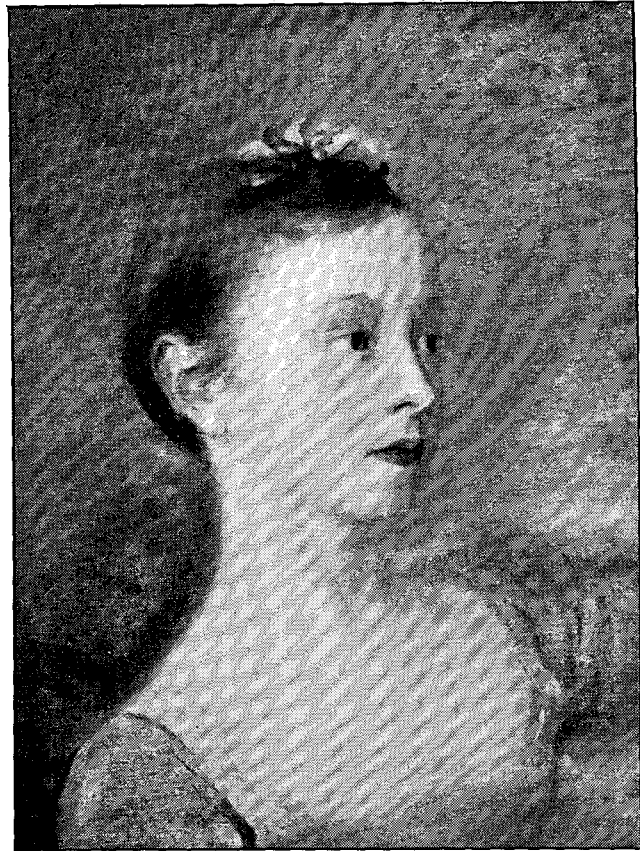
"A few details of one of these cases may be interesting. A mature man between forty and fifty years of age, with a wife and growing family, a graduate of two colleges, with a record of special studies in three other institutions and widely known for his fifteen years or more of service in the scientific and economic investigations of a great Federal Department, informed me that he had never before heard of Æschylus, Bergson, Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, Dante, Ibsen, Ibáñez, William James, Kant, Leonardo da Vinci, MacDowell, Molière, Nietzsche, Rousseau, Sophocles, Tagore, Yeats, Rodin, Matisse, Joseph Conrad, and Amy Lowell. Continuing my chat with this expert, I learned incidentally that he had never read a page of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Goethe, Dumas, Cervantes, Stevenson, Washington Irving, or Poe, while philosophy was but a name and history a mere nebulous assumption that the world had probably enjoyed a past.

"Now, it would, of course, be unreasonable to require that a departmental expert in economics be prepared to discuss the relative merits of Beethoven and Wagner, in the peculiar jargon of the musical critic. But even this concession does not help me to understand how one can so carefully watch his step through the halls of five colleges, and down life's course almost to the half-century mark, without stumbling upon Beethoven and Molière. He should at least be able to say positively that Beethoven was not a peanut vender nor a movie impresario, and that Molière was not the Frenchman who failed to take the heavy-weight championship away from Jack Dempsey. Moreover, I feel quite certain that to have failed to read any and all of the

world's masterpieces of literature is an intellectual calamity of which the asperity can hardly be softened by a study of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty,' or even the latest statistical analysis of the fluctuations in the price of hogs."

The writer may have to fight for his convictions, but we see him do it valiantly, not minding to risk the derisive smile of the "economist":

"I will go so far as to say that, in my opinion, there are things which are neither comparable nor interchangeable. For example, I can not see how a study of curves of normal frequency can



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

GAINSBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER

Pronounce the painter's name "quietly but with proper delay over the first syllable, and it is like the strain and ruffle of summer wind in ash boughs." Doesn't this picture fit the name?

be substituted for the reading of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' In what way can an acquaintance with the formulas for calculating probable error take the place of the pleasure derived from 'Gulliver's Travels'? How would one balance the law of diminishing returns against 'Sartor Resartus,' or the foreign demand for bacon against Wagner's 'Parsifal,' or the latest theory of railroad rates against the canvas of 'Mona Lisa,' or the basis of the three-mile limit against 'Huckleberry Finn,' or plasterers' wages against Barrymore's 'Hamlet,' or the demand for chewing-gum against 'Paradise Lost,' or collective bargaining against Shelley's 'To the Skylark,' or even the Farm Bloc against MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose?' To pretend that economics can take the place of literature in a college course smacks too much of the tactics of the garrulous salesman who tries to show us something 'equally as good.'"

What, asks Mr. Wilcox, have been the effects of this furore over economics and consequent neglect of literature?

"One need not look far to find them. The symptoms are painfully conspicuous. They indicate a diagnosis of intellectual pellagra or psychic malnutrition due to a one-sided diet of figures, curves, charts, tables, graphs, formulas, diagrams, norms, modes, means, averages and other parts of the skeleton without a sufficient proportion of the real meat of wisdom. Men who, like some of my economic acquaintances, grope their way across the stage of life from entrance to exit in a long night of color blindness to everything except economics, are missing a large part of the fun."

A DRAMATIC CRUSADER LEAVES THE FRAY

WHILE WE ARE TALKING of the decadence of morals in stage plays, a great authority on the art of the stage leaves the newspaper world of New York after a continuous service of fifty-seven years. Fifty-four of these were devoted to dramatic criticism, and now he confesses that after battling all these years for the stage's betterment he "finds the stage at what he believes is its lowest estate in more than a century." Mr. J. Ranken Towse, at the age of eighty-two, retires from the New York *Evening Post*. At the start, so he is reported in that paper, he adopted this credo: "Never to know an actor or actress if it can be helped. Never to accept a personal communication from a manager. Never to ask for a pass or any other favor." Quoting his own words further:

"I've stuck to that pretty well. It's true I've had one or two very close friends in the theater—Daniel Frohman and William Seymour—and I've met a few others now and then through the years, old John Drew, for instance, but I've held with fair success to my resolve to have no embarrassing friendships which might influence my critical viewpoint.

"I've always regarded the theater as one of civilization's greatest educational forces. That is why I denounce the present condition of the stage, destitute of morality as it is. It is argued by some that 'there are no morals in art.' I won't agree. Certainly, in art, there is no objection to nudes, but there often may be objection to the spirit behind the execution.

"So it is in the theater. To-day the stage is mischievous and demoralizing. It needs censorship, but I oppose censorship—on one ground only. Censorship is theoretically necessary, but it is impossible to find a man who could qualify as censor—a man of culture and background and understanding and artistic perception and common sense and, above all, tact and discretion.

"Still, we have the laws on our statute books which can improve the stage—and have in a few instances. Even a police sergeant can tell a dirty play if he sees it!"

Mr. Towse was born in Streatham, Surrey, in 1845. His long life in newspaper work is thus sketched in *The Evening Post*:

"Mr. Towse came to this country in 1869, after his graduation from Cambridge. Both at the university and at the Highgate School, where he had prepared, he had led an active athletic life. He was particularly fond of rowing, for his father had been a famous oarsman, and he was also somewhat of a runner.

"Tho too light of weight to make the university boat, he rowed for his college, Clare, and it was his knowledge of rowing that made him an unusual asset to *The Post* when he first joined it.

"Rowing, collegiate rowing, was then in its infancy. Mr. Towse was assigned to cover one of the first regattas, then held on Saratoga Lake.

"His account of how he 'upset the dope' on what crew would win is amusing in the light of the publicity now surrounding college sports.

"Harvard and Yale, where rowing was fairly well established, were picked by the majority to be the most likely to win.

"Mr. Towse, however, decided to get first-hand information.

He chartered a horse and buggy, drove up in the woods lining the shores and there, in hiding, clocked the crews at their practice.

"*The Post* was so startled by the story I sent down to them," he chuckled, "that they didn't want to use it at first. But they did, and when my prediction that Cornell would win was verified by the result of the race, I found myself with somewhat of a reputation as a rowing expert."

"Journalism in those days had not reached the stage of specialization, and the young reporter found his duties manifold.

"He had obtained his job by bringing in to Charles Nordhoff, then managing editor, a series of articles exposing the disgraceful conditions on Blackwell's Island, now Welfare Island, and still a city prison.

"This was printed in the face of Tammany Hall's fury, and Mr. Towse was put to work, designated as an 'unattached reporter.' Later, as city editor, he covered the famous trial of Henry Ward Beecher, and tells how the reporters, while the jury was out, cast a secret and unanimous ballot declaring their belief that the noted gospeler was innocent of the charges of misconduct laid to him. He covered the Westfield ferryboat disaster, the Tweed ring exposures, and was the first reporter admitted to the scene of the celebrated Nathan murder case.

"As city editor for seventeen years he 'held down the desk,' covering important assignments, in addition to his editorial tasks. Later he added the tasks of editing *The Post's* foreign and other correspondence, and eventually E. L. Godkin, then editor-in-chief, raised him to the position of assistant managing editor.

"Through most of these busy years—since late in 1873, in fact—Mr. Towse had also served as dramatic editor, and this, perhaps, was his consuming interest."

A tribute from a fellow critic, Burns Mantle, of *The Daily*

News, gives a view of some of Mr. Towse's personal traits:

"If you have been a theater-goer in New York any time during the last forty years, and addicted to the habit of frequenting first nights, you doubtless know Mr. Towse by sight, altho he has never been one to circulate freely with the crowd.

"You may recall him, however, as an astoundingly young old man, spare of build, serious of mien, who spent more time in his seat than he did in the lobby, thus differentiating him from the younger fellows.

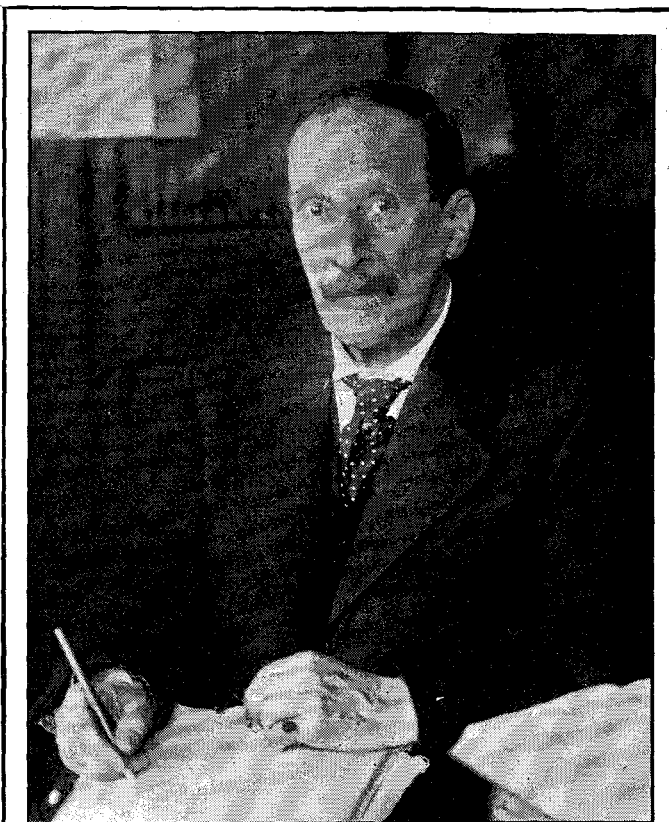
"In recent years, too, as his friends began to pass, he has followed the old-fashioned habit of visiting his seat neighbors. You probably have seen him standing in the aisle between acts, gossiping with Prof. Brander Matthews, or Daniel Frohman, John Drew or one of the few older players he permitted himself the privilege of calling friend.

"Seven or eight years ago J. Ranken wrote a book entitled 'Sixty Years in the Theater' (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). It dates back to his first memories of attending theatrical performances in London. He was fifteen then.

"He is not tired of the theater, nor is he unable longer to attend its offerings. But he is fearfully and awesomely wearied of the sort of play the theater makes much of these days. And he wants to devote more time to walking. In the summer, when he went on vacation, it was his custom to double the distance of his workday walks.

"No good saying good-by to J. Ranken Towse. He is just as likely as not to walk down from Sullivan County some day, cover a couple of classic revivals, and walk home again.

"And if he does they will be the most scholarly, informative and thoroughly worth-while reviews that will be printed about those particular productions."



HE BATTLED FOR THE STAGE'S BETTERMENT

But J. Ranken Towse now quits as critic, believing it is "in its lowest estate in more than a century."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



FRIENDS TO THE FRIENDLESS RUNAWAY GIRLS

The photograph shows a group of members of the Travelers' Aid Society in New York, who have helped thousands of girls who have broken domestic ties to seek fame and fortune in the big city. To all prospective runaways and those others who are not prepared to meet the problems of city life, the advice is: "Stay at home. It's a losing game running away."

A WARNING FOR THE RUNAWAY SEASON

"**D**AUGHTER MISSING. SIXTEEN YEARS. Tan hat and dress, blue coat, blonde hair, brown eyes. Probably headed for your city. Please inform us if found. Will come, or cooperate any way you suggest. Be sure tell her we love her." Such a telegraphed appeal from frantic parents is familiar, particularly in the open season for runaway girls, to the Travelers' Aid Societies in 167 cities, to the housing and employment bureaus of the Y. W. C. A. all over the land, and to the Girls' Service League in New York City, the Mekka of so many youthful journeyings. And little wonder, writes Vera L. Connolly in *Good Housekeeping*. For, she tells us, of the 1,300,000 travelers in distress assisted by the Travelers' Aid last year, 80,000 were under sixteen, thousands of them being runaways. Of those between sixteen and twenty-one, a pitiable number, says Miss Connolly, had run away from home. Some of these were runaways in the technical sense—girls who had left home without their parents' consent. Others were runaways in spirit—girls who were unable, or thought they were unable, to endure their home surroundings a day longer. And the girl of eighteen to twenty-one who rebels against home conditions and insists upon going to a "far country," says Miss Connolly, may prove the most pitiful of all runaways. Unless she has money in her purse, is already a trained worker, and is of stable character, she will be crushed by her economic struggle in a strange city. Miss Connolly interviewed the heads of several societies to gather her information, and in every instance she heard the same advice to young girls who are preparing to break their domestic ties: "Stay at home!" The big city demands a heavy price of youth and ignorance. For the runaway girl of eighteen, for instance, there will probably be one of three fates:

"First, if so fortunate as to fall into the kindly hands of the Travelers' Aid, and if her home, after friendly investigation, is proved a good one, she will be returned there.

"Or, second, if investigation proves her home really unfit, and if she insists passionately, 'I'd rather die than go home!' a small job will be found for her, and she will have to subsist on the pittance it offers, while attending continuation school.

"Or, third, if she enters a city unnoticed, and disappears, she is likely to drift into a life of crime and never be heard of again, becoming merely one of the tragic 'missing persons' listed at police headquarters.

"It's a losing game, running away."

But every year thousands of girls leave home, most of them, if they are not returned quickly, to be broken in body and soul. A scant few keep their heads above the flood. But what makes so many girls leave home? "Lack of parental understanding," said Sherrard Ewing to Miss Connolly, "is at the bottom of all runaway troubles and of most adolescent misbehavior." Mr. Ewing, who is General Director of the National Association of Travelers' Aid Societies, New York City, finds that parents don't establish confidential relations with their children. "They give arbitrary commands and impart lofty wisdom. But it doesn't occur to them to find out what the adolescent boy or girl is thinking, dreaming, longing to discuss. Yet that is the secret of parental control. The boy who can talk to his dad will not do much damage in the world. And the girl who feels free to pour out her thoughts to her mother will never run away." To which Miss Virginia M. Murray, the Executive Secretary of the New York City Travelers' Aid Society, adds, in an interview with Miss Connolly:

"No contented, happy, mentally normal girl ever runs away! Recently our office made an intensive study of a hundred and fifty runaway girls. The greatest number assigned difficulty with step-parents as their reason for leaving. The next largest number felt that their families were too strict, particularly about recreation. Others gave such reasons as mothers who were 'naggers' or 'model housekeepers'; 'bossy' older sisters and brothers; or a desire to become actresses and dancers. But great numbers complained that they 'just couldn't stand' their dull towns any longer. Restlessness, you see! Bottled-up energies and dreams. Initiative, and no outlets. Home conditions that chafed. And 'deadly' towns!

"Underneath all these seemingly superficial woes, there is the one big fundamental question of adult misunderstanding in the home, in the community. A profitable task the club women of

the smaller towns might set for themselves would be to make the home towns more interesting to the young."

"It's all a matter of confidence a girl has in her own parents," said Dr. Muriel Ivimey, the psychiatrist of the Girls' Service League, to Miss Connolly. "If they treat her as a rational, thinking being, they will keep her close to them. It's amazing how readily girls talk when they feel things will be taken sensibly." Then, too:

"It's awful to hear girls in trouble tell how desperately they wanted to talk to their parents while there was time. Girls in sex difficulties often tell me how hard they tried to broach the sex question to their own mothers. A mother will slave for a girl's physical needs. But often she doesn't realize the importance of mental companionship.

"And parents should realize that 'girls are people.' They're not all of one type, any more than adults are. There's the executive type, for instance, with a terrific urge to make her own experiments. She needs wholesome outlets. Then there's the talented dreamer type, who can not be nagged into hanging her clothes on the right nail, but who some day may become a great artist or musician. There's the highly emotional child who has intense, but harmless, crushes on girl chums. There's the hypersensitive type. And so on."

If, finally, these girls break away and plunge into the life of a big city, what opportunity have they? What chance have they to survive? Miss Connolly writes:

"Tell would-be runaways the truth about industrial conditions in our big cities—especially the untrained job-hunters! This is the cry of police and social workers, and heads of housing and employment bureaus, throughout the land.

"To the girls these authorities would say:

"Underage, untrained girls—you can't make good! Entirely apart from the ethics of running away. Apart from the danger to morals and reputation. Apart from the fact that home conditions may be trying, and starvation may seem preferable, the cold, hard fact remains that you won't be permitted to stay and starve. If you are a minor, untrained, without working papers, practical experience, or business references, and there is no drunkenness or bestial cruelty in your home, the chances are a hundred to one that you will be returned!

"And this warning applies not only to the underage runaway, but also to the inadequately educated and the untrained girl of any age! To school teachers who want summer jobs in the big cities and forget that city teachers have spoken for them. To college girls with degrees but no experience. To small-town business girls who credit the 'high salary' and 'plenty of jobs' legend and rush cityward, overlooking the high cost of living and the awful ordeal of coping with the roaring industrial machinery of a great city.

"Into New York and Hollywood, especially, despite the sober warnings of the motion-picture industry in the West and many business employment bureaus in the East, unprepared girlhood is pouring. To-day both these cities are choked with unequipped, unemployed young job applicants. There are listed at the Central Casting Corporation in Hollywood some 6,500 women, 4,000 men, and 3,500 children—14,000 in all; whereas the average daily call for women of all classes is 195; for men is 483; and for children is 20. Most of these 'women' are girls of fifteen to nineteen, applicants being listed as 'elderly' at twenty-four."

In New York it is becoming increasingly difficult for any girl to get and hold a job, Miss Connolly learned from Miss Helen Winne, Director of the Central Employment Bureau of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Winne, whose department last year had some 22,000 interviews with job applicants, took in 5,000 new applicants and placed 4,000 girls and women in jobs, is emphatic in advising would-be runaways and unprepared girls to stay at home. To measure up, she points out, the girl must have education, training and experience, and Miss Winne advised her interviewer to "tell outside girls to remember that they must compete here with girls with New York references. An out-of-town girl must constantly explain her presence here. Employers will not engage mysteries. A girl must be over seventeen before she is even listed as a job applicant, and then it may not be possible to place her."

WHY WE ARE THRILL ADDICTS

THE STAGE IS STILL AN IMPENITENT at the bar of public opinion, and the producers of filth, in whatever form, we are told, still wax fat. Arthur Hornblow says in an editorial in *The Theater Magazine*: "Meantime, the dirty plays continue doing a land-office business at the old stand. The other cities will have none of them, but New York takes them, foul as they are, to her bosom." There has been much more similar criticism, says John S. Sumner, who, in an article in *The North American Review*, diagnoses the present popular addiction to thrills as a diseased taste which grew out of surplus leisure and undirected energies, and grows fouler by feeding on a commercialized stage and a degenerate literature. If he pays his respects to author, producer and actor, Mr. Sumner, who is the secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, also lays some of the responsibility on the public. To begin with, Mr. Sumner says:

"The common statement to-day that the public is responsible for vulgar plays is very largely true, for if such plays were not supported financially by the theater-going public, they could not endure. There is a joint responsibility for the display of nastiness upon the public stage:

"The vile producer, who for filthy gain will sponsor such an exhibition regardless of social consequences, is to blame.

"The actor, who participates in lascivious drama and who utters foul words in public, lowering standards of common decency and making a stench of what should be a temple of art, is to blame.

"The writer, who prostitutes his ability at the behest of some scabrous unprofessional producer, is to blame.

"Diffident and dilatory public officials, who close their eyes to such infamy, are to blame.

"That part of the public which pays handsomely for lewd and bawdy entertainment, without regard to the power of example, is to blame. It is with this element, the public of low ideals, that we are interested. How did they get that way? What innovation in the social development of the nation has created this type of moron?"

In the pioneering days our forefathers worked off their energies in physical toil, points out Mr. Sumner. They were busy preserving life and building up the country, and they had neither need nor time for artificial stimulation. It is only within the past fifteen years, he says, that the elements making up the situation congenial to the "Thrill Addict" have come upon us. We are in the sweatless age, the age of leisure. For instance,

"In the large cities the average home has been reduced to a few rooms in a crowded apartment-house. The incandescent light, the gas range, the electric washing-machine or the laundry, the vacuum cleaner, the dumbwaiter and the much maligned janitor have reduced the working time of the average housewife to a minimum. The former average family of four or five children is a thing of the past. Now one or two children or none at all is the rule. It is apparent that the woman of such environment has a problem in the nature of what to do with the many hours free from household responsibilities.

"The latest national census showed for the first time a preponderance of urban dwellers, which means that young people are leaving the rural districts and swarming into the cities in increasing numbers. They have been caught with the bait of short working hours and easy money, the glare and tinsel of urban life. They too find a surplus of unoccupied time as compared with the hours of toil required in agricultural pursuits. The city man is occupied, as a rule, not more than eight hours a day in the effort to support himself and his dependents. He has forgotten almost how to walk, being dependent for his movements on subways, trolleys, taxis, or other vehicles. Various movements and labor-saving devices tend to keep the collar white and the hands soft."

In the trades, too, says Mr. Sumner, "coddling and discouragement of personal effort have occurred. Scales of wages applicable alike to the skilled and unskilled worker in the same line, maximum output of labor in a unit of time, protection from discharge for incompetency, are some of the evils allied to the many good features of trade-unionism." What is the result? "Lots of

leisure and a lack of effort in every field except the field of easy money; and the natural consequences, a lower grade of mentality and of ability to arrive at correct conclusions." Into this situation have entered the Freudian discoveries, which have "constituted a luscious repast for many of our youthful and dilettante writers"; the art magazine, "devoted, of course, to one genre, the nude female figure," and the tabloid. "The leisure brought to humanity by science," observes Mr. Sumner, "has been ill employed," and he goes on:

"The public is to blame for the existence of dirty shows. Of course it is; a part of the public. But who is to blame for that part of the public? Largely, the literary underworld. The tabloid press did not start this thing. It did not exist when the modern thrill addiction came into existence as a disheartening, unsocial disease, but it has shared powerfully in its development. The tabloid appeals to immature and subnormal mentalities, and keeps them so. By lewd, criminal and gruesome pictures it illustrates graphically the news of lust and crime and brutality presented in words of one syllable. By exploitation and picturization of a despicable r   , a venal gold-digger, a yegg, a yellow murderer, or any other brand of crook, it impresses upon the undeveloped minds of its readers that these offscourings of humanity are people of some importance. It hires the participants in disgraceful scandals, murderers behind prison bars and other social refuse as special writers to exploit their devilish activities over their own facsimile signatures in its columns. The intention is to thrill the reader, and, in view of the lack of discernment on the reader's part, the material used must be crude and inane to a degree."

The theater is the residuary legatee of all of this artfully created thrill addiction, says Mr. Sumner. "The audience for thrills and punches has been created, and the unethical producer is quick to pander to the thrill appetite." Producers fell back on the argument for realism and life in the raw. Blasphemy and profanity were introduced. The dissolute woman appeared as the heroine of the show, "and we were reminded of the Scriptural saying about casting the first stone." Lastly, degeneracy was featured, "and we were warned that if pathological conditions were not broadcast from Broadway, thousands, nay millions, would be engulfed in the quicksands of sexual depravity."

"Well, six of these benevolent producers have been convicted of presenting immoral shows and have been sent to jail. Twenty-six male and female performers have been convicted of the same offense and have been warned by the court to go and sin no more. The New York Legislature has enlarged the scope of the statute dealing with prohibited public shows, and has increased the penalty for violations. The people who scoffed at the possibility of regulation have felt the policeman's club and have been spanked by the lawmakers. It is probable that a thoroughly scared if unpenitent theater will purge its precincts. There will still be a kick, but it is more apt to be applied to the hobo producer than for the delectation of the Thrill Addict. That unfortunate species will still be with us in the effortless environment created by science. Let us hope that science will discover a narcosan for the cure of this form of addiction, since politicians refuse to adopt preventive measures to protect its victims. Probably as constructive a suggestion as any is that of Mr. Edward H. Sothern for the development in this country of the municipal theater. A theater which would present only high-grade drama at a low price. A theater which would cultivate a public taste for the best in dramatic art. A theater which would make actors and actresses of whose ability the public might be proud and who, as only the actor has ever done, would elevate the tone of the American stage to the high level which an art, universally admired, deserves."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BOOZE

WHERE IS ALL THIS BOOZE we hear so much about? asks a writer in *The American Review of Reviews*, who, during a two weeks' visit in and about Florida, saw no whisky and heard only one alcoholic laugh. Whisky was offered to him by his hosts on several occasions, but the hosts did not drink themselves, and no bottle was produced. J. Horace McFarland tells us that he traveled 3,745 miles in fourteen days, of which 1,278 were by motor in Florida. He saw no drinking in Washington or on the train which took him to Jacksonville, and his first thought of it came when he saw a notice at the bottom of the menu in one of the great hotels in Jacksonville warning guests that waiters must not be expected to help in serving intoxicants. Then he remembered a street of malodorous reputation, and curiosity drove him to walk along it to note whether there were any change. Here, too, he saw no signs of intoxication. He goes on:

"From Jacksonville I went by rail to St. Petersburg, and here mingled with many people for several days, traveling about St. Petersburg and Tampa by motor. Nowhere did I see evidences of liquor, nor was it mentioned in my hearing. There was one

rather extraordinary occurrence in St. Petersburg which I do not yet understand.

"Desiring to go to a church on Sunday, I was informed that in order to secure a seat I would have to be in the Second Methodist Church by 9 A. M., at which hour I got about the last open seat, the service beginning at 9:15. We were all turned out at 10:35 to afford room for a waiting throng, which would participate in a repeated service at 10:45. I was told that other churches were also doing double-turn work."

His travels took Mr. McFarland to Palm Beach, where in one of the great hotels, a local man suggested that he could have a cocktail if he wanted it. But the local man himself did not want a cocktail, "and there was no evidence of drink in that beautiful dining-room." Later the same evening, in a dining-room of another hotel, the writer "heard a young man laugh in a sort of alcoholic fashion at a table, the only bottle on which seemed to have White Rock in it." Mr. McFarland was in two other noted hotels, in neither of which he saw any sight or suggestion of intoxicants. In Miami, Indian River City, Orlando, Winter Park, Bartow, and Tampa his experience was the same—there was no sign of liquor. In Tampa, even tho he visited the annual Citrus Fair while a race was being held, and mingled with great crowds, there was no booze in sight. Liquor was twice suggested to Mr. McFarland in two private houses near Jacksonville, but he did not see it and his hosts did not use it. On the train north from Atlanta, Georgia, he saw a ginger-ale bottle and a flask which looked as if it might have held whisky on the floor of a Pullman toilet-room. Mr. McFarland concludes the story of his travels:

"The truth is, after all, that the Prohibition laws are being enforced a great deal better than most people believe, and I think on the average quite as well as are the laws that punish arson, crimes of violence, and the social crimes.

"That booze and narcotics can be had by those who seek them, I do not doubt, just as I am quite sure that those who wish to steal, burn, and do other mischievous things in defiance of the law can and will continue to do them. They are outlawed, and John Barleycorn is outlawed, and that is the one biggest thing that has happened in, to and through the United States since Columbus landed."

PRAYER OF A TEACHER

BY DOROTHY LITTLEWORT

Father, between Thy strong hands Thou has bent
The clay but roughly into shape, and lent
To me the task of smoothing where I may
And fashioning to a gentler form Thy clay.
To see some hidden beauty Thou hadst planned,
Slowly revealed beneath my laboring hand;
Sometime to help a twisted thing to grow
More straight; this is full recompense, and so
I give Thee but the praise that Thou wouldst ask. . . .
Firm hand and high heart for the further task.

—*The Commonweal, New York.*

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

A WEARY poet has a new vision of celestial felicities. See *The Atlantic Monthly*:

CELESTIAL RHYMES

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I shall write verses if I get to Heaven.
(But few more now.)
There I shall learn new rhymes for Fire, for Seven,
For Sleep, for Bough;
New rhymes for Star, and Wing, and Death, and
Glory.
There I shall use
Clear iridescent words, no longer hoary
With time's abuse.

For when I have pursued the star-suns, burning
In long advance,
Swung in the curtains of the cold Aurora, learning
Her hidden dance,
When I have torn all bodiless fears asunder,
I shall require
Unchallengeable rhymes for Space—for Wonder—
For Time—for Fire—

Wiser than now in secrets always dying
Before their birth;
In rhythms blurred; in music blown and flying
Always, from Earth.

PERHAPS to make the perfect triumph,
it was necessary to see also the failure.
In the *Toledo Blade* we find this:

THE LOST FLIERS—NUNGESSER AND COLI

BY ISABELLE ELLING

I heard the motors roar, I saw the take-off and
the rise;
I felt the rush of wind beneath the wings
And upward raised my eyes. . . .
You cleft the clouds . . . you rode the trackless
air—
A strange and shining star.
A meteor shot from fields of France
To span a distant shore.
. . . I drooped my head to cup my hands
Against my eyes.
'Tis a moment all my life
I shall be sorry for !
For in that moment you had left the world
and me.
And though I heard a faint hum
Drifting from those hills of mist—
And though I strained my eyes through
tears
To film a glimpse of you
I could not see . . .
I knew that you were gone.
. . . All my days I shall be listening now.
Heart-startled with every plane I hear.
With every little sound like engines from afar.
But always, it is just a gust of wind . . .
Or the throbbing of the Sphinx-like sea
Beneath a lonely and impervious sky.

A DELICIOUS fable for designing husbands
is offered in *The Observer* (London):

THE CHERRY-WIFE

BY WILFRID GIBSON

It wasn't me he married, but my orchard;
And so I keep him tinkling at the bell
From the first glint of daylight until sunset,
To scare the birds, and serve him out as well.

The birds in June are mighty early risers;
And he must rise with them if he would sell
A single cherry: and, on rainy mornings,
How I lie chuckling at the tinkling bell!

The Bookman offers a challenging poem.
One might think Feminism was at the peak
of its aggressive campaign:

EVERY POET KNOWS

BY DOROTHY DOW

Every eager Poet knows
Passions perish with the rose:
Joys depart and love goes free. . . .
Yet you sadly stare at me,
Call me faithless and unfair,
Wondering why I ceased to care:
Seeking deftly what I lack
For a spell to bring me back.
O, Fond Silly one, no chain
Vulcan forged can bind again
My unchastened heart that took
Freedom for its sacred book.

Many a woman, far too kind,
Never dares the truth "You bore"
Only in her secret mind
Shuts the gate and locks the door.
I, with airy gesture bade
You adieu, and turned to find
Fresh enchantment . . . and you swore
Hussy . . . hussy . . .

Here's a truth

Men but rarely hear, forsooth.—
Every woman, in her breast,
Bears an infinite unrest. . . .
Every woman, did she dare
Leave the spinning, leave the fire,
As myself, would onward fare
Loitering with her heart's desire. . . .
Deep in every woman's heart—
Don Juan finds his counterpart!

ALFRED NOYES has said that if the
following poem "occurred among the
works of Edgar Allan Poe, it would be
perpetually quoted as an example of the
eery imagination." Mr. Morgan is a young
Welshman, heir of Baron Tredegar, a
candidate for Parliament, and a convert
to Rome. In *The Forum*:

THE EEL

BY EVAN MORGAN

I have floated far too long on the surface of the
wave,
Far too long upon the surface of the wave.
Better had I died and been buried in my grave
Than have floated on the surface of the wave.
Let me sink then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me hide me from myself, let me hide myself
from Thee,
I have floated far too long, far too long and
wantonly.

I have lain among the seaweeds, the dim flowers of
the deep,
Half asleep amongst the flowers of the deep,
What sort of count I wonder of those hours did I
keep
While I drowsed among the flowers of the deep?
Let me drop then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
Let me tumble to destruction in a stricken misery,
Be frozen as my heart is; my heart to His heart's
plea.

From the deeps there let me cry and when
smothered by the wave,
Entirely hid and smothered by the wave,
Let me cry, and hear my cry, my cry to Thee to
save,
When my bones are knocked together by the
wave.
Let me rise then as an eel, as an eel up through the
sea
Let me creep unto His feet to lie there patiently
Until His eyes of mercy are turned with love on me.

On the strength of this from the *London Spectator* some one may be moved to turn
the ditty into one of our many dialects:

A SCOTS VERSION

BY R. H. MALCOLM

A wee fond lambkin Mary had,
Its fleece a snawdrift pure,
An' ilka airt that Mary gaed
There gaed the lamb demure,

An' faithfu' to her liltin' step
The Dame School's portal passes,
Syne mounts, wi' airy skip, a stool!
Loud laugh the bonny lasses!

The Dame, altho' wi' twinklin' e'e,
Maun turn the chiel ootbye—
Whaur bides he close, a loyal swain
That loves, nor reasons why.

WHEN youth departs most poets fold
their wings—the exceptions often do not
see their wings are clipt. One here in the
Conning Tower of *The World* (New York)
laments the day:

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY DEPARTING

BY HELENE MULLINS

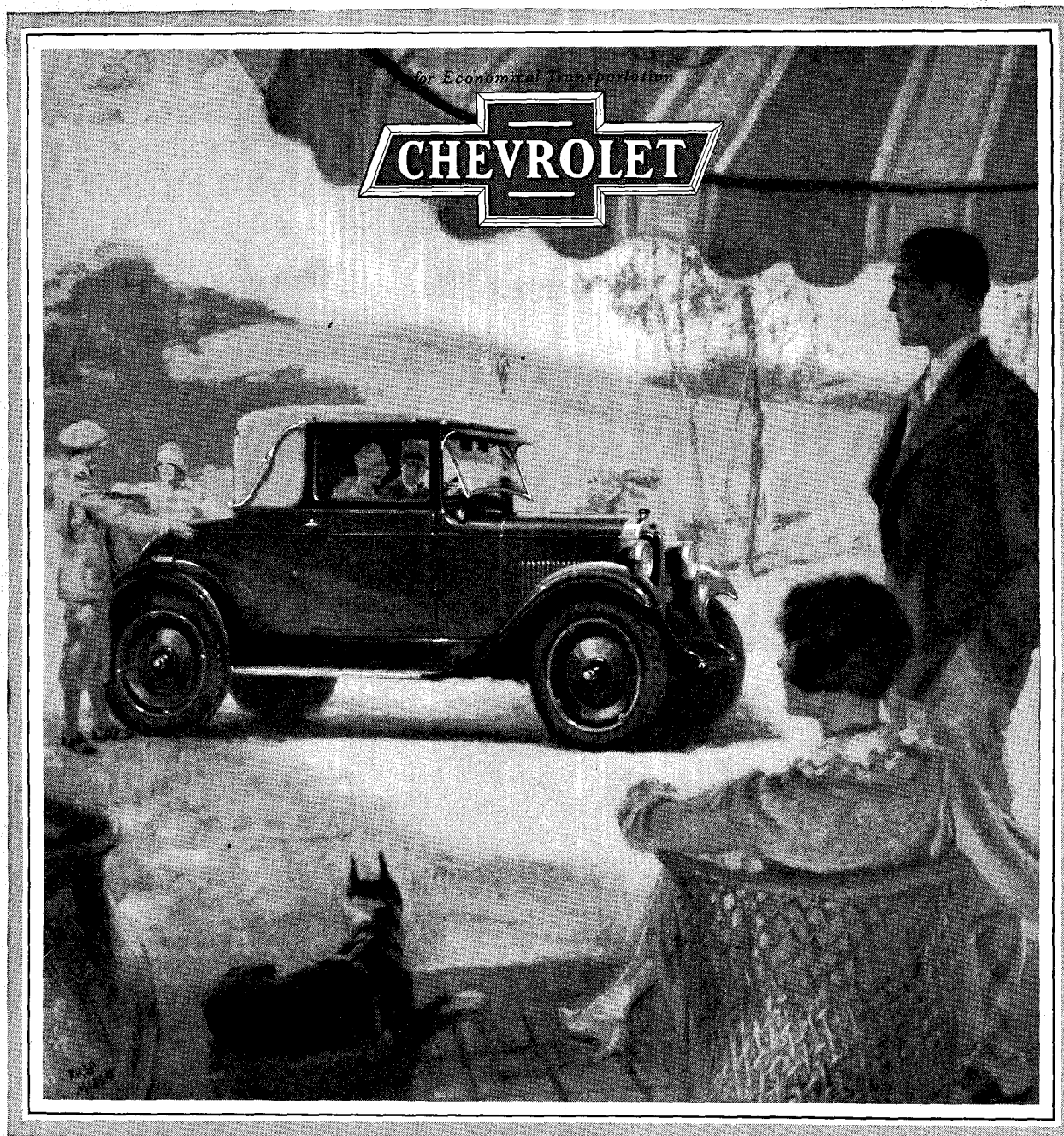
I can believe that one day you will rise,
And go your way without one backward look,
I shall perhaps be watching fireflies,
Or reading some inconsequential book,
And shall not realize it is the time
For your departure; softly I shall go
To keep a tryst with you, for there will chime
No mournful bells, no friend with head bowed
low
Will come in tears to warn me you have gone.
I shall go forth to meet you eagerly,
And find a slender layer of dust upon
Each place you ever came to wait for me.

At first it shall not seem so true a thing
I must act strangely; for a little while,
Incredulous, I shall pretend to sing,
Shall wander back and forth, and wait, and smile,
Remembering all the times 'twas late you came,
Then suddenly in terror I shall run,
And beat on every door, and shriek your name.
Nor think of resting when the day is done.
For sleep is shy of any heart in sorrow,
And nightfall can but add new wakefulness.
And I shall vow to find you on the morrow,
Only the night shall I be powerless.

Oh, many a sun shall rise upon me trying
To force a bolted door, to leap the space
Between two chasms where bruised and maimed
are lying,

To wring an answer from an empty place.
Until at last my stubborn heart shall bow
To the inexorable sad destiny.
I do not understand exactly how
The universal laws will conquer me,
But I must yield my will—yes, even I,
Who can not learn the limit of my strength,
Shall reach exhaustion and be forced to lie
In helplessness at my full sorry length.

Oh, I know well that one day you will go,
Finding some lack in me I could not guess
Nor guard against; one day my heart will know
The time has come at last for idleness,
And it will rise high in the patient breast,
Protesting still its youth and its desire.
But calm descends upon the stormiest,
Dead ash is at the end of every fire.
I too, though strange it seems, shall grow resigned,
The warmth of pain will pass and leave me cold.
With empty heart and empty, cob-webbed mind,
Content with silence and with growing old.



Unrivalled Smartness *at these Low Prices*

Never before such beauty, style and elegance in a low-priced car! Fisher bodies, finished in striking colors of lustrous Duco! A beauty of line and a completeness of detail typical of the finest custom coachwork! Unrivalled exterior smartness enhanced by sweeping full-crown fenders, bullet-type headlamps and polished metal trim—emphasized

by upholstery and interior appointments far in advance of accepted standards in the low price field.

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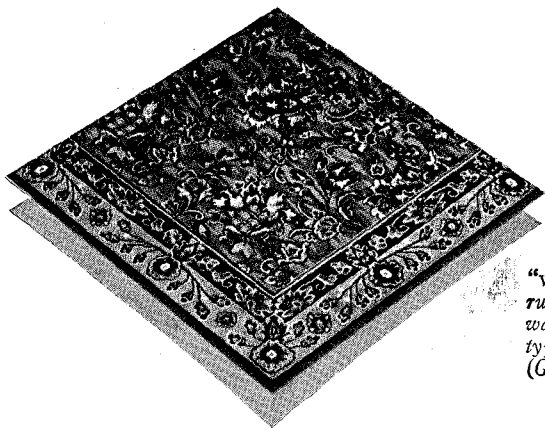
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The radiant colors spread sunshine to every corner. And the smooth, sanitary surface is indeed a godsend! It makes Gold Seal Rugs as easy to clean as a porcelain table top. No matter what is tracked in or spilled, a swish of a damp mop banishes every trace leaving the colors unfaded—as fresh as new.

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Floral effects of irresistible charm, splendor, smart unusual modern designs, quaint blocks. Never before has such beauty for so little money.

Away with Shabby, Dust-Collecting

At today's very low prices, you can have the pleasure of beautifying your home with attractive, flat-lying rugs of exceptional quality. Gold Seal Rugs are the covering bargain in America. Sizes up

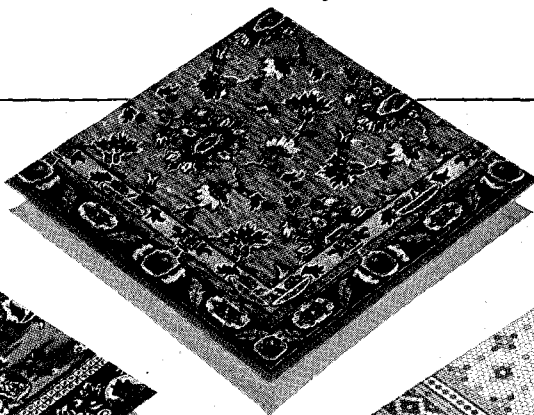
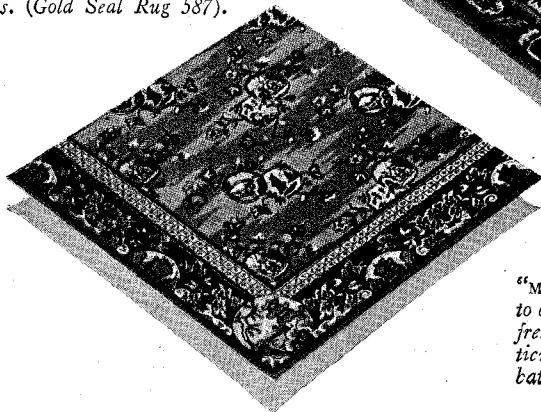
Be sure, to get the *genuine*. When you are influenced into taking something so good." There is only *one* genuine Congoleum you can tell it by the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern. This gives you absolute assurance you are getting the floor-covering whose quality has won the confidence of millions of

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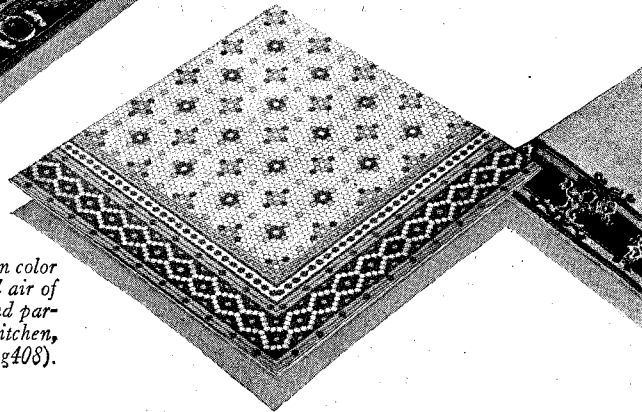
"SAN TOY"—colors and motif that unmistakably convey the atmosphere of the Far East. It suggests many attractive color schemes. (Gold Seal Rug 587).



"JASMINE"—burnt orange curtains and light grey walls are one of the combinations that would "set off" this design distinctively. (Gold Seal Rug 538).

"OMAR"—tint that bedroom

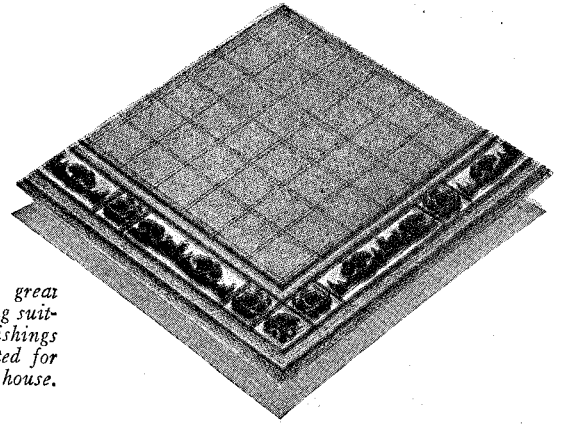
"MOSAIC"—light enough in color to create that much desired air of freshness wherever used and particularly appropriate for kitchen, bathroom, etc. (Gold Seal Rug 408).



CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL A

20

and CHEERY Kitchen



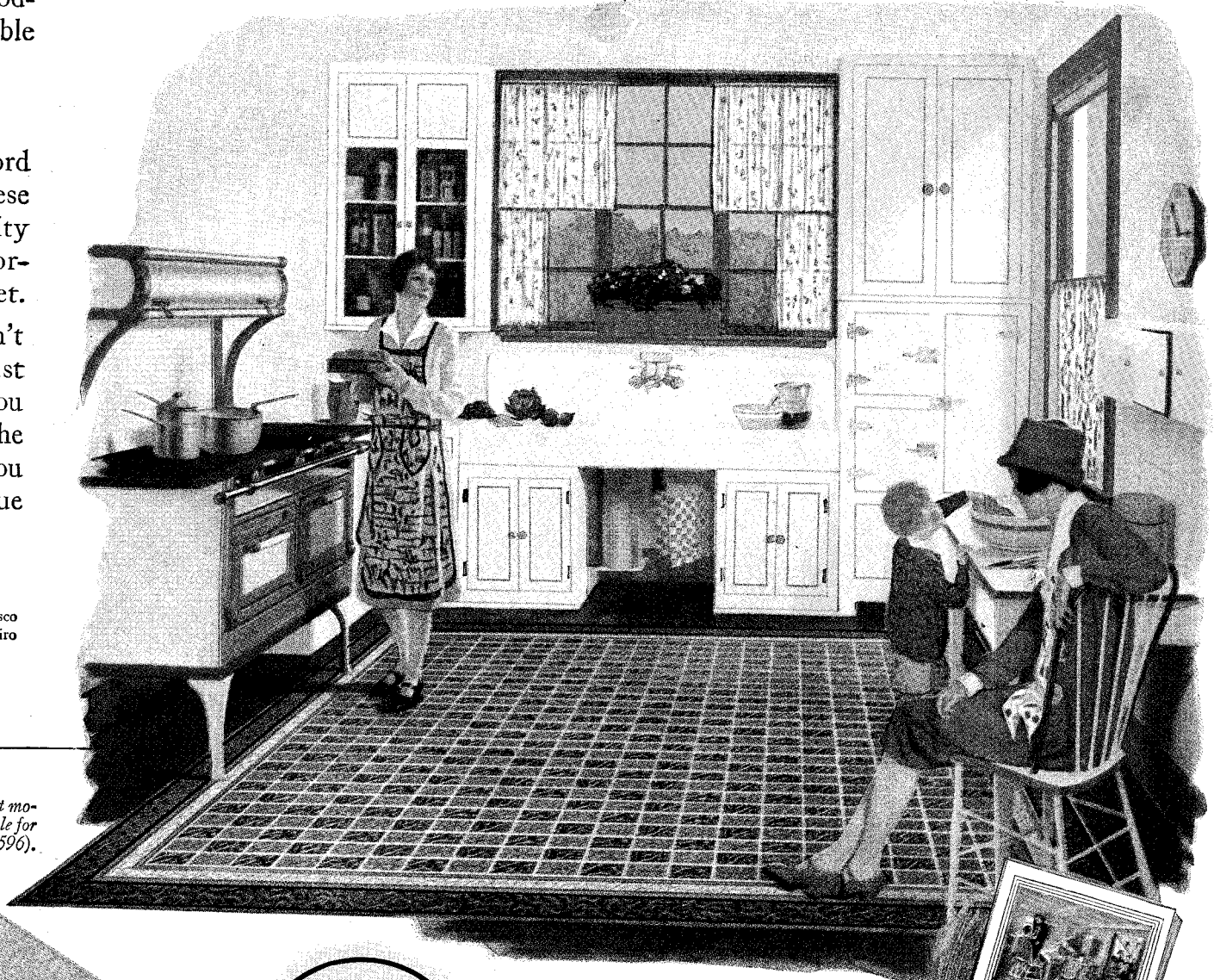
"PLYMOUTH"—meets the great demand for a floor-covering suitable with Colonial furnishings and is remarkably adapted for use in every room in the house. (Gold Seal Rug 580).

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The cheerful design shown on the floor of this smiling kitchen is the "BRITTANY" Gold Seal Rug 306.

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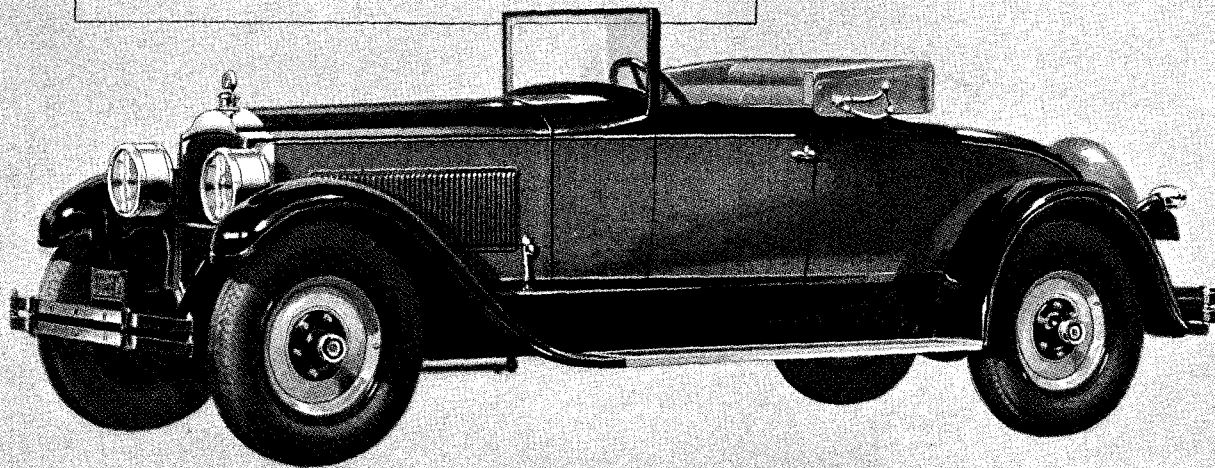
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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

YOUNG SONS OF SCIENCE WHO MAY REMAKE CHINA

LI WAS A RAW YOUNG RUSTIC from an obscure district, where the dialect is notoriously grotesque. You might have thought that everything was against him, but it happened that he glowed with a spark of the modern scientific spirit, which has begun to transform China from within. Not that this particular Li, out of the myriad Lis in China, has accomplished anything yet to set the Yellow River on fire; but he has made a fine beginning, and his case is the first to be cited by an American medical observer—Dr. Edward H. Hume, who was president of Yale-in-China, at Changsha, Hunan Province, until that institution was forced to close its doors last year because of radical agitation—among examples that he has witnessed of the Chinese capacity to acquire the “scientific mind,” or “the mental capacity to sit down humbly, as Pasteur did, in the presence of the facts of nature, to observe them minutely, to reflect on them, to test the observations by rigorous experimentation and, finally, to make reasoned deductions therefrom.” Dr. Hume introduces us to Li when the young man is reading his first technical paper before the hospital medical society. Recounting the incident in *Asia Magazine*, Dr. Hume tells us that the audience was a critical one, “consisting largely of his own senior teachers, some fellow internes on the hospital staff and a few senior medical students.” Some touch of embarrassment, some faltering of timidity, might have been expected under the circumstances, but Li appeared “utterly unconscious of their presence as he read on.” And here we are given a sample of what the young Chinese research workers were reading—precise, perfectly unemotional and matter-of-fact, yet singularly eloquent of the spirit in which Young China is tackling its great job of assimilating and advancing modern science. Thus:

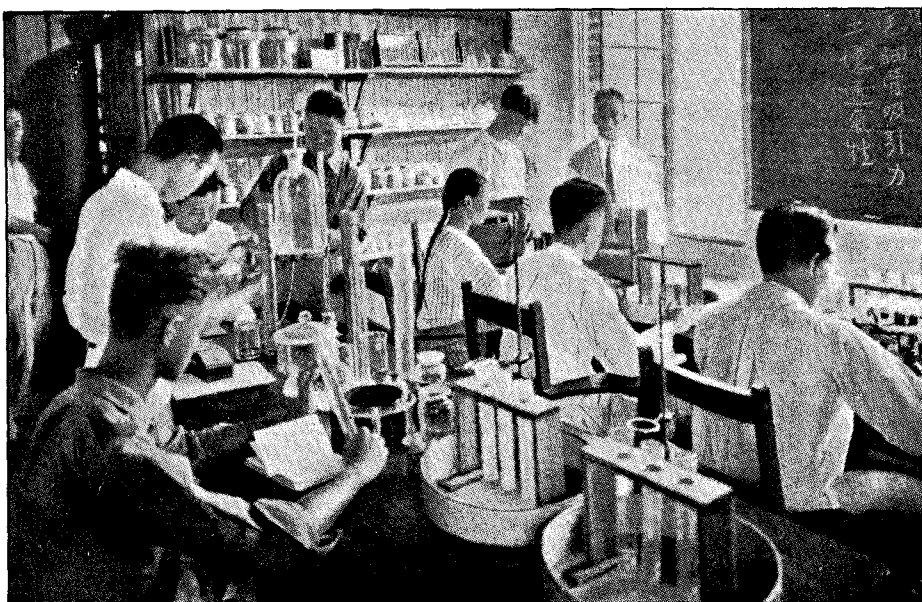
“At the suggestion of Professor W——, I undertook some experiments on the blood in this unusual case. When I found that the results were uniform, I spent a week in trying to determine whether my earlier results could be disproved. This failing, I asked all the laboratory technicians to repeat the tests. When their results confirmed mine in every case, I ventured to believe that the experiment was completed.”

At which Dr. Hume exclaims, “Was there ever a truer disciple of Pasteur—humble, self-criticizing, soundly experimental in the presence of an unusual natural phenomenon?” And he goes on to tell us:

When Li was still in high school, he read a notice about examinations for a school of nursing, and applied at once. English was one of the subjects he determined to master, and a friendly American woman offered to give him lessons. One day she asked him: “Li, why are you working so hard on English? You don’t need it for your nursing studies.” “Oh, but that is not all,” he replied. “This is merely preparatory to studying medicine.” The teacher prest her questions. “But why do you want to study medicine?” Again the future scientist answered: “I have discovered how little is known about disease, and I have determined to give my life to investigation. There are many

kinds of sickness common enough in China about which even your famous American doctors know nothing. I am going to study those.” And Li is keeping his word.

Nations, like individuals, may have their periods of introversion and of extraversion, according to one of the newer schools of psychology, and some such principle is implied in Dr. Hume’s suggestion that a general awakening of China to the scientific spirit might not be different in kind from the awakening of Europe at the Renaissance. Before citing the cases of



Photograph by courtesy of Lingnan University

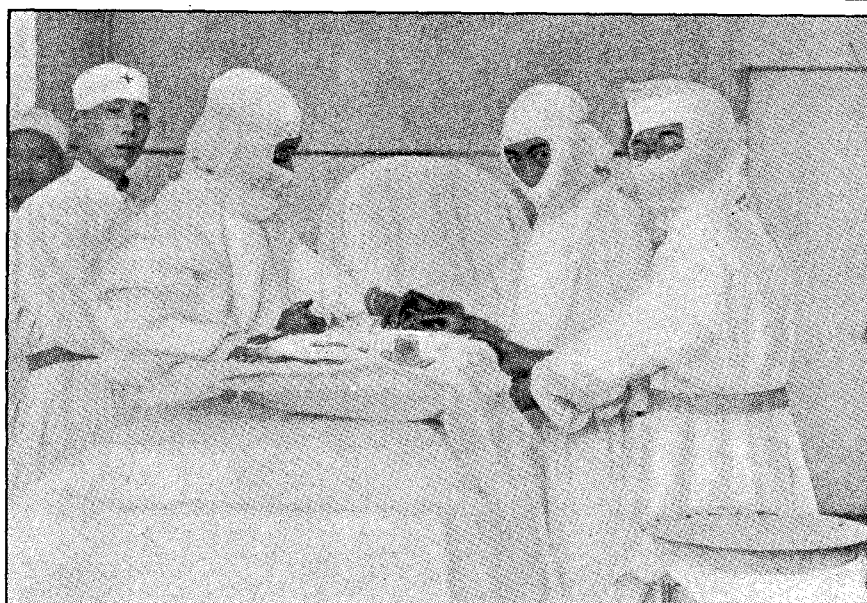
SHOWING HOW YOUNG CHINA IS BUSY WITH ITS TEST-TUBES

Special problems of the soil are studied by this laboratory group in the agricultural course at Lingnan University (formerly Canton Christian College) which, altho sanctioned by the Nationalists, is now, because of labor agitation, “temporarily closed except for a few classes off campus.”

Li and other young Chinese scientists animated by the new spirit, he writes:

Has not the Western world gone through very much the same sequence? Has it not, also, had its high tides of creative thought and its centuries of shallow reasoning? Did not superstition and empiricism rule unchallenged through our own “Dark Ages”? Surely we too called repetition by the name of thought and regarded compilation as original philosophy: Is not China to-day merely following a course quite similar to that of the West in being confronted by economic needs and political environment of such sorts as compel a new attitude toward life? Was it not contact with other civilizations that led to scientific thinking in Europe and to intellectual awakening there? If China has only recently created her science societies and started her scientific journals, is it not, in all probability, due to a later conflict with an outside world? The question is not how scientific China has been in the past, but whether China has scientific potentiality.

Perhaps the nearest approach to pure research that the Chinese have yet made has been in the field of medicine. Here, in the midst of useless masses of superstition and empirical formula, are found certain remarkable observations, chiefly in connection with a study of the pulse and of certain potent drugs. Many a Chinese physician has become a skilled observer of physical signs and has attained real proficiency in diagnosis by taking of the pulse. Not a few of his drugs are remarkably effective, as cathartics, diaphoretics, and so forth. The Chinese physician discovered, centuries ago, the virtues of copper sulfate and calomel, of rhubarb, and of digitalis. The Emperor Shen Nung, earlier than 2000 B. C., is said to have spent a part of each day in tasting medicinal herbs. As far back as the second



Photograph by courtesy of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions

CHINESE SURGEONS WHO USE SCIENTIFIC METHODS

Also, we are reminded, they manage from time to time to "make genuine contributions to medical science," while performing operations which call for great wisdom and skill.

century A. D., a certain Dr. Chang wrote an able treatise on typhoid fever, giving a remarkably clear description of this widely prevalent disease and suggesting for it treatment by means of cool baths.

To-day, the national educational system of China lays increasing emphasis on science. Every school curriculum must include it, in the upper primary, as well as the secondary, grades. Even in the far interior, where water-works and trolley-cars, automobiles, and electric motors have scarcely been heard about, the pupils are learning the elements of natural science. Laboratories are hereafter to be required in every high school. In the agricultural schools and colleges, modern experiment stations are already in evidence. Schools of mining and mechanical engineering, of telegraphy, and of railroad science, are already beginning instruction. In some of the colleges, such as Nankai and Tsinghua, as well as in the national universities of Peking and Nanking, modern science laboratories occupy prominent positions on the campus.

What of the results? A steady stream of returned students, young men and young women who have gleaned the best in science from the universities of America and Europe, has reached China during the past thirty years. The stream has been swelled by a vast throng that has studied in Japan and by many others who have been graduated in China itself. What are they contributing? What evidence have we that they reveal unexpected scientific possibilities?

After telling us about young Li, Dr. Hume cites the case of Chang, another devoted student of the new era in China, of whom he tells us:

Chang was a hospital interne, carrying a heavy schedule of professional and administrative duties one hot summer. Most of the senior medical staff were away on their vacations, glad to be out of the stuffy, humid heat of July in the Yangtze Valley. Under Chang's care was Mrs. L—, efficient young British secretary for one of the great petroleum firms. Day after day her temperature shot higher, and the laboratory reports confirmed the suspicion of typhoid fever. Delirium, hemorrhage, almost all the possible complications of this malignant malady, laid hold of the patient. Mrs. G—, wife of the British consul, came and sat in the room each afternoon, helpless in the presence of major disease, but eager to comfort and reassure the moment delirium should clear. She watched the American and the British attending physicians and said to me, after

the patient got well: "We are grateful for the professional care given by all the staff. But you ought to know that the best doctor in your hospital, professionally and in human attention to the patient, is Dr. Chang."

Chang, too, was without scientific background. His father is a simple, unassuming scholar of the old order, still giving classical instruction in the routine way, a narrow-chested, frail human being. But one day the son saw that science courses were to be given in the provincial capital, with laboratory teaching in biology and chemistry. Reading the announcement stirred in him a latent desire, and he enrolled without delay. From the first he was a marked man, so that it was no surprise to his teachers when, after seven years of assiduous study, he was awarded two medals, one for the highest scholastic standing throughout his medical course and one for the best thesis representing original inquiry in some branch of medicine. To-day Chang is doing advanced work in an American hospital. To-morrow he will be one of China's leading medical scientists.

Examining the laboratory outlines in the department of pharmacology at the University of Minnesota one day last April, I found many tabulated results of a series of blood-pressure experiments. Adrenalin was a familiar name, but I asked what this new name ephedrin designated. "That," said Professor Hirschfelder, "is the name of a new highly potent active principle extracted by K. K. Chen, at the Peking Union Medical College. *Ma huang* is the name of a common enough herb that grows on the hillsides in North China. It has been used for centuries in certain Chinese prescriptions, but no one ever knew what a potent substance it contained till young Chen isolated this substance that we now call ephedrin. We are still experimenting with it, but many believe it will raise blood-pressure more quickly and powerfully than adrenalin, and that its effect will last longer. In any event, our Chinese pharmacologist has made a real contribution of a genuinely scientific sort.

"He ought to stay in this laboratory with me until he gets a call to become a full professor in some first-rate medical school!" In these positive words Professor S— described to the investigating officer the caliber of Lim, who was wanted as a physiologist. Born in a family of culture, his father a university graduate and now President of the University of Amoy, one of the indigenous institutions of China, Lim, not at all surprisingly, early showed scientific promise. Given the best of British scientific training,



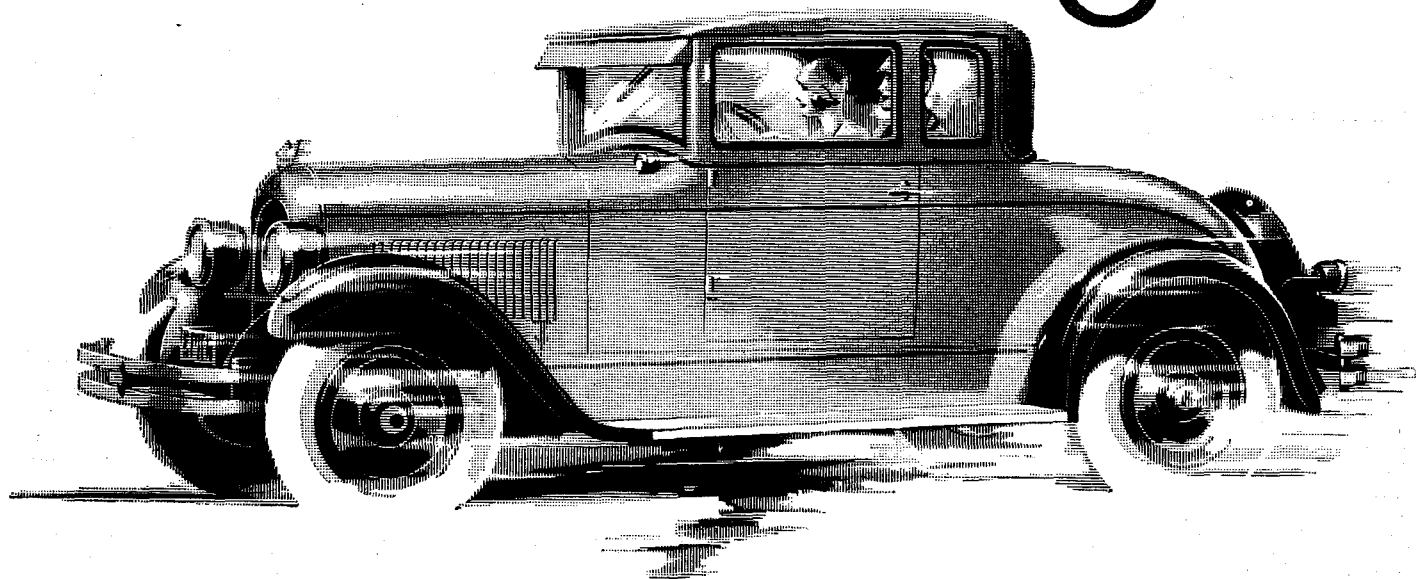
Photograph by courtesy of the Peking Union Medical College

WHICH ONE WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO TAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE?

These happy-looking damsels are nurses—graduate and undergraduate—of Peking Union Medical College, which is financed by the Rockefeller Foundation in China. Graduate nurses, we are told, "rank on an equality with those trained in the West."

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he soon limited himself to the field of physiology and is already a productive scientist.

At one end of the station platform at Chenchialung, the little reversing station of the Peking-Kalgan Railway, a few hours northwest of Peking, stands the bronze statue of Jeme Tien-yow. The pedestal is inscribed in Chinese and English with a few telling words stating that Jeme was China's pioneer railway engineer. For centuries, the Nankow Pass has been to northern China what the Khyber Pass has meant to the north of India. Through the Nankow Pass armies have advanced and retreated, caravans have carried back and forth the commerce of eastern and central Asia, and pilgrims have made their way, footsore and weary, in the fulfillment of some pious vow. In the late seventies Jeme finished his school work in a New England high school and found himself registered as an engineering student in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. When he was graduated there in 1881, with his engineering diploma, he hurried back to China eager to begin work as a builder. Disappointment and delay confronted him. The old mandarins were still in power and listened with disdain and incomprehension to the young engineer's appeal that China should make plans for developing a railroad system forthwith.

"The fire-car will frighten our farmers," they insisted. "It will wake up the slumbering earth-dragon and ruin the *feng-shui* of every vicinity through which it passes."

But Jeme was not set back. His engineering instinct was sound, and something of the Yale bulldog spirit was in him. The day came at length when he surveyed and constructed that splendid railroad line that carries you out through the Nankow Pass when you start from Peking to visit the Great Wall, or to begin your journey into Kansu or toward Mongolia. No finer monument is needed for this dauntless man of science, the pioneer of railroad engineering among the sons of China, than the mountain railroad he planned and built.

"V. K.," as his friends call him, studied geology in England, and returned to China with a delightful British university accent. What is more important, he had a vision of the treasures of scientific knowledge that lay hid in the ground of China. Besides the mineral wealth, there was the story that the rock strata had to tell of earth-crust and geologic upheavals. Skulls and skeletons of early human inhabitants, implements of war and the tools of domestic life, would be found not far below the surface. "V. K." persisted till he had actually brought into being the Chinese Geologic Survey, easily in the forefront of Chinese government scientific organizations. Its publication—*Palaeontologica Sinica*—in the production of which Chinese share honors with Europeans and Americans, ranks high among journals in the scientific world. One European explorer after another has been sent out on expeditions by the Chinese Geologic Survey. Mongolia and Szechuen, Kansu and the borders of Tibet have all been in the range of "V. K.'s" vision as he has planned for the better understanding of the earth—in the literal sense—of China.

Lao was at the head of his class in college. Commercial experience there had been aplenty in some of his family; classical scholarship was the conventional thing when his clan went over its list of members. But here was a mathematical student who could comprehend differential calculus, to whom cosines and cosecants were as playthings. Becoming instructor in mathematics in the preparatory school of Yale-in-China, where he had been graduated, he soon saw how a broader conception of science must be given to the high-school students of China. So he set himself to the task, outlining a course of laboratory experiments and of explanatory material, and finally publishing the whole in a single volume, *K'o Hsueh Ch'ang Shih*, or "Science Common Sense." The little book has caught on and sold actively in

many parts of China. Chinese schools acclaim it, saying: "Science is what China needs. At last we have a book we can understand, prepared by one of our own sons."

Within two years the proceeds from the sale of Lao's book, supplemented by the scholarship aid received from the American classmates of one of his teachers in Chang-sha, mounted up to a total sufficient to allow him to travel for graduate study to Yale and to the University of Chicago. With his master's degree in science Lao has returned to China, ready to work with other graduates for the building up of modern education in Hunan Province. He is certain to be one of the leaders in carrying forward the Yale-in-China traditions there, adapting them to the Chinese environment and the local point of view.

And now our sympathy goes out to a certain Hsu, who "had become impatient, like so many of his classmates, with his American teachers." And not without reason, we gather, for—

Here were maps hanging in the classrooms, with America always at the center of the world when drawn on Mercator's projection. Here were the teachers of psychology and of sociology using American textbooks, relying on American data, making their case on American material. He used to wonder why more attention was not given to Chinese mental processes, why more study of Chinese social conditions would not improve the teaching of sociology. He determined that he would go

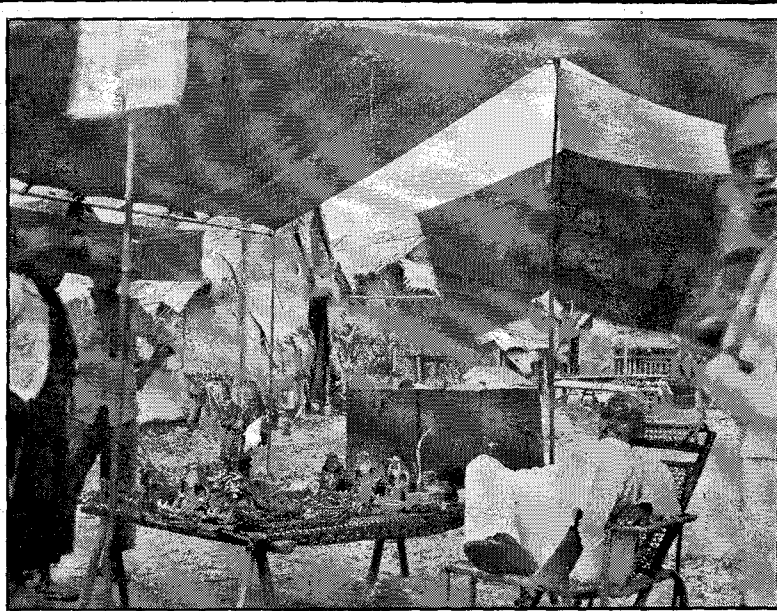
abroad and learn methods and then return to China to teach, not with an imported but with an indigenous fund of materials. He knew that nothing else would really help the Chinese student to grasp the essentials of these basic sciences. Called to a teaching post at Yen-ching University in Peking, Hsu undertook to map out a course in the science of society that should be based wholly on Chinese texts—translations of Western authors and as many original Chinese contributions as possible. The result is seen in a well-prepared compilation of sources in *The Chinese Political and Social Science Review* for January, 1927—a journal that well illustrates the new spirit of research in an important field. Here a true scientific instinct not only provides experimental method for the immediate present but accumulates a wealth of material for the investigator of social phenomena in the days ahead.

The Chinese child begins his memorizing with the Trimetrical Classic. A strange blend of historical narrative and legend, it brings vividly to the Westerner many of the current philosophical conceptions of China. What could be truer than some of its early lines?

"In innate qualities men resemble each other;
In habits they differ widely."

It is not in capacity, then, that the Chinese have lagged behind. In these recent centuries they have not had to face the economic situations that have confronted the West. They have lacked the spur to scientific advance. It may be that the recent centuries of non-productivity in science have been merely a resting-stage, like the biological periods in the life of so many living organisms. Once such a resting-stage is ended, the vital capacity of the organism emerges refreshed and vigorous, ready for new creativeness. Who can foretell what new scientific powers waking China may demonstrate to the world in the days ahead?

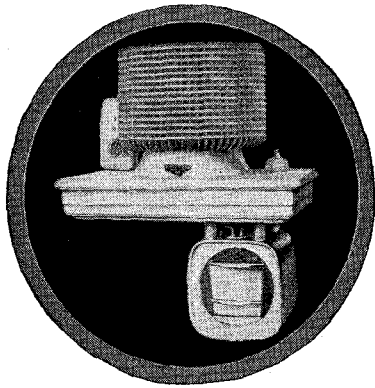
The Chinese mind will, however, have to school itself in accuracy if it sets itself to scientific work. Whether in the simple house-construction that has sufficed for centuries, or in the uncomplicated business organization that Chinese commerce has been satisfied with, it was enough to say "*ch'a pu to*"—"it differs not much." You set a standard for the worker, and he goes to the task little disturbed by the result "differs not much" from the standard you gave him. Precision is one of the lessons China will have to master, to show herself ready for real science.



Photograph by courtesy of ASIA Magazine

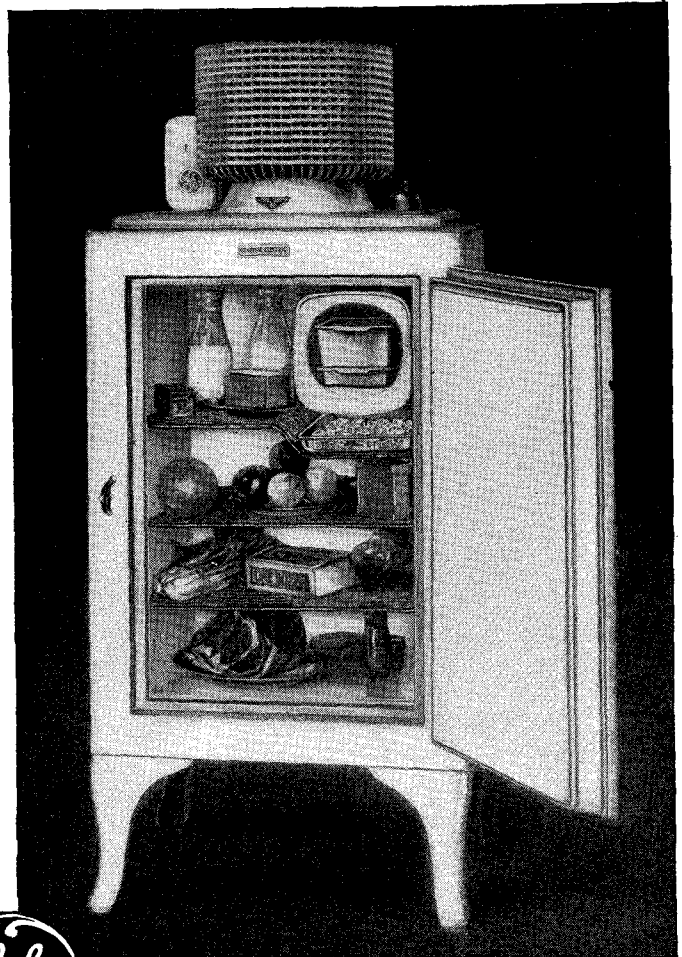
BY WAY OF CONTRAST: AN OLD-STYLE CHINESE DOCTOR

Parked by the roadside in his wicker chair, with his medicines and instruments at hand, he is ready to cure every human ill—but don't forget that Chinese medicine has made "certain observations of great interest to science."



*A Simpler
and Different*
**Electric
Refrigerator**

The Creation of
General Electric



Refrigerator

HERE is a new development in electric refrigerators for the home that every person interested in a refrigerator will want to see—the creation of General Electric.

It marks an entirely new conception of electric refrigeration. It marks an entirely *new* type of icing unit—a type unlike any other you have ever seen.

The entire mechanism of the General Electric Icing Unit is housed on top of the cabinet in one hermetically sealed casing. (Note illustration.) That is *all* the mechanism—none below the box, none in the basement. There are no pipes, no drains, no attachments.

All bulky machinery is eliminated—virtually all servicing. Operating automatically, you need never touch it—never oil it. Current consumption is reduced to a minimum.

*The result of fifteen years
of intensive research*

This new-day refrigerator embodies the best

thought of the leading electrical research organization of the world.

It has reduced electric refrigeration to a point of *simplicity* which makes it almost as easy to operate as an electric fan—and almost as portable. You may place it anywhere—move it anywhere. Just plug it into any electric outlet and it starts.

The General Electric Refrigerator—designed to accommodate this revolutionary icing unit—has distinct advantages. It can be installed anywhere. It maintains a most uniform temperature. It needs no attention. It is unusually quiet. It is always clean because the circulation of air through the coils drives dust away—prevents it from settling.

You will want to see this refrigerator. But, meanwhile, send for booklet No. 7-D which tells all about it, including the various sizes which are available.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE RECEDING FLOOD'S BEQUEST: A RICH LEGENDRY OF ANECDOTE

"THERE'S AN OLD DARKY on the levee who's likely to be lost. We couldn't pick him up."

The speaker was a youth running a motor-boat which had just brought its quota of refugees to a crowded river-bank embarkation barge. An explanation was demanded. Why couldn't the old darky be picked up? How come? "People had been taken from house-tops, from trees, from telegraph poles. Getting a man off a levee wasn't a hard job." However,

negligible, and the survivors would rather season their recollections with laughter than with tears. Hence an immense anecdotalage of pure fun, in which the negro population naturally plays a conspicuous part. Miss Meloney's article continues:

Soon afterward a cattle barge docked. Cows, horses, and mules were driven ashore by their owners. These were branded for future identification and sent off to high pastures. Cattle and horses without proved ownership were driven to other fields. A group of old negro men and women stood watching the proceeding. The branding interested them.

"Boss, what they do dat fo'?" asked an old uncle.

"That is to identify the animals. They're marked so you can tell who owns 'em."

"Sho' nuff?" questioned the old man. Then anxiously: "Boss, is dey goin' to do dat to de chickens?"

Here and there a story like this is passed along and the whole crowd will laugh—a little hysterically sometimes—but always bravely.

One old darky from Hard Times Landing called out to a fellow refugee from Providence Lake: "Hard Times Landing and Providence Lake is brothers under the water."

Natchez is one of the model camps in the stricken area. It is located in a great park which was once the proud estate of the Duncans. Army engineers have made it as free of flies and as clean as Central Park in New York. There were 2,800 souls there, and only eleven persons ill. It is the perfection of organization.

We came to one of the cook-houses where great caldrons of food were being prepared. A beef hash was browning on a huge griddle.

"Looks good and smells good," said one of the soldiers.

"Yaas, sir, boss," said the cook. "That old hoss was sho' tough. I jes' has ter make sumpin' good. Can't tell when dat Boss Hoover might be drappin' in heah."

"Is it really a horse?" asked the bystander.

"I didn't see his hide, miss, but he certainly wuz tough enough to be a mule."

There is an hour of peace along the banks of "God's Great River." It comes at sundown. Doctors, teachers, and organizers are done for the day. There is a little let-up in feeding and work. The air is very soft. The heat of the day has gone and the damp chill of the night is yet to come. There is singing in all the camps. In the negro camps there are some splendid voices.

There is no race problem, no creed problem, with Herbert Hoover. There is a flood and all people are treated alike.

Secretary Hoover is always at the point along the river where the danger to life is the greatest. On the Army patrol boat *Control* or the revenue cutter *Allegheny* or in a Navy plane he stays close to the menace. He may be found in the refugee camps at the embarkation piers—and at the worst of the flood breaks he was on the threatened levees giving council and courage.

"Hoover is on the levees himself" gave new heart to people standing on the narrow strip of land, waters pounding on both sides and slowly, slowly rising.

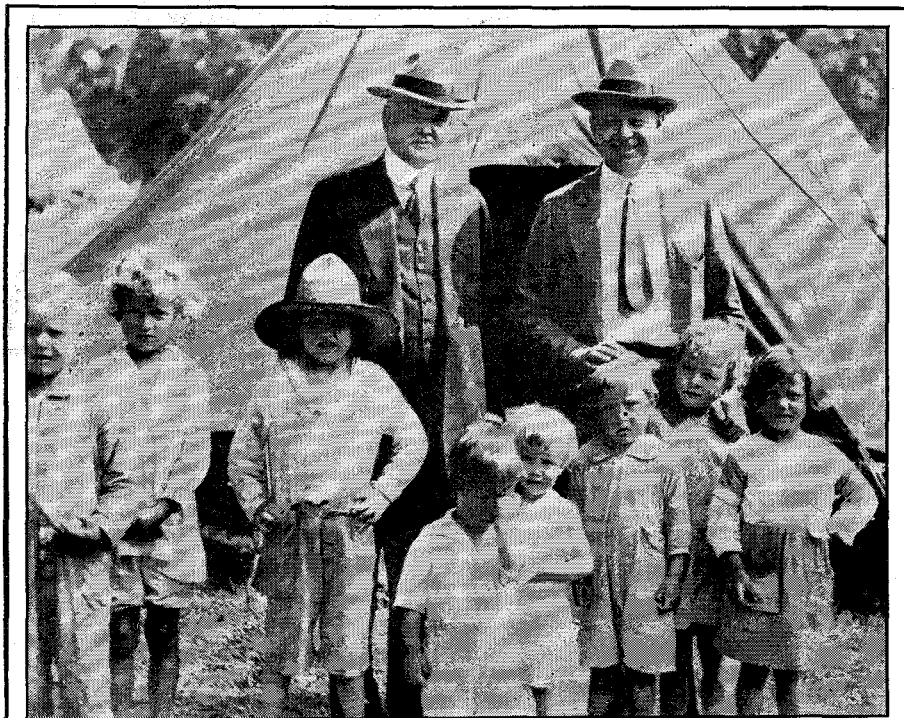
It is characteristic of Hoover's way that he picks the right people to do the work. It is his strongest conviction that local men should be used to do their own jobs. "My task is to get money and resources," he said.

Going over one of the camps, Hoover noticed a number of children idle.

"Try to find some teachers in the camp, if there are any, and if not get some out of the towns and let these children go on to school. Civilization must not be halted by the flood." So now there are schools in the refugee camps.

He has covered the whole stricken area in boats, by train and in Navy planes. You will find his headquarters where the greatest danger is. He gets there. If the point can not be reached by rail, he uses a boat, and every day he flies over the flooded lands, for only from the sky can the progress of this inland ocean be studied.

A Pullman marked "office car" was shunted into one of the sidings at "Natchez Under the Hill" in the early days of the flood, relates Miss Meloney, adding:



International Newsreel photograph

EIGHT YOUNG AMERICANS SNATCHED FROM THE FLOOD

Of the standing figures behind the little refugees, the one in dark clothes is Mr. Hoover.

as Marie Mattingly Meloney tells the story in the *Philadelphia Record*, the young skipper of the motor-boat had a perfectly good alibi.

"When we got up to the point," he explained, "we had gathered in everybody but the old man. 'Hop along, uncle,' I said, and he called back, 'Yo'-all got enough room for Mary Ann?' 'Sure,' I said; 'where is she?' 'Here she is, boss,' he said, and began hauling an old cow to the boat. Well, I explained that humans and cattle couldn't go in the same boats. It was orders, and I told him one of the cattle boats would be right along. But he argued, 'Boss, Mary Ann ain't no cattle. Mary Ann's a cow. She done fed all my children—she hepped to bring 'em up. I couldn't leave her in dis here mess.' I argued with him," the youth continued, "but he would not leave his Mary Ann, and finally he said, 'Jes' breeze along, sonny, jes' breeze along; I'm agoin' to wait here for a boat that'll take Mary Ann.' So I had to leave him there; but the water is getting higher, and, unless somebody can argue him out of it, that old darky is sure going to get all wet."

Within the hour, records Miss Meloney, another life-saving boat came in with the same report about the old darky and his Mary Ann. Later a third boat brought the same news. At length a boat was dispatched on a special trip to that point of the levee, for the sole purpose of rescuing the old negro and his cow; but "long before it came back the Memphis radio station 'on the hour every hour' reported, 'Water going over Milliken Bend.' Two lives had been lost," adds Miss Meloney; "one was Mary Ann's."

Not all the flood legends have a pathetic ending. In fact, considering the vastness and complexity of the national calamity in the Mississippi Valley, the loss of life has been practically

They
don't come
any better



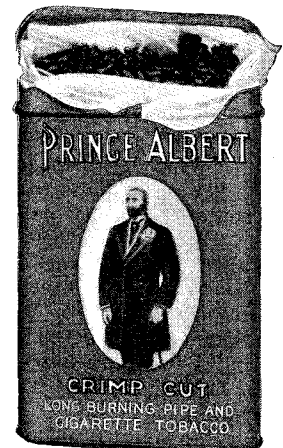
I DIDN'T know it, but Prince Albert was just the tobacco I had been looking for all the time. I hate to think of the time we lost getting together. But let that go. We're all set now—me and the pipe and P. A. We've been pals from the very first puff.

I had a hunch I was going to like P. A. the minute I got that breath of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. What a treat! It made me think of a hike through the woods, when the trees and the vines are in full leaf. I found the taste "as advertised" by the aroma.

Cool as a customs-inspector. Sweet as the thought you have nothing to hide. Mild as a milk-shake, yet with that full-bodied flavor that satisfies your smoke-taste right down to the ground. That's Prince Albert, Fellows. They don't come any better.

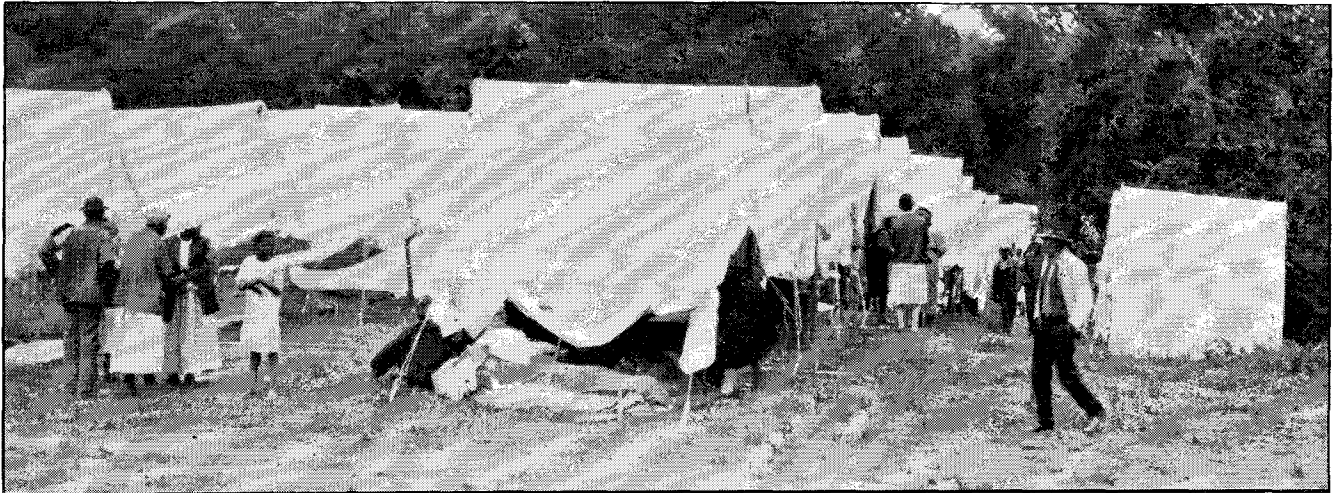
No matter how set you appear to be on a smoke-program, try P. A. I give you my word, no other tobacco that ever came down the pike ever brought so much downright satisfaction out of a pipe. "That fellow knew his groceries," you'll say, or words to that effect.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



International Newsreel photograph

IN REFUGEE CAMPS LIKE THIS THE HUMORS AND FOIBLES OF COMMON MISFORTUNE GROW INTO FOLK-LORE

Laughter proves an antidote for the shock and strain of the great disaster, and the loss of homes and worldly goods. Some of the rarest tales are told about the negroes, whose camps are separate from those of the whites.

It was the work car of the president of the road. Herbert Hoover made it one of his headquarters, and it follows him about the country, when he can be followed. He sleeps there—when he sleeps—and at every station troubled leaders of their communities come to him for conferences and comfort.

Returning to the car late one afternoon, a few weeks ago, he found several men resting, too dog-tired even to talk.

Hoover had come in with two men and a pair of maps. One of the maps marked the breaks in the Mississippi and its tributaries. The other charted the refugee camps and sources of supply.

The two men who entered with Hoover were fresh for the conference. They were from the State agricultural college, and had come to discuss a constructive program. Hoover had been on the job since six in the morning. He had eaten only sandwiches and coffee. He had been on his feet the whole day.

He sat at the long work-table and spread out his maps. He wasted no time on preliminaries. Putting his fingers down on a chart, he asked:

"What can these people plant in this area after June 15, and harvest before October 1? What can they grow to help feed cattle and mules, if they have any?"

There was some thoughtful talk and, finally, an agreement.

"I want to know the amount of seed needed in each package to provide for a family of five. Larger families can have two packages." And then, going a step further—

"We should telegraph to all the agricultural colleges and nurseries in this part of the country to start plants now—which can be transplanted—a million heads of cabbage—a million tomato plants"—and so on.

Efficient and hard-boiled, they say.

A soldier came into the car.

"What are we going to do with these dogs?" came the query.

"What dogs?" asked Hoover.

"A lot of these refugees have brought dogs with them—and some of them have cats," explained the soldier.

"Take care of them—good care of them." There was no doubt about how Herbert Hoover felt on this subject. "Those people have not saved much. If any of them have pets—dogs, cats, birds, or elephants—let them keep them and take care of them. Some of the refugees can build corrals with runways for the dogs."

"A few of them have birds"—added the soldier.

"All right," and turning to Toumbs, he dictated: "Order some birdseed—and if it is not on the regulation list, charge it to me." Hard-boiled?

"The Negro and the Flood" is the theme of one of a series of copyrighted articles contributed to the *New York World* by Mr. Harris Dickson. He writes:

Inquisitive Northerners ask: "How do your negroes meet this emergency?"

Answer—"They don't."

The emergency of our flood made a lot of trouble; and no sane colored person ever meets trouble. None of them plans to meet a trouble. They start out hunting for happiness and meet plenty of that, head on. But if a negro comes in contact with trouble, it's only because he gets bumped into a rear-end collision.

"Bad luck overtook me," is his standard explanation.

The most childlike and self-evident of blacks is far too subtle for a white intelligence to fathom. We see what he does, but are unable to trace his mental processes or to comprehend why he did it. At times he's an emotional creature; at times dazed and stolid. We never know what he's going to do. Like a mule cavorting down the road, with tail in the air, he's likely to bolt in at the first gate that stands open.

Mr. Gordon Reese, rector of Holy Trinity Church in Vicksburg, is a Northerner, has served with fighting forces in India, and knows somewhat of men. After setting out from Vicksburg as one of the first rescue parties and doing his bit, a rough bit, he brings back the report of more actual heroism than he saw among the British or Canadians.

The gallantry of a soldier under fire, exalted and spurred on by the enthusiasm of shouting mad comrades, may be vastly different from the behavior of the same man who finds himself drowning in an overflowed forest. No music. No glory. Strangling death.

After the crevasse at Mounds Landing, Mississippi, nine Delta counties went under water. A yellow, rushing deluge smothered them, from four to fifteen feet deep. The population took to trees, to roof-tops, to bridges; took to anything and weren't fastidious about their perch. There they were, stranded, without food, and must be brought to Vicksburg.

V stands for Vicksburg. Imagine a capital V, its right branch the Yazoo River, its left the Mississippi. Mounds Landing crevasse occurred near the top of the left fork. In the triangle lies a low country, a labyrinth of bayous, small streams, jungles and the richest farm lands on earth. V stands for Vicksburg. Vicksburg stands at the base of the V. That V is a funnel. Everything pours out at Vicksburg. The overflow water must come here, so must the people. Secure upon its lofty hills, high water can't touch Vicksburg, altho its inhabitants cuss scandalous about high whisky.

When tidings of disaster reached us, every Vicksburger that could grab a craft got ready to go. The gas-boat *Chuckie*, which carried Mr. Reese, went plowing up-stream, towing a barge-load of provisions. The Sunflower River, tributary of the Yazoo, was rising rapidly.

On a railroad embankment stood a small section house, two or three feet under water; the embankment itself being wholly submerged. Here they discovered thirty-seven negroes, all men, jammed into that narrow space, without the faintest notion how they were to get away, or how much higher the overflow would mount.

The situation of these negroes seemed so extremely precarious that Mr. Schlemmer, captain of the *Chuckie*, told them, "Boys, I'm loaded with food for starving people at The Bogue. But I'll throw it off and take you aboard. Or, I'll deliver these rations and come back for you to-morrow."

To-morrow, a long, vague distance in the future, when that ravenous river was climbing every instant. Already the negroes had been stranded for three days, subsisting on cold stuff out of cans. Nevertheless one black fellow promptly answered, "No, suh, Cap. You better jest travel 'long wid dat grub. Us kin wait here." There was no dissent, no growling, and the *Chuckie* left them.

*Through a great new
companion invention to
the famous Super-Six
Principle*



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A new high compression anti-knock motor that turns waste heat to power

With the Super-Six principle, the new invention combines the highest efficiency in power, smoothness and long motor life ever achieved within our knowledge.

The released Super-Six principle converts to useful power, energy that in other types is lost in vibration.

This new companion invention adds a further step in efficiency by actually converting hitherto wasted heat into useful power.

Ends Spark Knock

In all previous types of automobile motors a high percentage of the power of the fuels is lost in heat thrown away in the exhaust and cooling waters.

The new Hudson motor gives the snap and performance of the high compression type without sacrifice of flexibility and smoothness.

Spark knock is positively prevented. Regular gasoline gives the performance sought, in other types, through the use of special and costly fuels. The cold motor starts with the same snap you get from other types in midsummer. You don't have to wait for your motor to sputter while it warms up.

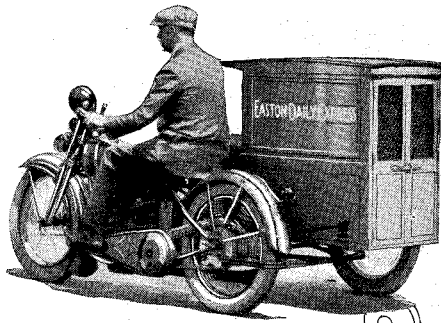
Saves Fuel—Increases Performance

Oil dilution is ended, greater power and speed and fuel economy are obtained.

Every phase of performance is brilliantly better. These two Hudson inventions give a performance and reliability supremacy that are immediately and continuously apparent whether you drive your Hudson a city block or a hundred thousand miles.

*Application Has Been Made for Patents Covering the Principle
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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



One of a full line of
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**Lower
delivery
costs!**
plus faster service

THE Harley-Davidson Package Truck is the answer to the modern demand for quick, efficient, low-cost package delivery. It has proved itself a business-builder and money-saver in 43 lines of trade. In a great number of cases it has replaced bicycles and cars and supplemented trucks — with a definite increase in the efficiency of delivery service and a decrease in delivery costs.

This trim, easily handled outfit is "first through traffic" — dependable — amazingly inexpensive in operating cost — can always be nosed into a small space at the point of delivery. As an advertising medium alone it is a valuable asset for your business.

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LAW-MAKING BY MEANS OF DINNERS

A PRACTICAL joke played by a well-known United States Senator, we are told, consisted in introducing periodically a bill to sell a certain piece of government property in the District of Columbia. The Senator never made the least effort to pass the bill, but amused himself by watching the social results that always followed its appearance. The sale of this particular ground would have lowered the value of some neighboring property belonging to a Washington family of great social prestige, and every time the bill bobbed up this family was sure to give dinners and entertain a number of influential Senators, with a view to preventing the passage of the undesirable bill.

This is only a minor instance of the workings of a social lobby which, according to an article by Fred C. Kelly in *The Dearborn Independent*, never ceases to operate in Washington. Says Mr. Kelly:

I entered the office of a Senator one morning to find him studying the society page of a Washington newspaper. Pencil in hand, he was carefully going over one item after another, pausing occasionally to write down a name.

"You'd never guess what I'm doing," was his greeting, as he looked up.

"Figuring your society friends' batting averages," I suggested.

"Not exactly. I'm trying to find out the relationship between legislation and the social lobby. The society editor might have said this morning: 'Mrs. Goitt, wife of an influential man interested in the passage of a certain bill now pending, was hostess last night to several Senators opposed to that bill.'"

"You can't influence United States Senators with mere victuals can you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "strange to say, you can. Of course they don't know they're being influenced. And it isn't the food so much as flattery that does the trick. Here are two or three names (and he read them aloud) that you would not ordinarily expect to see listed for a fashionable social affair. Each of these men and his wife probably think they were asked because of their personal charm. That is more agreeable and more soothing to their vanity than to know that they were asked in the hope that they will help to pass certain legislation."

"But does a host or hostess actually think a Senator will vote for a thing just because some one who has given him a good dinner asks him to?"

"No, but after a Senator new to the ways of Washington has sat about an evening or two in the company of delightful folk having social and financial distinction, he is half ashamed to find that his views and theirs are not in accord. He thinks to himself: 'These are wonderfully fine people and they don't agree with my views. Maybe I'm wrong.'"

"Of course," continued my Senator friend, "the important thing isn't the impression made on the member of Congress, but the impression made on his wife. She will find herself thrown more and more, at both evening and afternoon affairs, with women whose husbands entertain certain views about important pieces of legislation. It isn't long until she begins to feel that if

her husband doesn't lean the same way, he is being disloyal to their friends. She goes home and says to him: 'You're not going to vote for the Smith-Jones bill. You know as well as I do that all the best people are opposed to it.'"

The Washington social lobby works overtime during every important legislative situation, Mr. Kelly assures us. He says that it was busy all through the battle over the unseating of Senator Newberry, and that a careful reading of the society columns might have shown pro-Newberry folk frequently to be entertaining the anti-Newberrys. Remarking that it is worth the time of any student of current events to read the society columns and see how often he can put two and two together, this writer continues:

When Joe Tumulty was secretary to President Wilson, he always regarded Washington society pages as of far too great political importance to miss. A social paragraph often gave him his first inkling of what this person or that was up to.

When Judge William S. Kenyon was a Senator from Iowa, he received a telephone call from a woman of great social prominence, who asked him and his wife to be her guests at dinner. Kenyon thanked her for the invitation, but said: "I don't think I ever met you, and I'm wondering why I am thus honored."

"I have something I want to talk to you about," replied the social leader.

"Oh, well," suggested Kenyon, "just call at my office any morning and I'll be glad to talk with you."

He was invited there no more.

About every third man one meets in Washington is using or seeking influence. This is as much a part of every-day life in the capital as motion-pictures, radio or lipsticks. When men go astray it is due either to misusing their influence or being misled by the influence of others. Not all influence at work in Washington, however, is harmful. Much of it is simply a round-about way of getting at things.

In most places if you wish to ask a man for a match, you simply go and ask him. But in Washington you first inquire who the man's friends are and arrange with one of them to sound him out and ascertain if he has a match. If A wishes to reach B he doesn't go direct, but first sees C who is supposed to have influence with D, and perhaps D may be persuaded to have a frank talk with B in behalf of A. Let even the humblest citizen be known to have been a near neighbor back home to a man now prominent and he is certain to have his influence sought.

Scores of honest enough men in Washington make their livings as professional influential citizens, Mr. Kelly tells us, and many of these are former members of Congress.

Nearly every man who fails to be reelected to Congress seems to dislike going back home to mingle with voters who defeated him. Wives or daughters who have come to dote on the social life of Washington likewise throw up their hands in annoyance and even consternation at the thought of returning home.

I often wonder what is the matter with the average town that an officeholder and

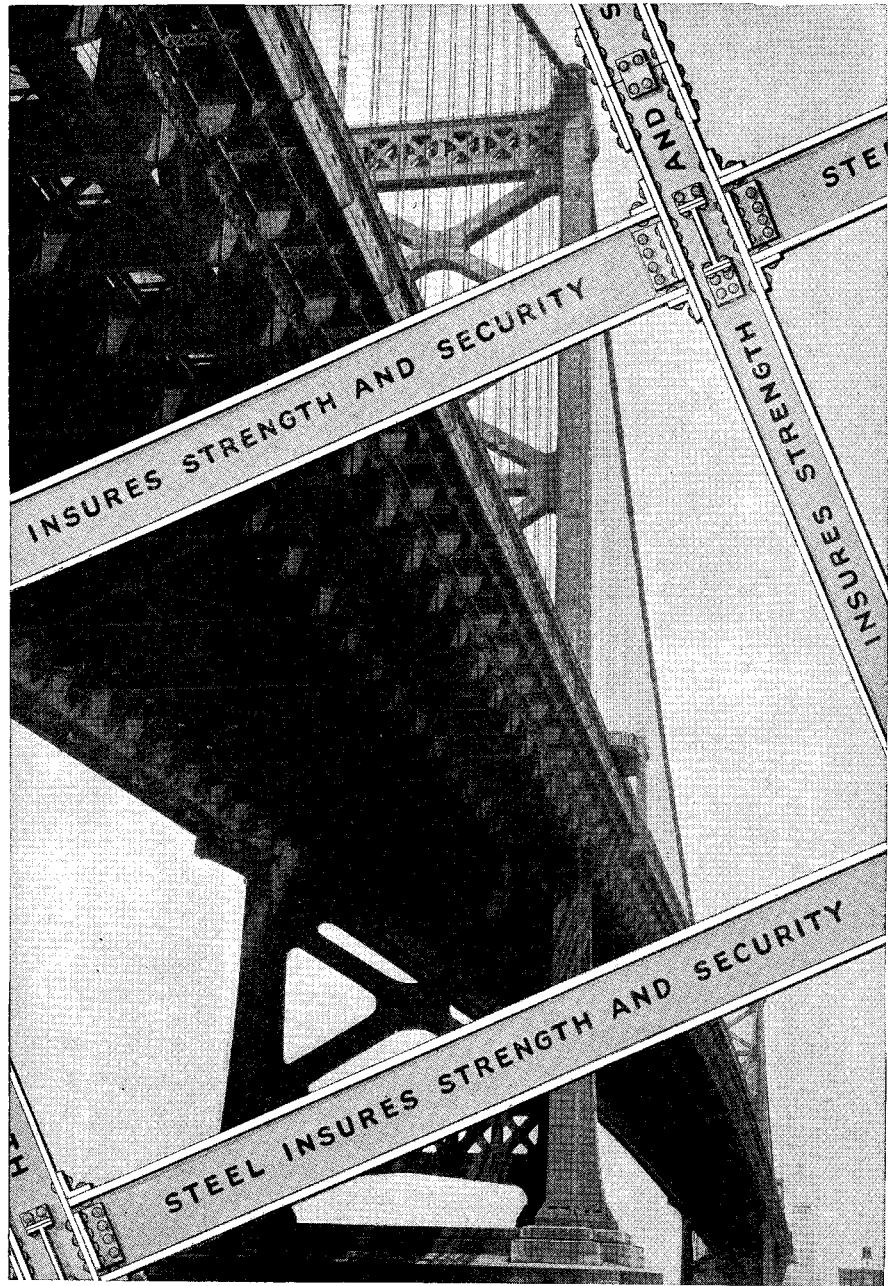
his family from there should have such a strong aversion to it. Be that as it may, every year the population of former office-holders who have become permanent residents of the capital shows a substantial growth. Now, there is a limited range of business activities for such men. The conventional thing seems to be to open a law office. Since there are more lawyers in Washington, just as there are more realtors, more radio shops, and more grocery stores, than people actually need, one might wonder how all can make a living.

Just the other day I met a former Congressman, now a Washington lawyer, in the outer office of a member of the Cabinet. With him was a client who wished to have a talk with that Cabinet officer. By the merest chance I happened to learn that the client would have reached the inner office just as readily with no other introduction than his business card. But he imagined that by paying this lawyer a fee, he had bought needed influence. Mind you, he had no intention of doing anything improper. He simply assumed that a former Congressman who had known the Cabinet officer personally, meeting him occasionally at dinners, could get him by secretaries and other buffers more rapidly than he could do this himself, no matter how legitimate or urgent his errand. Frequently such assumption would be correct. Nevertheless the value of such influence is greatly exaggerated. Sometimes the employment of supposed influence only prejudices one's cause.

Influence applied at just the right place, this writer admits, does sometimes accomplish the seemingly impossible, and he instances this case of a well-known man of wealth and some dictophone records:

During the World War a young woman then living in Washington came under suspicion as a possible German agent. Intelligence officers placed dictophones in her home and tapped her telephone wire to learn with whom she might be in communication. To the surprise of the investigators her most frequent visitor was a prominent man then holding an important dollar-a-year place in the Government. He did not meet her to impart government secrets, but to make love to her. However, being a man of extraordinary vanity, he spoke freely to her of important war preparations in which, he explained, his own clever part was by no means inconsequential. It was never proved that she was a German spy, but dictophone records collected for several months showed beyond all doubt that here was a man who talked too freely about State secrets when in the presence of a pretty woman.

In due course the man learned of the existence of these records, including wax cylinders, which if they became public or if they fell into unfriendly hands would cause him much humiliation. A long newspaper account of the investigation that led to the taking of these records, and certain startling international consequences which followed, was once about to be published in a leading New York newspaper. But the man chiefly concerned was influential enough to have this story suppressed shortly before the paper went to press. Fairly well-authenticated Washington gossip has been that he employed agents to obtain the dictophone records regardless of cost. Yet his strenuous efforts to recover the records failed. One difficulty was that the agents trying to capture the records



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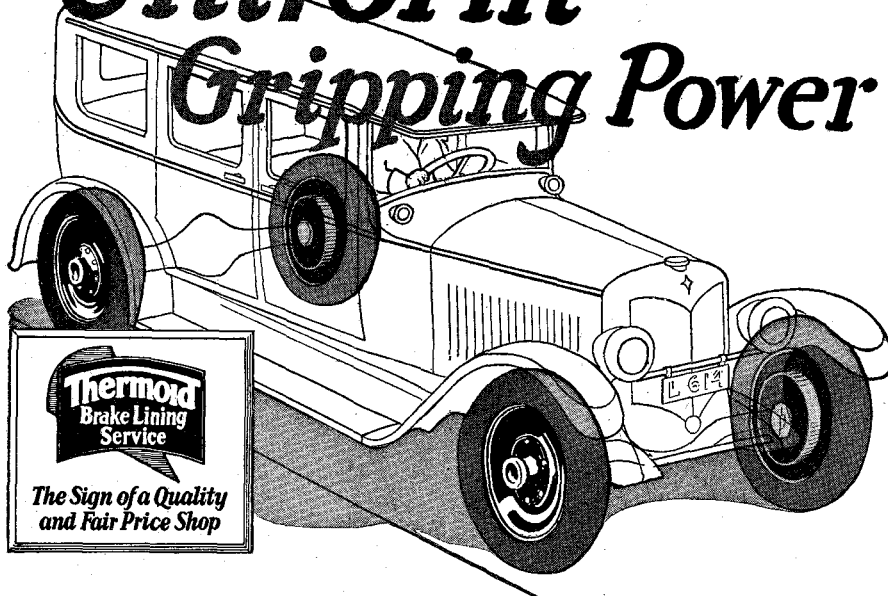
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PERSONAL GLIMPSSES

Continued

didn't know where they were. They had been turned over to the personal custody of a Cabinet officer and he had placed them in a steel safe, but not in his own office, and he told no one the hiding-place. Even if agents of the rich man had been willing to try blowing a government safe, it was hardly wise to do this until they had a rough idea which safe to blow.

For the time being, it appears, the anxious victim of his own loquacity did not know which way to turn. One scents in this situation some of the elements of diplomatic romance as developed by the Oppenheim school. The harassed patriot proceeded cautiously, as may be imagined, to pull every wire that he dared to touch. At length the situation became acute. As we read on:

The time drew near for the Wilson Administration to leave office, and the Man Who Had Talked Too Much was desperate. Those records would now pass into the custody of officeholders of a different political party than his own, and after that there was no knowing what use might be made of them. The man now sought important political influence. President Wilson was ill, but a number of friends were able from time to time to see him. To one of the President's visitors the dictophone victim went and sought aid. This man was willing to help. In due course he appeared at the office of a member of the President's Cabinet, gave him verbally a message which he said came from the President—that the President desired certain dictophone records known to be in the custody of the Cabinet officer delivered to the caller to carry back to the President.

Now the Cabinet officer was canny and cautious.

He courteously told the caller that inasmuch as the records had been regarded as of considerable importance, a mere verbal order from the President would not be sufficient to obtain them. He would be unwilling to let them go out of his possession except on a written order, and this, he added, must be not from Woodrow Wilson as a personal request, but it must be official, signed by him as President.

Several weeks elapsed before that same caller again appeared at the office of the Cabinet member. The date of the call was significant—March 3, 1921, only a few hours before the expiration of the Wilson Administration. This time the caller had what seemed to be an official order from the President for the delivery to him of the dictophone records. The man who had talked too freely to a beautiful woman was thus relieved from an unpleasant predicament. There is no reason to believe that any improper money influence was necessarily used here. Doubtless the main pressure exerted was that of friendship. The man chiefly interested would have been willing to pay well for the favor performed, but this was probably not necessary. One fact about the dictophone records he may not have been aware of was that, at the time of the investigation of the supposed German spy, a duplicate set of the records was turned over to British intelligence officers. These were taken to England where they are said still to be in existence.

A COLLEGE DEAN'S CONFESSION: "I AM PRACTICALLY A POLICEMAN"

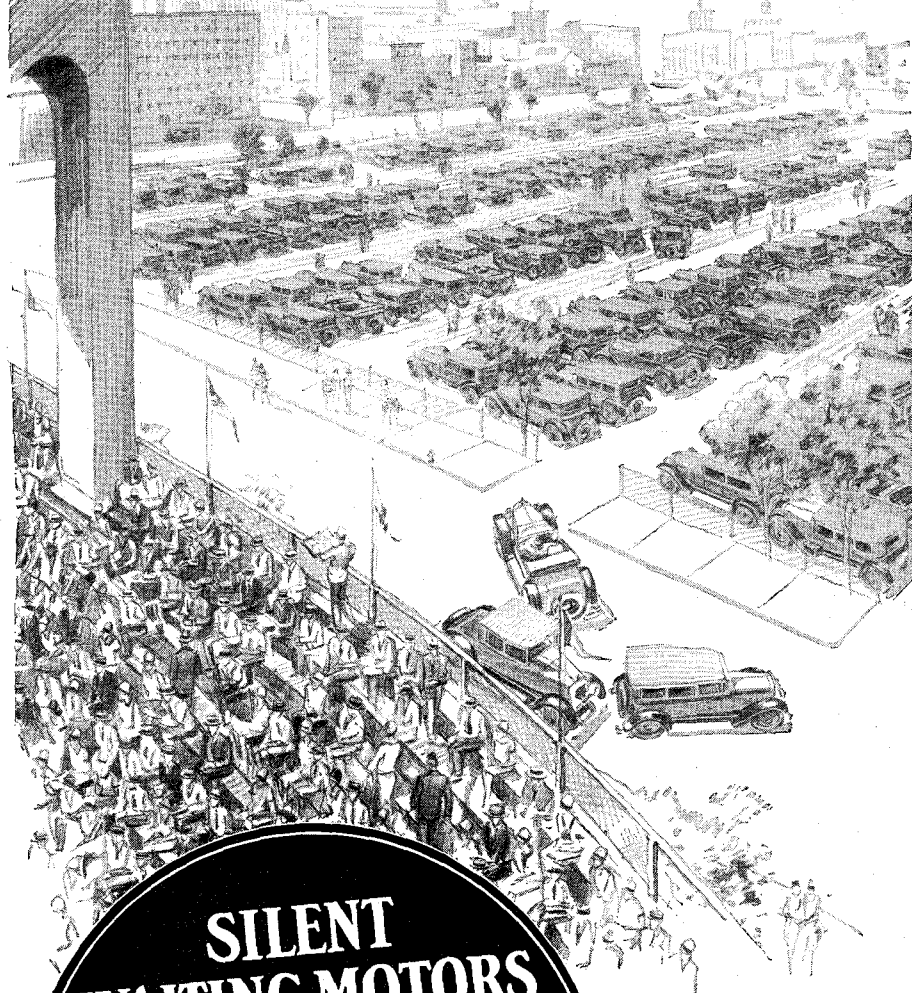
HE makes the students keep off the grass. That is No. 17 of his duties, as outlined by an anonymous "dean of men in a medium-sized American college." Contributing one of a series of "professional or spiritual autobiographies" to *The New Republic*, he remarks that some people are disposed apparently to view the office of dean "with a certain awe," while others "quite unmistakably incline to contempt," but in either case "they have little conception of what it is they are respecting or despising"; and he undertakes to enlighten us on that point before going into the deeper problems of his work and experience. Thus:

A dean has ordinarily two aspects, which may be called the ideal and the practical. Ideally considered, he is a guide-philosopher-and-friend for the young men under his charge, the person to whom they bring their troubles of every kind—scholastic, financial, amatory, and moral—for wise counsel and guidance. It is assumed that he shall be a man of wide experience, mellow wisdom, and youthful heart, to whom young men will freely unbosom, and who will understand, as father would (or should, tho he sometimes doesn't). Undoubtedly this is the conception every college seeks to maintain. You will find something of the sort in the statutes; and the idea recurs in the literature sent to prospective freshmen and in addresses made by the president to groups of parents on Dads' Day, Mothers' Day, and similar occasions.

But, actually, no college in these days lets its dean be such a counselor, except incidentally and almost unofficially. He must spend substantially all his time promulgating, and, so far as possible, enforcing, the multifarious rules and regulations which the faculty are constantly enacting. Among the things which it is the dean's business to make the students do are the following:

1. To spend, spasmodically at least, a certain minimum of time in study.
2. To attend classes. (In this case, and with respect also to items 3-5, there is, of course, no thought of 100 per cent. regularity; there is ordinarily a liberal allowance of "cuts," or permitted absences; but as the student approaches this limit the dean must warn him, and, if he oversteps it, must penalize him.)
3. To attend chapel.
4. To participate in military drill.
5. To take regular physical exercise.
6. To be vaccinated.
7. To refrain from gross cheating in (a) final examinations, (b) mid-semester quizzes, (c) laboratory exercises, and (d) themes, theses, and other written work prepared outside the classroom.
8. To refrain from getting drunk, at least in public.
9. To refrain from smoking in the college buildings.
10. To keep hazing and class scraps within such bounds that actual loss of life or limb will not occur frequently.
11. To omit from the college "comic" magazine jokes or pictures of such undisguised indecency as would render the publication unmailable.
12. To close college dances at some specified hour prior to daybreak.
13. To have at least nominal chaperons present at such dances.

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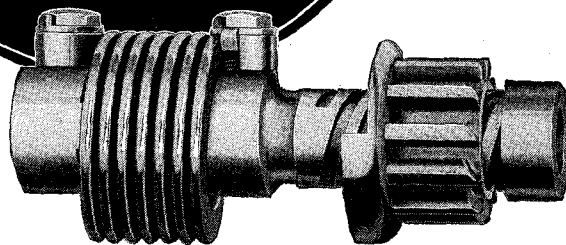


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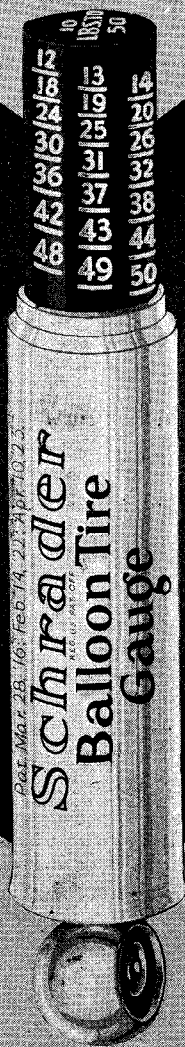
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

14. To pay their bills to the college and the local merchants.

15. To refrain from writing checks with no balance in the bank; also from forgery.

16. To refrain from using automobiles except under certain narrow restrictions.

17. To keep off the grass.

The foregoing list is by no means exhaustive, says the writer, explaining that he has merely jotted down the first few items that came into his head. But it will serve, he adds, for—

Having read that list, you know what a dean really is. And you will grant me, I think, that "policeman" is right.

It is not my omissions or failures as a counselor which prick my conscience and move me at this time to confession. Rather it is my success as a policeman. I am, I believe, a pretty good policeman. I do actually enforce, to a reasonable extent, all the regulations cited above and a number of others. So do the other deans of other colleges. (A dean who is not a good policeman soon loses his job.) And it is this efficiency of us deans which does the mischief. By our tireless and skillful labors, our acumen, rigor, and zeal, we bring it to pass that the colleges as constituted to-day can keep going, can carry on without obvious breakdown or open scandal, where what is needed is such a breakdown and scandal as would force a reorganization of this whole business of higher education.

For, surely, things have come to a pretty pass with the higher learning, when the central office on every campus, to which recourse is taken in every possible connection, is a police office; when it has become axiomatic that "students" must be compelled (a) to give some slight attention to the business of learning, and (b) to refrain from all manner of childish misdemeanors.

There has, of course, come to be some dispute as to what the purpose of the college is or should be; but the long-time sense of the community still holds, I believe, that that purpose is predominantly intellectual—that it centers, in some way, about studies. If this be so, then the only valid reason why a young man or woman should go to such an institution is a self-felt desire for knowledge and for the intellectual and moral development which accompanies, or tends to accompany, the acquisition of knowledge.

Is such the motivation of the 800,000 students now in residence in the colleges of this country? Let us not be unduly cynical. For a considerable number it is. But for the majority we may take our answer from college fiction, in which studies figure only as an incidental bore and learned professors as butts of ridicule; from college movies (I have witnessed a number of these, and never yet have seen one book pictured upon the screen, even as an article of furniture in a "student's" "study"); from the popular meaning of the adjective "collegiate," which may be applied to trousers, pipes, motor-cars, salacious humor, or drunken parties, but would be felt at once to be inappropriate in any intellectual connection; most explicitly of all, perhaps, from the excellent college song which runs:

We all came to college,
But we didn't come for knowledge,
So we'll raise hell while we're here.

The actual reasons for the presence of these simple-minded hell-raisers include the following:

(1) A belief that a college degree—any degree, even the unspecialized B.A. or B.S.—is a means of access to a lucrative white-collar job.

(2) A parallel belief that a degree, or even attendance at a recognized college for a year or two without a degree, is something of a passport into Good Society.

(3) A desire on the part of many well-to-do parents, whose children have been taken off their hands for many years by various kinds of schools and camps, to have this care continued for four years longer, until the boy shall be old enough to be of some real use in business and the girl old enough to marry. Such parents use the college as a sort of final day-nursery.

(4) A desire on the part of boys and girls themselves to participate in athletics, fraternities, and all the miscellaneous variety of diversions which have come to center around the colleges more numerous, hectically, and hilariously than they can be found elsewhere in American life.

(5) The mere fact that everybody's doing it. To go to college has become the fashionable and correct thing for young men and women of collegiate age to do, if their fathers can afford it. They go to college just as they take up golf and horse-ack riding and join a country club.

None of these reasons for going to college is inherently vicious. They are all natural, understandable human motives, even laudable from certain points of view. But they do bring the college face to face with a new problem—new, in anything like its present dimensions, within the last generation: that of the presence within its purlieus of a very large number of nice, normal, agreeable, and "eligible" young people who are quite innocent of any active intellectual interests and who desire to use the college for purposes alien to those which it has always professed.

What would the college naturally do, confronted with this situation?

Obviously it would try compulsion. These crowds of youngsters had been admitted as "students," and college was traditionally a place for study. Therefore these new "students," like others, must study and must go to classes.

So machinery was devised and rules were passed, one rule and set of rules after another, relates our anonymous dean, until now the "Regulations" of every college run into scores or even hundreds; and the president and professors tried to enforce these rules. But, he adds:

It was soon discovered that such enforcement was no bagatelle to be undertaken as an extra by officers already sufficiently occupied. It was a man's job in itself. And so, one by one, the colleges have hired an enforcer, under the guise of a counselor, and they usually call him a dean.

I think that the colleges in general, and we deans in particular, are worthy, not of praise indeed, but of some admiration for the skill and efficiency with which we have organized and are maintaining this difficult rounding-up process. I doubt if ever before in the history of the world so large a number of human beings have been successfully coerced into doing something distasteful to them; and am inclined to maintain that if the army of college deans could be drafted into the service of the Federal Government for the enforcement

of the Volstead Law, and would apply to that end the same ingenuity, assiduity, and rigor which they daily display in their present vocation, the United States would be bone-dry within six months.

But I must confess that when occasionally I snatch a moment from my arduous routine and allow myself to question what it is all about, I am somewhat appalled at the pitiable futility of the whole business. There is not—can not be—any real use in forcing any person to study. The word itself originally implied desire and zeal; and any one who has ever really learned anything knows that nothing can be really learned in any other mood. And if this be so, as it unescapably is, then I and my fellow deans, in so successfully compelling the non-students—i. e., the non-desirous—to go through the motions of desiring and pursuing learning, are doing harm rather than good in the institutions and society in which we labor so diligently. Specifically, we by our mighty efforts are merely enabling the colleges to retain in their membership vast numbers of youngsters who ought, for their own good and that of the colleges, to be summarily sent away.

And here the anonymous dean makes a daring suggestion: "I think what we deans ought to do is to get together, agree upon a date, and, when that happy day arrives, commit official hara-kiri—all resign at once." We read on breathlessly:

Of course, an appalling chaos would follow in the colleges. Joy would be unconfined. More than half the students would stop going to classes altogether, to devote all their time—instead of only most of it—to athletics, dances, movies, and joy-riding. In every stadium great bonfires would blaze, into which the hated text-books would be hurled, to be consumed amid groans and yells and rousing cheers; the scene would exceed the peppiest "pep meeting" ever held. Of course, the grass would suffer; automobile accidents would increase; bootleggers would reap undeserved profits; and professors would enjoy an unscheduled vacation.

But presently it would be found that some young men and women—perhaps a larger number than we are inclined to suppose—were returning to classes, or reading in the library, or playing about in the laboratories—because they wanted to! And then the college exercises could be resumed, with that remnant, on a purely voluntary basis. And after due time allowed, those youngsters who had not of their own accord returned to something like full-time work could be quietly and honorably dismissed and advised to return to their respective homes, to get jobs, and to get married; in short, to set about the serious business of earning a living and raising a family without further expensiv and demoralizing delay.

Out of the remnant, a real college could be constituted. Not that all would be well immediately. The remaining students would shortly be found by the professors to be a decidedly troublesome lot. They would not long put up with the type of instruction which the indifferent and recalcitrant majority of the present student-bodies have forced the professors to give. They would soon be demanding fewer and better lectures, less contemptibly elementary texts, more freedom of choice as to subjects, more time to work by themselves and "on their own."

Portrait of a gentleman buying a cigar **AND** *same gentleman buying oil for a \$2000 automobile*
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THE ILE DE FRANCE AS A FLOATING PALACE—"AND THEN SOME"

"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN" might be a fitting motto for the new French liner, which has just been welcomed to New York on her maiden voyage from Havre; for every phase of worldly and unworldly inclination seems to have been provided for in the huge steamship's design. Crossing the



NEW FLIGHTS IN FLOATING ARCHITECTURE

The use of stately columns is a striking feature of the new liner's interior splendor. There are forty in the Grand Salon.

pond in her sumptuous precincts, the art lover may find a wealth of study in the realm of modern decoration, the devotee may seek contemplation in an exquisite and duly consecrated chapel, two decks in height, with organ and all complete; the boulevardier may sun himself in a sea-going café of the Parisian sidewalk type, the casual traveler may experiment in endless gymnastic and recreational novelties, and the children may ride on a merry-go-round. As an example of the "colossal luxury" of the vessel's appointments, we are told that in the center of the dining-room, which seats 600 persons, "there is a fountain of round gold and silver pipes, with a center silver light. Mural paintings by noted French artists cover the walls. The approach to the tea-room on the upper deck is by two wrought-iron gates. The walls have 398 panels set in silver frames." Myron T. Herriek, United States Ambassador to France, who was not the least distinguished of the new liner's passengers, remarked, after describing the happy international influence of Lindbergh's flight to Paris, that the arrival in New York of the *Ile de France* was in the nature of a return visit to that of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and that those two maiden voyages were "strengthening the bonds of friendship between the two great republics." Here is the New York *World's* account of the liner's arrival, with a description of her main features:

Breaking the record for steamers of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the new French liner *Ile de France* arrived here yesterday on the first half of her maiden voyage, having taken five days

and eight hours to cross from Plymouth, England, to Ambrose Lightship.

A three-funnel ship, with the black band and red funnel markings of the French Line, she resembles the *Paris*, except for a slight increase in size. Her 41,000 tons make her the sixth largest ship in the world, with a length of 791 feet and a beam of 84 feet, with engines of 52,000 horse-power, capable of developing a speed of 24.5 knots.

The *Ile de France* represents the crowning achievement of M. Dal Piaz, president of the French Line, who stated upon his arrival aboard the liner that while the ship is not the largest in the world, it was his plan to have it years in advance of all others in beauty, comfort, and harmony of interior fittings.

With many new features designed for passenger accommodations, its greatest novelty is the decorative scheme—entirely in "modern art" style. Nearly \$10,000,000 went into the ship's construction at the French shipyard of Penhoet, much of which was poured into the lavish interior decorations.

Deciding on the newest school of decoration, the execution of the plan was placed entirely in the hands of the foremost modernists in the art and decoration in France. Using thirty-six kinds of wood, a subtle and lavish harmony of color has been produced from the natural shades of these woods.

With a radical departure from the usual lighting effects, the entire ship is illuminated in public rooms and cabins with an indirect system of lighting. Throughout the vessel—on darkest days and nights—an effect of warm sunshine has been produced.

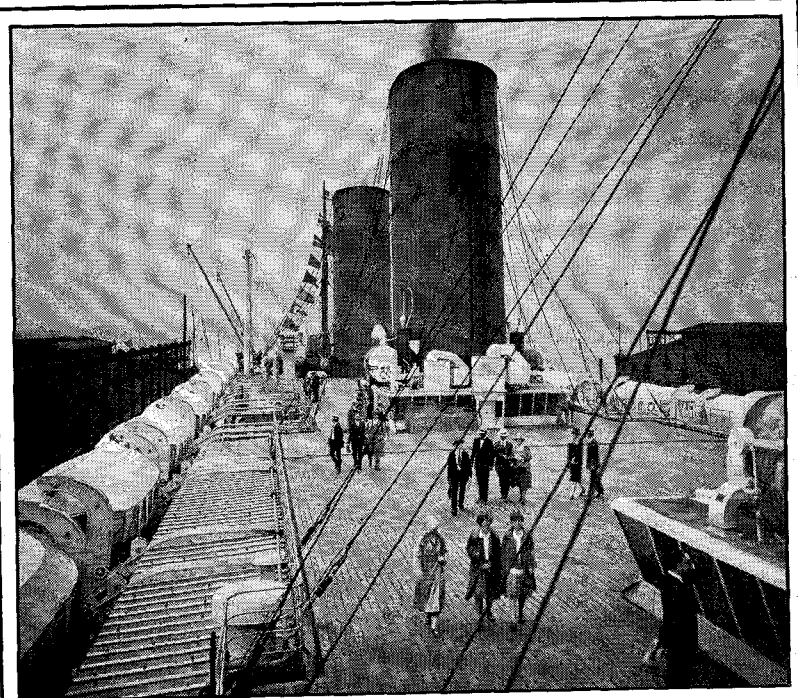
The grand salon is done in lacquer and gold. Around its walls are forty columns, each sixteen feet high, surrounding a dance floor of a thousand square feet. In this room are four statues, nine feet tall, in gold, representing the four rivers Seine, Marne, Oise, and Aisne, the boundaries of the *Ile de France*, the original feudal domain of the Kings of France, from which the liner takes her name.

The dining-room, the largest on any ship in the world, is decorated in three harmonizing shades of gray marble. Luminous stripes of gold again present the effect of a warm, bright sun, altho the room is several decks below.

Other unusual features of the *Ile de France* are dealt with by the New York *Herald Tribune*, thus:

At the forward end of the Salon de Thé and at the head of the grand staircase is a magnificent hand-wrought iron railing by the famous Subes. Bright red columns and red lacquer doors lend their brilliance to the sparkling richness of this room. The window draperies are true works of art from Rodier. A gorgeous tapestry by Dupin occupies the aft panel. In the center of the tea-room is a decorative group of carved golden oak mounted on a marble pedestal, the work of Janniot. Pierre Patou is responsible for the decoration of the grand dining salon, which is the largest ever built on a liner.

Other features include a replica of a bit of the Rue de la Paix,



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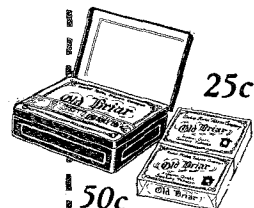
Mail this coupon to United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

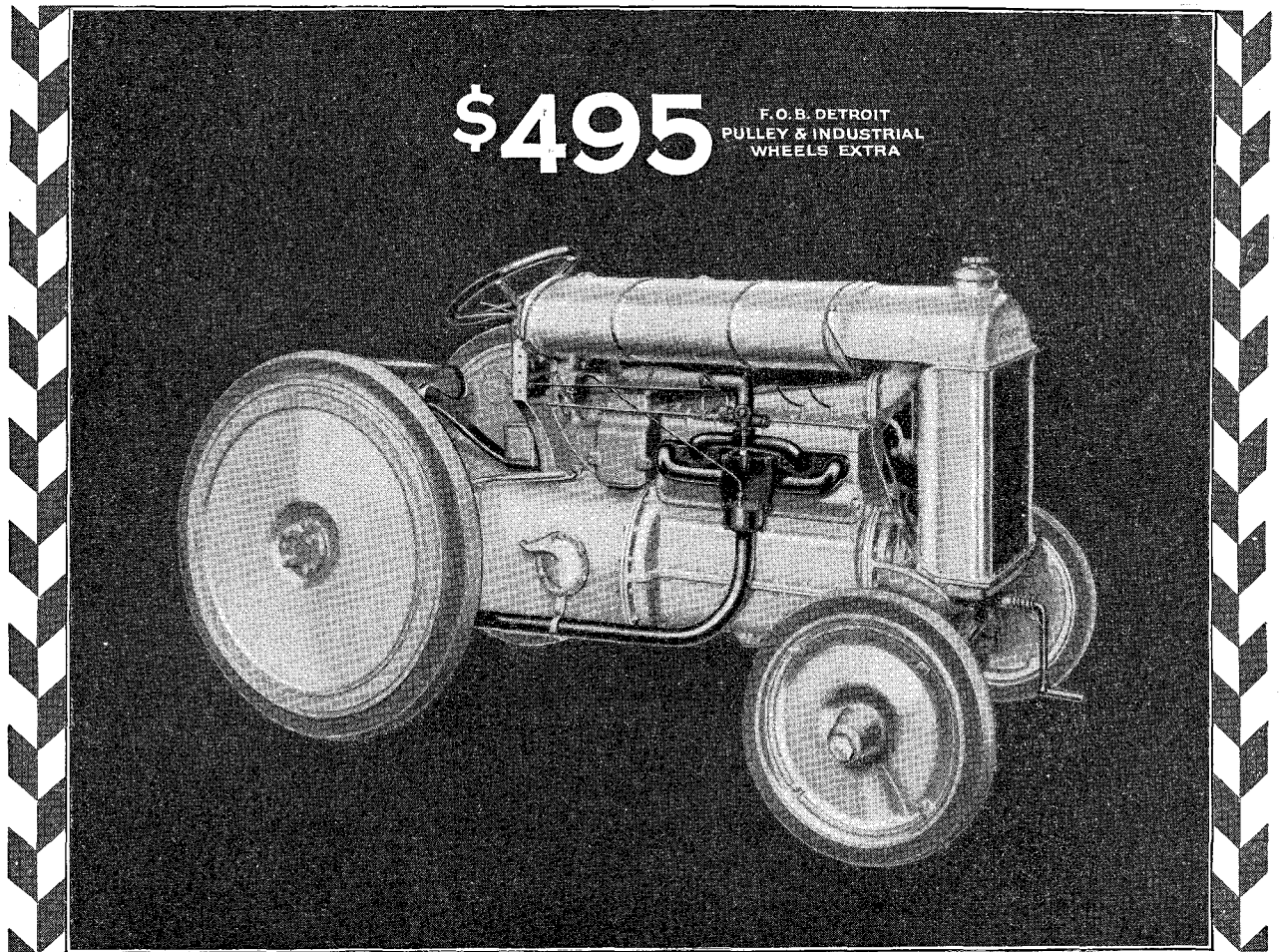
SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

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WHERE industrial practices are concerned, we have, for years, set ourselves a creed which refuses to fear the future or venerate the past . . . tradition is inimical to industrial progress.

We have never made changes merely for the sake of *making* them . . . nor have we ever hesitated to make a change once it was a demonstrated improvement. Yet in our own plants we have hardly a manufacturing method in force that was considered the last word in efficiency in 1921!

Never has American industry been so keenly competitive. Never has the manufacturer had to strive so persistently to cut his costs. It has become a case of speed up . . . or fall by the wayside.

For a striking example, turn to the man who learned the lesson of lowered production costs

from the manufacturer . . . and applied it to his own problem . . . the farmer.

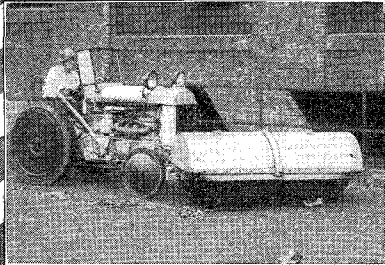
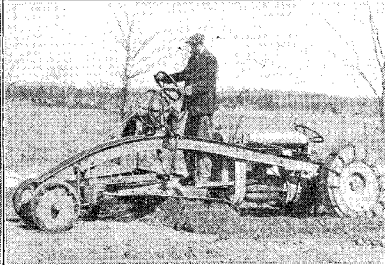
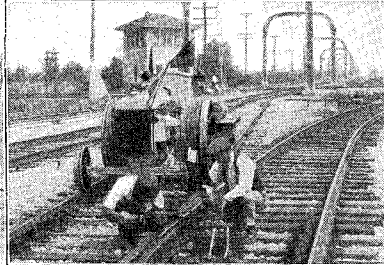
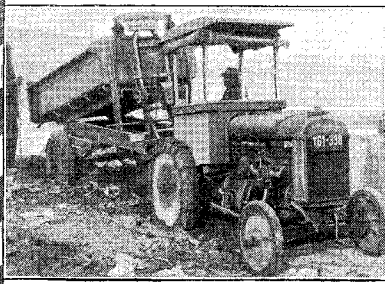
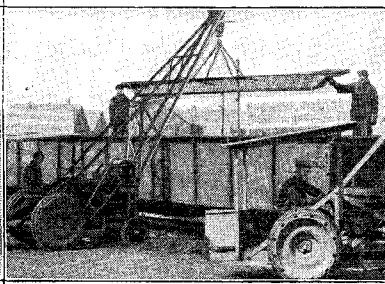
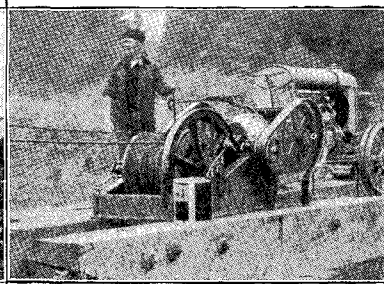
While tradition still rules the farming industry, as a class, American farmers in California . . . with the highest paid farm labor in the world . . . raise *rice* and sell it at a profit in *China* and *Japan*!

The manufacturer who will succeed under present-day conditions is he who will accept the new demands of economical production as a challenge to his imagination.

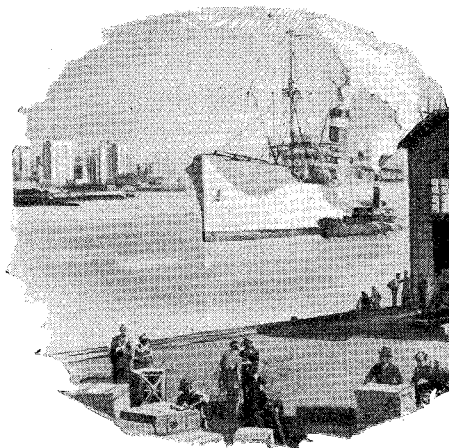
It is with these demands in mind that we present the Fordson industrial power unit. It is an example of these very methods, for we have produced what we believe to be the most economical power unit in existence at a cost that permits its wide and general use in the reduction of industrial production costs.

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4. "We handle a larger tonnage with our Fordson than with a five-ton truck . . . and our total investment is only about half!"	5. This steel company loads and hauls long, heavy steel joists with fast, economical Fordson power . . . year in and year out!	6. "Our actual expense for loading and hauling logs with the Fordson has been 62¢ a thousand feet . . . against an estimated \$6 with steam!"

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

where a dozen of smart French fashion shops have been allotted space on B deck in the grand foyer, which is no less than four decks in height.

A garage capable of housing sixty automobiles, the largest ever to be built aboard a steamship, is another of the many features of the *Ile de France*.

It is pointed out by French Line officials that the building of such a palatial vessel marks an epoch in French industrial and maritime history that has stirred the nation.

Private dining-rooms are another innovation offered by the *Ile de France*. We quote a description furnished by the French Line:

While the great size and gorgeous splendor of the grand dining salon are beyond all comparison, there are times aboard ship when, to celebrate a birthday or other anniversary—or for a business dinner, perhaps—a group of passengers desire more intimate privacy than the big salon affords.

For just such occasions, four private dining-rooms have been installed, immediately forward of the grand dining salon. Of these four, two will comfortably accommodate eight diners each; the other two have accommodations for six diners each. The French Line has intrusted the decoration of these four rooms to the younger artistic generation of France; to the pupils of the Boule School, in fact, who, under the direction of their professors, are responsible for their complete design, down to the minutest detail.

The idea has been that these dining-rooms should have the "at home" atmosphere of cozy comfort—and the aim has been realized.

One of them has a piano, which will enable musical artists who desire a comfortable and quiet corner in which to rehearse or work, to find just that.

Again, the children have been remembered, and their own private dining-room has been installed, following the long-established custom aboard French Line steamers.

This big, bright room, where the little passengers take their specially prepared meals under the watchful eye of mother or nurse, is gaily decorated with stenciled fairy-tale characters and colorful paintings depicting scenes from stories dear to childish hearts.

The command of the new liner, we learn from *The Herald Tribune*, has been given to Capt. Joseph Blancart, commodore of the French Line fleet, who entered the company's employ in 1898, at the age of twenty-one, as a midshipman. Of Captain Blancart's career we read:

He has seen service in sail. In 1909 he was made captain. During the war, while in command of the line's *Niagara*, he transported to France some of the first units of the A. E. F., and in 1917 was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. His last command was the *Paris*, which has been supplanted as the flagship by the *Ile de France*.

Captain Blancart is bringing with him to the *Ile de France* the *Paris's* former chief engineer, Lanne, and purser, Henry Villar.

Besides being an important addition to

the French Line's fleet because of her size and splendor, the *Ile de France* will round out the company's express ship service, affording, with the *Paris* and *France*, a sailing a week. In this way the line will be able to match the schedules of the Cunard and White Star Lines.

CHASING WILD RUMORS OF BYRD THROUGH SLATHERS OF FRENCH RAIN

BULLETINS were reporting the *America* here and there off the Irish coast—totally unfounded flashes, as afterward appeared—and at 6 o'clock that evening came a telephone message to the Paris correspondents that Byrd had been seen over Plymouth shortly after three. They made a hurried calculation and found that the *America* was accordingly just then about due at Le Bourget landing-field. Our readers on this side of the ocean who swallowed the "special extras" and confusing radio flashes on that night of bewilderment and anxiety will be interested in learning what a wild time it was for the news gatherers in Paris. We quote portions of a *New York Times* narrative by its correspondent, Edwin L. James, who, on receiving the Plymouth bulletin, set out for Le Bourget with three of his colleagues, leaving another to follow in a second car. He writes:

As soon as we got outside the Porte de la Villette, we began to find the road crowded, but not with automobiles. It was filled largely with soldiers going out to Le Bourget to keep the crowds in order. Arriving at the airport, we found it took one kind of card to get into the outer gate and another to get through the inner gate, and another still to get out on to the field, but we had a couple of pounds of credentials among us, so we had no trouble. Being very clever, we parked our car a hundred yards from the outside gate, with its nose pointed away from Paris, for we had our private speed route all mapped out. Jean, the chauffeur, was forbidden, under any circumstances, to move more than three feet away from the car.

Then we went to our reserved table, right up against the window on the first floor of the restaurant overlooking the field. We were trying to get some lobster reserved for "L'Ambassadeur Americain"—who happened to be in New York—when, in watching the great planes land from Berlin, we saw some of the blackest clouds any one ever saw. They seemed to be rolling up in every direction. Suddenly the sun gave up and it began to rain.

Now, there is rain and rain in France in the summertime. But this rain was no shower. It was serious rain. It started fine and plentiful, and from that start it rained for thirty-seven hours. If there was anywhere in this part of France where it stopt in that period, I haven't heard about it.

Half an hour later, about eight o'clock, we decided to go and look over the situation. At the door we met Kornfield, at that early hour already wet, for he had no raincoat. We sent him to the restaurant kitchen to try to dry out, and then looked over the crowd. There were about two thousand, with about a thousand troops in sight, and, protected under the trees, a regiment of mounted guards, their plumes

looking the saddest sight one could imagine. We recalled that when Lindbergh's landing brought a hundred and fifty thousand people to Le Bourget, there were very few police. Here were all the police you wanted, but no crowd.

Then it started raining harder. "My father's a minister of the gospel," said Philip, "but I am sure he will forgive me for cussing." And then Philip cussed, but added it was all right because he had a new raincoat he had bought in Scotland, where they knew all about rain and raincoats.

How wrong he was! In the next thirty-six hours that raincoat did more leaking than ought to be allowed any raincoat. For myself, I decided to get wet and let it go at that, so that getting wetter wouldn't make any real difference. There wasn't any place to go, for there were seven people where one ought to have been inside the restaurant. We got into the freight house and sat on air-freight packages which were address to Budapest. We hope the water did not harm the merchandise in them.

Dr. Gibbons [Rodman Wanamaker's representative], Sheldon Whitehouse, Chargé d'Affaires of the embassy, replacing the absent Ambassador, together with a lot of French officials, arrived and went off into the Commandant's rooms for a private dinner. There they ate that lobster.

It had got dark. Byrd has told how dark it got, and he exaggerated nothing. The clouds seemed to be rolling not more than a couple of hundred yards up, and the putting on of field flares every now and then to make sure the water hadn't interfered with the current only accentuated the inky blackness when they went out.

At 8:40 o'clock there came a report that Byrd had passed over Brest at 8:30. Then the loud-speaker of the airport called "Hallo! Hallo!" and announced that Byrd had passed Brest and was due at Le Bourget around 10 o'clock.

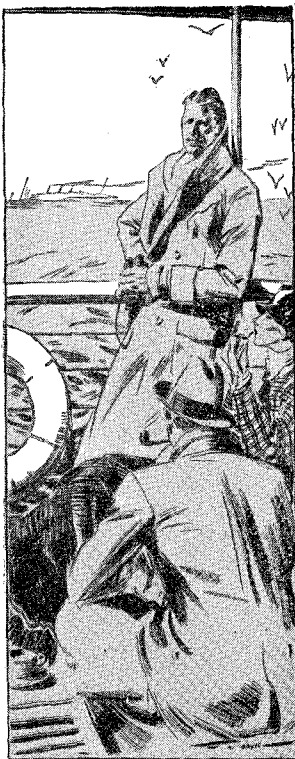
And it kept on raining.

We made a trip over to the cable office and wrote out several flashes, saying that Byrd had arrived and, leaving the time blank, handed them to the operator to be shot out on signal.

About 9 o'clock there started confusion, which lasted all night. London wired that Byrd had been over Ireland at 8 o'clock. That meant that he couldn't have been over Brest at 8:30. Then a report from Cherbourg had Byrd near there. Havre reported picking up a wireless message from the plane that Byrd was nearing Paris. At 9:30 the loud-speaker announced that Byrd was rapidly nearing Le Bourget and would land between 10:30 and 11 o'clock. It added that the information was semi-official.

Not five minutes passed without some sort of report reaching the 200 newspaper men on hand. We understand now how natural it was, too, since Byrd was wandering around lost, but at the time it seemed incomprehensible. All efforts to map his course on the charts proved impossible. He seemed to be following a black snake trail, as indeed he was.

Ten o'clock came, and 10:30. If Byrd had been over Brest at 8:30 he should be reaching Le Bourget, or else he was lost or had landed. As official confirmation of the receipt of the wireless signals over Brest came, uneasiness increased. Back in New York, editors were waiting for stories, and we all knew the utter worthlessness of any excuses we might make if we fell down. Which way should one turn? What should one do—go away and miss his arrival at Le Bourget, or stay there and



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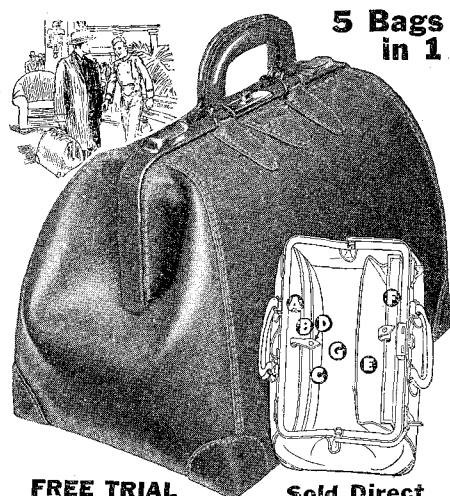
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

risk missing him somewhere else? We phoned to Graham. He knew nothing.

I went to the car to make sure Jean had enough gasoline to rush almost anywhere between Le Bourget and the coast. Then, leaving Philip, Callender, Kornfield, and Maloussey at the air-field, I took the taxicab which had brought Kornfield and started to Paris to go to the Hotel Continental, toward which Dr. Gibbons had said he would rush the airmen the moment they landed.

Twenty-five minutes later I walked into the front entrance of the Continental. Not a soul was in sight except the porter and two night clerks. No one could, or would, tell anything about the plans for the reception of the airmen. No, I could not phone, unless I had a room in the hotel, the public telephones being cut off at eleven. No sign of Warren or Travers. But I knew where their apartment was and started for it, to find that side of the hotel blocked off.

Then the clerks let me know that the airmen would be received at one of the back entrances of the hotel. There I went, to find half a hundred people standing in the rain, and the doorman, who advised me to go back to the main door. A hundred francs got me inside with a telephone instrument. In a few moments other reporters began to arrive. There we waited, telephoning every two or three minutes to our offices, and with a string of high-powered cars waiting in the rain.

When half-past one struck, I told Warren and Travers to wait at the Continental, and I went to the *Matin* office. As I entered the editorial room the news of Byrd's S O S came in. It was the unanimous opinion that all was up when, in a few minutes, came a message that he had enough gasoline for three hours. That meant four o'clock and relieved suspense. Then I went to our office in the *Matin* building. It was just a quarter to two.

I had started to write some sort of a story for the first edition back in New York when the telephone from downstairs rang and the editor of *Le Matin* told me Havas had announced that Byrd had landed at Issy-les-Moulineaux, just outside the Porte de Versailles; that the airplane was wrecked, but the airmen were safe. Now, Havas is, in France, like the Associated Press in America, serious and reliable, relatively speaking. Leaving the first-edition story to Graham, I rushed down-stairs, and with four *Matin* men grabbed the nearest taxi. We told the chauffeur to go to Issy, and do it quick. He did.

Over the asphalt streets we tore through Paris at seventy miles an hour. We shouted to the chauffeur to use his horn.

"No use," he retorted; "if we hit anything we are gone," and we couldn't stop, anyhow.

It must have been 2:35 when we reached the Versailles gate.

"Where are they?" we shouted at the octroi guards.

"Who?" they asked.

"The aviators," we shouted.

They knew nothing about any landing, but added that for twenty minutes between 12:30 and 1 they had heard the roaring of a motor.

If they had landed, we figured it was on the old abandoned field where Latham made his first trials. Down the road and



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on to the field we went, with the headlights on.

I don't know who made the motor of that taxi, but it was a good one. Through mud and water we splashed in our wild search until we came to grief in a ditch full of water.

Shaken, we crawled out to find the chauffeur swearing that he was dead. He wasn't. We gave him a lot of francs, which he was alive enough to count, and then ran back in the rain to the Versailles gate, where we got another taxi. To the nearest police post we rushed—where there was no information—and then on to the Police Commissariat. Inquiry had already been made all over town, and it seemed certain that Byrd had not landed at Issy. On the Commissariat telephone, Matthieu, the star reporter of *Le Matin*, tried to get his paper, but in vain. All lines were busy. I then tried our office, with no better luck.

Then happened one of the queerest experiences a reporter ever had. Hanging onto the telephone over the protestations of half a hundred other newspaper men who had arrived, I was saying to Matthieu: "I wonder if they are at Le Bourget."

"Oui, Monsieur le Commissaire. *Le Bourget, tout de suite*," I heard.

The telephone operator had come onto the line just as I uttered the name of the airfield, and knowing it was the Police Commissioner's line, she at once got busy. Then, almost a second later, a voice said:

"This is Dr. Gibbons at Le Bourget."

He was trying to get the Hotel Continental, and by some freak of fortune the lines had got mixed, so that less than a minute after I had asked for Le Bourget from Issy, on the other side of Paris, I had it.

"Are they there?" shouted Dr. Gibbons when I told him I was at Issy.

I replied in the negative with proper emphasis, and asked Dr. Gibbons to let our man at Le Bourget know. Dr. Gibbons couldn't find him quickly, so a moment later the official loud-speaker announced that the *New York Times* denied the report that Byrd had landed at Issy. And that's how the correction of the fake report got out to the world.

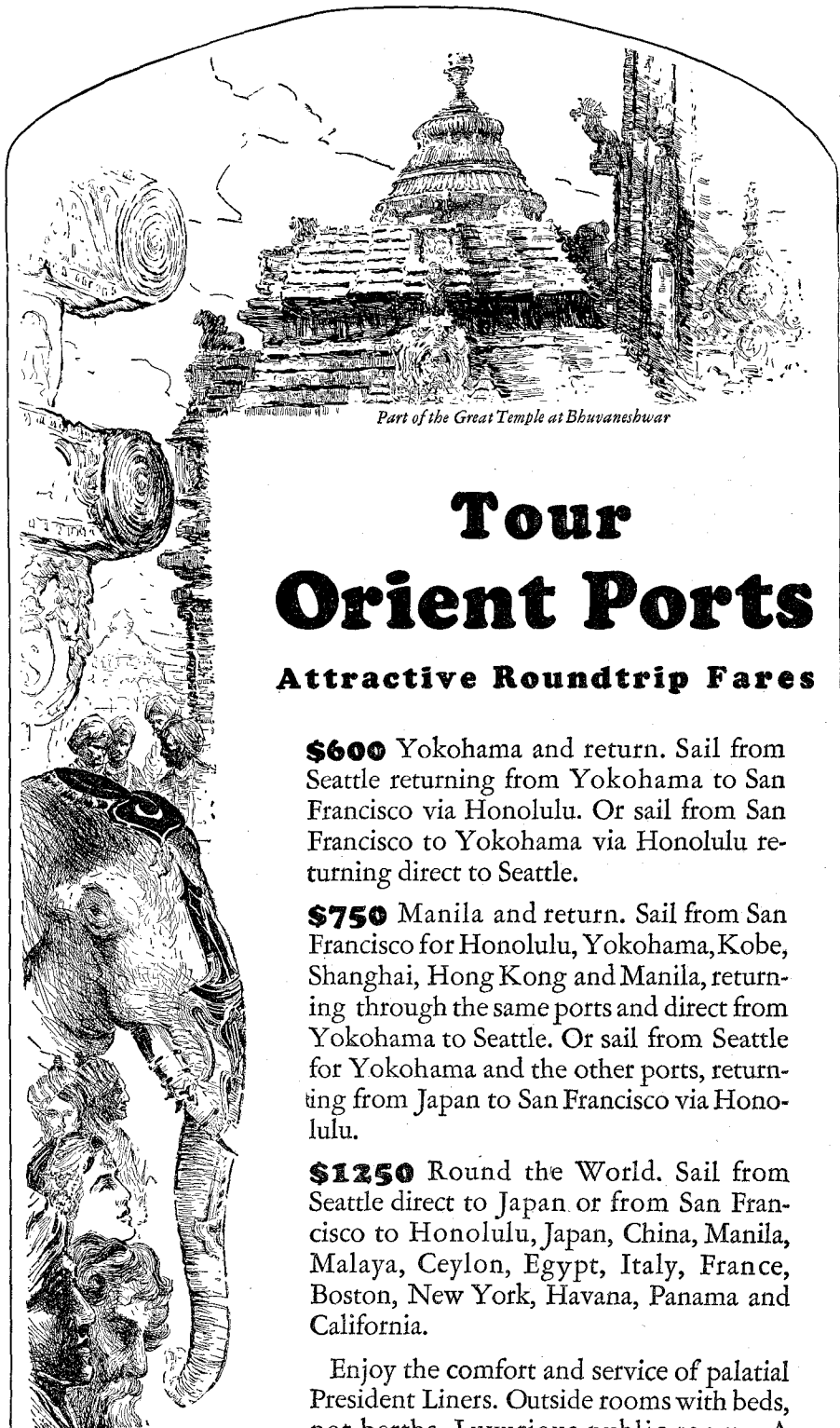
The real news did not come until after an anxious and laborious night in Paris. It was after 8 o'clock when Dr. Gibbons brought the news that the *America* had come down on the Normandy coast; and then, as Mr. James continues his narrative:

As soon as he could get hold of a car, Philip, with Kornfield and Harold Hinton, head of the Paris branch of the Wide World Photo Service, was on his way west through the rain and over 300 kilometers of dangerously slippery roads.

They reached Caen all right, avoiding the fate of another automobile carrying journalists, which overturned, putting all but one of the occupants into the hospital. From Caen on tortuous roads, narrow and evil, they made their way to Ver, and there found Byrd.

There in a little villa on the seaside, Philip obtained from the Commander the story of his flight, ending in those awful six hours lost in inky wetness. Kornfield covered completely the story of the fishermen finding the plane and the aviators at dawn on a Normandy beach.

When he was ready to shoot back to Paris, Philip couldn't find a car. He begged a ride to Caen, leaving Kornfield standing disconsolate in the rain, holding a bunch of flowers which had been presented to Byrd and which the Commander had asked him to keep.



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THE DOMINION'S ECONOMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

WHILE CANADA CELEBRATES her sixtieth anniversary as a Dominion, and newspapers are acclaiming her record in other fields, writers for the financial press are calling attention to the growth of Canadian commerce, industry and agriculture since the Union of the Provinces. In international trade, we are reminded, Canada now ranks fifth among the commercial nations of the world. A writer in *The World's Work* tells us that Canada's per capita wealth is excelled only by the United States and Great Britain, "being \$2,406, compared with their \$2,918 and \$2,459, respectively." Roger W. Babson, we read further in *The World's Work*, has recently estimated that Canada leads the world in the number of homes owned by her own people, namely, 70 per cent.

After the Dominion's status had been established, writes a Canadian correspondent of *The Nation* (New York), "the planning of economic developments which promised a larger measure of prosperity and opened the way for the amenities of civilization became possible." Immense sums of public money were spent in providing transportation. But for a time the Dominion's growth was disappointingly slow, altho population was increased by the adoption of a vigorous immigration policy shortly before the end of the century. "It is true," says this writer, Mr. J. A. Stevenson, "that the growth of Canada's population which is to-day estimated at nine and one-half million souls, has fallen short of expectations, but this slow increase makes all the more impressive Canada's economic achievement." For one thing, "the 2,278 miles of railway in 1867 have now been expanded to 40,352, and no country in the world has as large a railway mileage per capita." "A string of fine modern cities with broad streets and every modern convenience constitute the nerve centers of the Dominion, and the harnessing of the vast water-powers has both simplified the problems of domestic life and given a great stimulus to industrial development." To-day, continues Mr. Stevenson, "Canada leads the world as an exporter of wheat, newsprint, nickel and asbestos, and her command of raw materials and water-power resources, which can cheapen the costs of the manufacturing processes, insures her steady industrial expansion." Mr. Stevenson then sets down in a brief tabulation the story of the Dominion's material expansion in these sixty years:

	1867	1926
National Wealth (estimated)	\$1,500,000,000	\$22,000,000,000
Federal Revenues	19,000,000	395,000,000
Foreign Trade	149,000,000	2,242,000,000
Assets of Chartered Banks	50,000,000	2,300,000,000
Produce of Field Crops	100,000,000	1,121,000,000
Produce of Dairies	15,000,000	241,000,000
Produce of Mines	4,000,000	240,000,000
Produce of Forests*	32,000,000	327,000,000
Manufacturing Production	221,000,000	2,948,000,000

*Manufacturing and forestry production figures are for 1925, but were exceeded last year.

Canada, says *Bradstreet's*, has "made haste slowly," her industrial and commercial progress having been relatively free from the alternation of booms and acute depressions that have affected the business life of the United States. Credit for this must be given in large measure, we are told, "to the conservative policy of the great Canadian banks and to the strong-fibered temperament of the people." *Bradstreet's* goes on to state the chief facts, showing Canada's commercial, industrial and agricultural growth since the Union of the Provinces, taking its statistics from the volume "Sixty Years of Canadian Progress," published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics:

The expansion of Canada's foreign trade in the past sixty years has been very impressive, and she now ranks fifth among

the commercial nations of the world. The following table shows the foreign-trade figures for 1868, 1900 and 1927:

	1868	1900	1927
Total trade	\$119,792,000	\$355,889,000	\$2,298,466,000
Total imports	67,090,000	172,652,000	1,030,893,000
Total exports	52,702,000	183,237,000	1,267,573,000

Canada's total trade in 1927 was about twenty times as great as in 1868, but it will be seen that most of this gain has been made since 1900. From the confederation to 1900 the Dominion's trade increased 197 per cent., while from 1900 to 1927 it increased 546 per cent. For purposes of comparison, it may be noted that the foreign commerce of the United States increased 252 per cent. from 1868 to 1900, and 311 per cent. from 1900 to 1926. The rate of increase in this country was thus higher than in Canada during the latter part of the nineteenth century, but lower during the elapsed years of the twentieth century. In trade per capita, Canada is second only to New Zealand, and the excess of exports over imports per capita for the Dominion is the largest in the world. In the early years, Canada's imports consisted chiefly of manufactured goods, while her exports were raw materials, but with the development of the country's industries this condition is being reversed, and imports of raw materials and exports of manufactures and semi-manufactures are increasing.

Canada's national wealth was estimated at the census of 1921 as \$22,195,302,443. There are no comparable figures for the year of confederation, but the country's total wealth is believed to have been less than \$1,500,000,000, or about one-fifteenth of the 1921 aggregate. Farms and farm equipment and agricultural products in farmers' hands made up more than one-third of the 1921 total, and one-quarter was in city property. Steam railroads in Canada are valued at approximately \$3,000,000,000, and have 40,352 miles of track in operation, as against 2,278 miles in 1867. In 1925 the railroads carried about 41,000,000 passengers and 110,000,000 tons of freight, compared with 5,190,000 passengers and 5,670 tons of freight in 1875.

The development of agriculture may best be illustrated by comparing recent yields of leading crops with the corresponding figures for an early year, as follows:

	1871	1926
Wheat, bushels	16,723,873	405,938,000
Oats, bushels	42,489,453	392,443,000
Barley, bushels	11,496,068	105,127,000
Potatoes, cwt.	28,398,112	50,742,000
Hay, tons	3,818,641	14,458,000

It will be noted that wheat production has increased actually and proportionately at a much higher rate than the other crops. Wheat furnishes the largest single item in the Dominion's export trade, being valued at \$364,201,000 in 1926, and may be described as the backbone of the nation's prosperity. Live-stock raising and dairying are important branches of Canadian agriculture, meat products marketed in 1925 being valued at \$163,816,310, and dairy products at \$241,069,320, as against \$3,799,552 and \$15,023,966, respectively, in 1870.

The forests of the Dominion yield over 2,500,000,000 cubic feet of timber annually, this being converted into building materials, pulpwood, railroad ties, and firewood. Lumber production in 1871 was valued at \$31,148,000 and reached \$134,413,000 by 1925, while pulp and paper production rose from \$1,071,651 in 1871 to \$193,092,000 in the later year. Mining ranks third among Canada's primary industries, and produced goods valued at \$241,245,000 in 1926, as against \$10,221,225 in 1886, the earliest year for which data are available. Gold production increased from \$2,174,412 in 1871 to \$36,141,891 in 1926. The world's largest gold-mine, the Hollinger mine, is located in Canada.

Fisheries on the two coasts of the Dominion reported products for 1925 valued at \$48,000,000, this comparing with \$6,000,000 in 1870. Fishing and trapping were undoubtedly the earliest of Canadian industries, and the fur trade played a most important part in the early days of the country, altho its products do not bulk so large at present as those of other primary lines. The production of furs in 1926 was about \$15,000,000, compared with \$987,555 in 1880. A recent development of interest is the establishment of numerous fur farms, which promise to furnish an

increasingly greater proportion of the raw fur output.

Manufacturing now employs about 550,000 workers, and produces goods valued at \$3,000,000,000 a year. In 1870, employees numbered 188,000, and the value of manufactured products was \$221,000,000. Flour-mills in 1925 had an output valued at \$187,944,000, pulp and paper products stood at \$193,000,000, and saw-mills, meat-packing establishments and dairy-products factories reported goods valued at over \$100,000,000 for each group. In 1870, flour-mills had an output valued at \$39,000,000, and saw-mills produced \$31,000,000 worth of goods, while none of the other three groups mentioned reported an output of as much as \$5,000,000. Two industries—automobiles and electric-light and power production—which did not, of course, figure in the country's early years, each reported products valued at over \$100,000,000 in 1925.

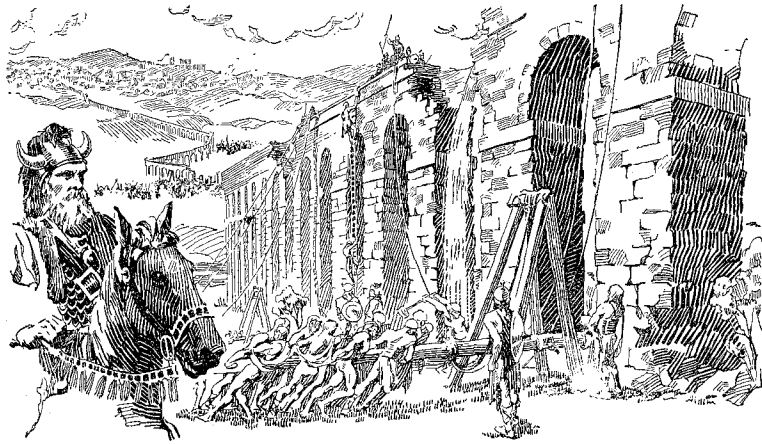
WHAT FOREIGN COMPETITION IS DOING TO AGRICULTURE

WITH the turn of the present century American agricultural exports began to decline. First, butter and cheese, then cattle and beef lost their hold on foreign markets, writes George B. L. Arner, of the Department of Agriculture, in *The American Bankers Association Journal*. The World War brought a revival of exports, but since 1919, we are told, exports of farm products have declined to a point but slightly above the low level of the five years just preceding the conflict. What does the future hold? Will our agricultural exports continue to decline?

The primary cause of declining exports, points out this authority, is foreign competition. It seems that—

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that grains and other food products began to be important factors in our export trade. The rapid industrial development of Great Britain and Western Europe drew the people of these countries from the farms to the cities, while at the same time improved transportation both on land and sea made possible the greatest migration in history, which in one generation brought under cultivation the Mississippi Valley and the Great Plains. With the end of the century the frontier passed beyond the boundaries of the United States, and in the next quarter-century the Canadian Northwest, Argentina, and Australia repeated the history of our Great plains from 1875 to 1900. Canada soon exceeded the United States in wheat exports, and in two recent years Argentina has exported more wheat than the United States. Argentina and Australia have eliminated the United States from foreign markets for beef. Canada, then New Zealand, drove us from foreign markets for butter and cheese. Argentina captured and held European markets for corn. For bacon, the British market has turned from the United States to Denmark and Canada. Of the major commodities in our old export trade we have retained a firm grip only on cotton, tobacco, and lard.

Our exports of these three products dominate the world markets, but we have no monopoly even here. Egyptian and Peruvian long staple cotton sells on our own markets, and India is an important factor wherever cheap short staple cotton is used. Brazil, Argentina and several



WATER Bonds are Secured by the Life of Cities

WHEN Witigis, King of the Goths, brought his hordes to the siege of Rome in the year 537, he dealt a deadly blow at the city by striking at the aqueducts which furnished Rome with water. As conduit and arch, ranking among "the noblest monuments of Roman genius and power," crumbled beneath the barbarian battering rams, the fate of the city was sealed. Without pure water Rome could not exist.

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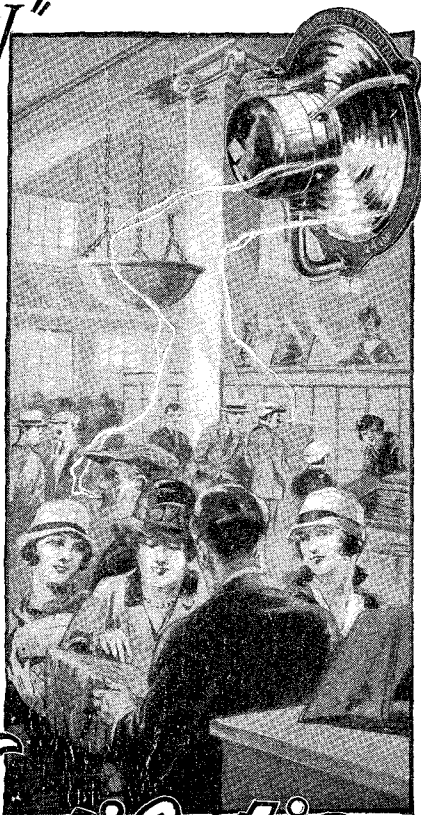
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Whether the penny-in-slot machine was invented B.C. or A.D.?
Why Julius Caesar paid \$750,000 for two pearls?
Where the largest theater in the world was for twenty centuries?
Why the first physicians had a trade union like the plumbers?
To whose private secretary much of the New Testament was dictated?
What Biblical city had better sanitation than many modern towns?
Why ancient churches were taxed more than the saloons were?
What Roman emperor had a 120-foot elevator in his home?
Why starving men and women were given tickets to the circus?

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New discoveries show that the ancients had complete modern sanitation, false tax returns were common, laws had to be passed to curb the trusts, women used paint and powder as beauty aids, trade unions controlled wage scales, and that many of the people preferred living in apartments instead of houses.

NEW ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

is a sweeping and vivid portrait of the life and times at the dawn of the Christian era By CAMDEN M. COBERN, D.D., LITT.D., the celebrated archeologist and Egyptologist. The vast wealth of new findings about this epoch are here woven into a thrilling tale that reads like a novel. The historical characters of the period are made to live again in their own homes and offices, at work and at play. Streets long deserted again teem with traffic—crowds surge through the market places—the arenas again resound with the roar of the crowd and man-killing animals—farmers till their fields—slaves struggle under the lash—all in this realistic restoration of a most vital epoch in the world's history. The volume is filled with surprise and suspense, the amazing culture developed, the wide-spread ranges of commerce, the great water fleets, the marvelous highways, the astonishing extravagances of the rich, the plight of the poor, the enormously high cost of living, and the radical change invoked by the spread of the new-born Christian religion.

A NEW PICTURE OF THE WORLD IN BIBLE TIMES

This graphic archeological record is of singular value to the Bible student, for the author has given special attention to the great array of newly recovered documents about the associates and disciples of Christ. It gives a panoramic picture of the whole Mediterranean country as Peter and Paul traveled from land to land preaching the Gospel—how the New Testament was written—the change from paganism—the slaughter of the martyrs—the home life—the moral standards—the governments—all taken from original sources, the parchments written centuries ago. And not only does the author relate the late finds but he tells of earlier discoveries also, giving a complete picture of the wealthy and luxury-loving times in which Christianity budded.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE Continued

African countries have recently increased cotton production, and are exporting to Europe. American tobacco must meet the competition of tobacco from many parts of the world, with the countries of the Near East, notably Bulgaria and Greece, even taking the lead from the United States in many Continental markets. Our lard from corn-belt hogs appears to be quite secure from direct competition, but indirectly its market is limited by the increasing use of vegetable oil substitutes in European countries.

While our great export products are meeting the most severe competition in foreign markets, explains Mr. Arner, other farm products are facing keen foreign competition at home. For example—

Half of our supplies of wool are imported notwithstanding the tariff protection which our domestic wool enjoys. Australia and Argentina are our great sources of supply for clothing and combing wool, while our carpet wool comes from the Far and Near East. We import perhaps a third of our cattle hides chiefly from Argentina, Canada, and Colombia; half of our sheep and lamb skins from Australia, New Zealand, and Argentina; and nearly our whole supply of goat and kid skins are imported, chiefly from British India and China. Argentina and Canada send us half of the linseed we consume.

Domestic beet sugar and Louisiana cane supply together only about 20 per cent. of our sugar consumption. Another 25 per cent. comes from our non-contiguous possessions, but the dominant factor in the American sugar market is imported sugar from Cuba, which constitutes 55 per cent. of our supply. Without tariff protection it is doubtful if sugar could be produced at all in continental United States.

Other farm products are on the border line, with the bulk of our supply produced on our own farms, but with prices always limited by potential and sometimes actual competition from abroad. In this class fall butter, cheese, eggs, beef, mutton, and some fruits and vegetables. Many of these commodities are both imported and exported. Butter is regularly exported to Cuba, Mexico, and other countries, to the south, also across the border into some sections of Canada.

Cheese is always imported, but most of the imported cheese is of special Swiss and Italian varieties. The movement of typical American cheese, however, is similar to that of butter. We export regularly to certain countries and import from Canada whenever the price differential makes importation profitable. We have little export trade in fresh and frozen meats except pork. Beef and lamb are imported in small quantities from Canada and the Southern Hemisphere countries, but competition is more potential than actual. We export eggs in the shell with Cuba as our best market, but at the same time we import an equal or greater volume of Chinese frozen or powdered eggs.

Much of the foreign competition in our home markets looks at first sight more alarming than it is in fact. It is often profitable to import a commodity in some section of the country over the tariff wall while we are exporting the same commodity from another part of the country. For

example, the Pacific coast occasionally imports Argentine corn, since the rail freight from the corn belt to the coast cities is greater than the ocean freight from Buenos Aires to those ports plus the fifteen-cent tariff. But if this foreign corn is moved toward the interior, railway freight charges soon destroy its advantage over domestic corn. So with many products there is a fringe of competition along the borders of the country, while the great interior consuming areas remain untouched.

What of the future? To quote further from the bankers' journal:

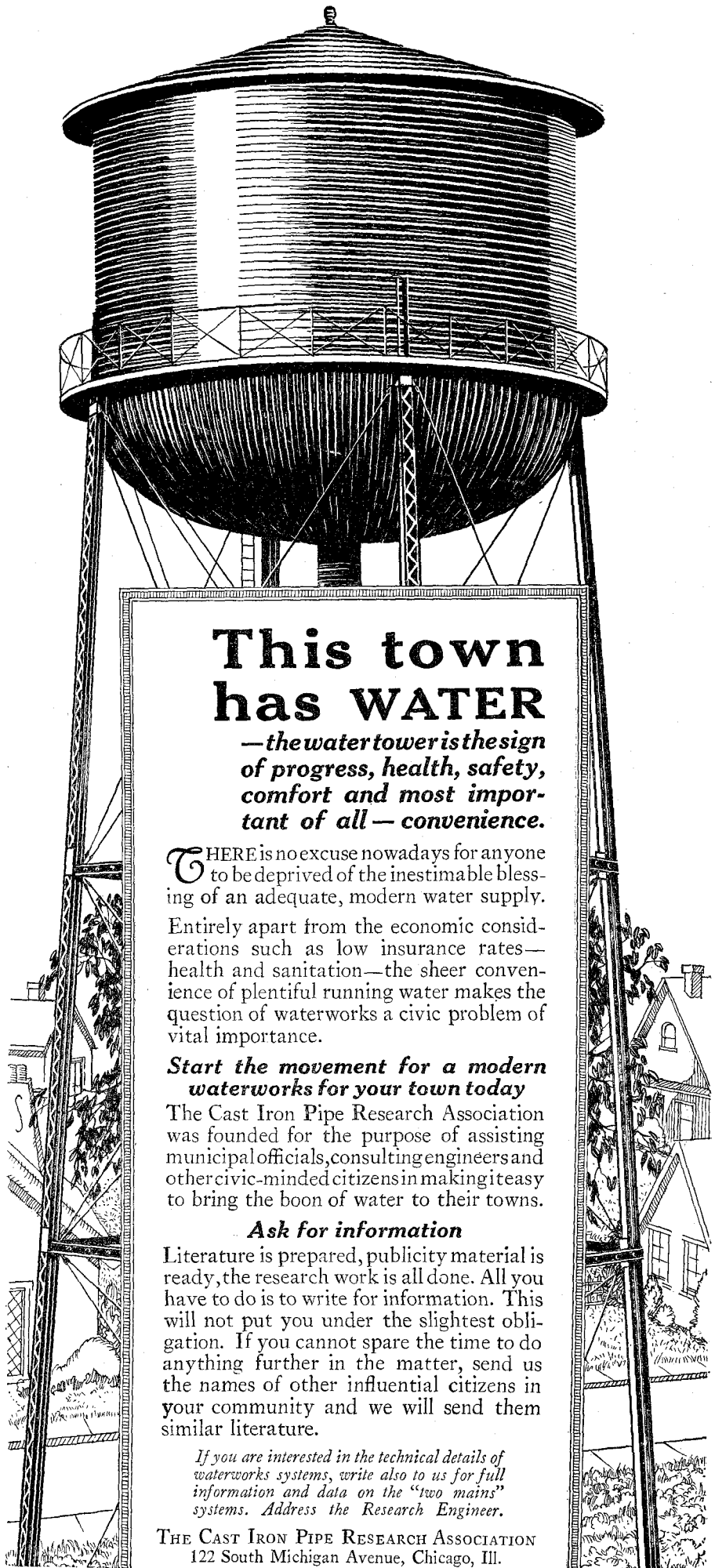
While the United States has apparently been losing ground in the competitive race for world markets for farm products, it is not necessary to conclude that our agricultural exports will continue to decline in the future. There are no more great areas of virgin prairie lands to be exploited, so the increased grain production which will be needed as world population increases must be attained by better yields on the areas now under cultivation, or by the development of new varieties which will extend the grain area farther into the dry-land areas which adjoin most of the present prairie lands or which will extend production into areas having a shorter growing season. Canada, Argentina, and Australia must find foreign markets for from 70 to 80 per cent. of their wheat production, while the United States must find a market abroad for only from 15 to 30 per cent. of its crop. In cotton the United States produces such a large part of the world crop that we have less to fear from foreign competition than from overdevelopment at home. Technological improvement which would lower production costs, coupled with a moderate restriction in acreage, should put the American cotton producer in a very strong position. Too much acreage restriction, however, would raise prices to a point at which foreign competition would be encouraged.

While foreign competition has increased in tobacco markets, American tobacco is still in a relatively strong position.

AUSTRIA'S SAVINGS-BANK LOTTERY

NO one would expect the United States Post-office Department to start up a lottery to attract new depositors or to keep depositors from taking their money out of the postal savings-banks. But this is just what the corresponding authorities are doing in Austria, according to a report thus briefly mentioned in the financial columns of the *New York Herald Tribune*:

In order to attract new accounts to the Austrian Postal Savings Bank, that institution has been authorized by the Federal Ministry of Finance to institute a system of premium deposits which provides for periodic lottery drawings, and the awarding of prizes to depositors whose accounts bear the winning numbers. The funds will be provided by the bank's paying a lower rate of interest than on ordinary accounts, the money thus saved being distributed as premiums. It is hoped in this way to increase the deposits of the system, which has suffered greatly from withdrawals since it was revealed in 1926 that losses of 110,000,000 schilling had been incurred through loans to banks and other credit transactions.



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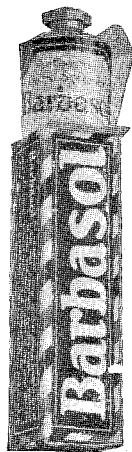


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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 28.—The Tariff Barriers Committee of the Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce at Stockholm votes in favor of a scaling down of European tariff walls.

The British Cabinet drops its plan for reforming the House of Lords.

June 29.—A total eclipse of the sun is visible in northern England and parts of northern Europe.

June 30.—The head of the British delegation at the Geneva Arms Limitation Conference states that Great Britain has no intention of disputing the principle of equality between British and American naval strength.

The Italian Finance Minister announces the abandonment of the Government's plan to revalue the lira.

July 1.—Commander Richard E. Byrd, Bert Acosta, Lieut. George O. Noville, and Bernt Balchen, after flying across the Atlantic from New York, and being lost in fog and storm over France, come down in their Fokker airplane in shallow water near the beach at Ver sur Mer, on the coast of Normandy, after being in the air 43 hours and 21 minutes.

Former President Ospina of Colombia dies at Bogota.

Canada begins a jubilee celebration commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of her status as a Dominion of the British Empire.

July 2.—Commander Byrd and his companions arrive in Paris and are given an enthusiastic welcome.

Helen Wills wins the English women's tennis championship in Wimbledon; Henri Cochet who had previously defeated William T. Tilden, 2d, in the semi-finals wins the men's championship, defeating his countryman Jean Borotra.

July 5.—Chinese Nationalist armies under Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang, make important advances toward Peking.

Gen. Francisco Serrano, Gen. Arnulfo Gomez, and former President Alvaro Obregon are actively campaigning for the Mexican Presidential election to be held next year.

DOMESTIC

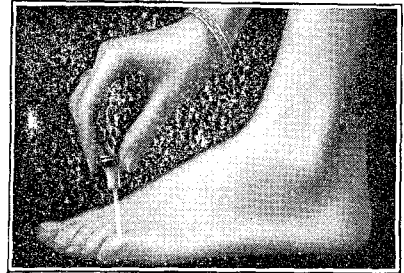
June 28.—Following a conference with Governor-General Wood, President Coolidge says he favors the establishment of a central bureau, preferably in the Department of the Interior, to take charge of all the insular possessions of the United States.

Lieuts. Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberger begin their flight from Oakland, California, over the Pacific to Honolulu.

Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France, arrives in this country for a vacation.

It is announced that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh will tour the United States by air for three months to promote aviation.

In a speech before the International Advertising Association at Denver, Senator Borah calls upon the nation to



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concentrate on its own needs and the development of its own resources rather than on the problems of Europe.

June 29.—Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger complete their flight from the American mainland to Honolulu, 2,400 miles, in 25 hours and 50 minutes.

Governor Fuller of Massachusetts stays the executions of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti from the week of July 10-to the week of August 10.

Commander Richard E. Byrd, Lieut. George Noville, Bert Acosta, and Bernt Balchen leave Roosevelt Field near New York for their transatlantic flight to Paris in the Fokker airplane *America*.

Columbia University's crew wins the annual regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie.

July 1.—At the end of the fiscal year 1926-27 the United States Treasury Department announces a record-breaking budget surplus of \$635,809,921.

July 5.—Four persons are killed and twenty-three injured in the wreck of a New York, Ontario and Western express on the West Shore tracks at Iona Island, N. Y., forty-two miles from New York City.

It is estimated by the United Press that 268 persons in the United States were killed in Fourth of July accidents, mostly automobile crashes.

Infant Sherlock Holmes.—"Be observing, my son," counseled Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing and you will become a successful man."

"Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through life like a blind man. Learn to use your eyes."

"Little boys who are observing get on much faster than those who are not," Aunt Jane put in.

The youngster took their advice to heart. A day passed and once more he stood before the family council.

"Well, my son," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?" Willie nodded. "Tell us what you've learned."

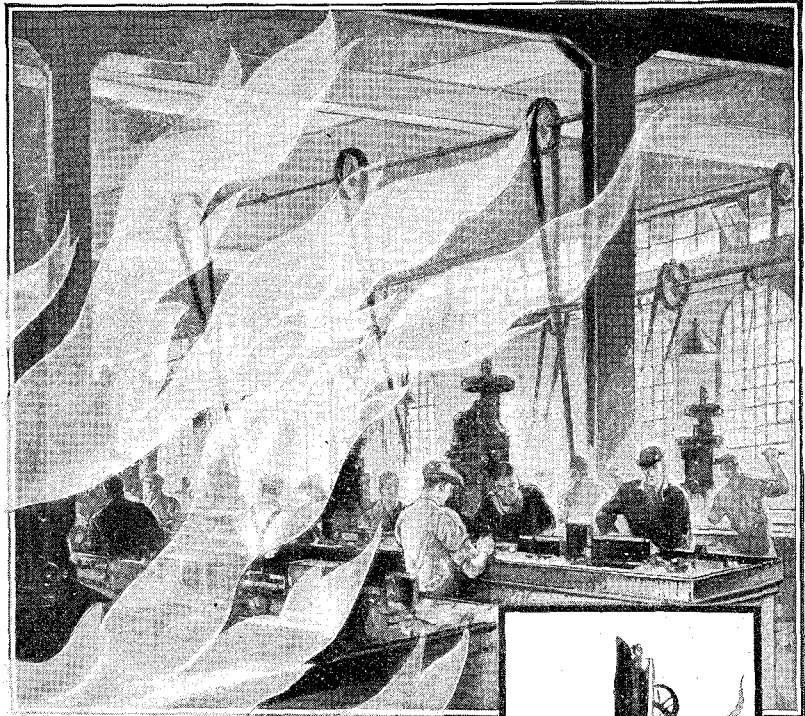
"Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whisky hid behind his trunk," said Willie. "Aunt Jane's got an extra set of false teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips hid behind Emerson's Essays in the bookcase."

"The little sneak!" exclaimed the family with one voice.—*Boston Transcript*.

Knew His Dad.—A little boy went to the railroad station to see his father off on a visit. Amid the usual farewells, kisses, and waving of handkerchiefs, the train pulled out, and the little boy gazed longingly after it until it disappeared in the distance. Shortly afterward a locomotive came in sight with a train of the same length as the one that had taken his father away, and as it entered the station, he clapped his hands excitedly, and shouted, "Mama! Mama! Here comes the train back again! Papa forgot something."—*The Outlook*.

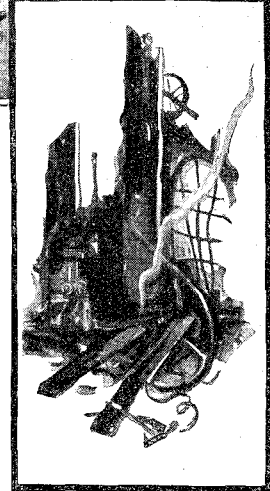
Thrift Campaign.—"I hear you give your little boy a quarter every week for good behavior, Ignatz."

"Sure, but I fool him. I told him the gas meter was a little bank I bought him."—*The Open Road*.



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* *

Write for free booklet, "Correct Protection Against Fire," which shows whether or not your present fire protection is dependable.

Foamite-Childs Corporation, Fire Protection Engineers and Manufacturers, 966 Turner Street, Utica, N. Y. Representatives in all leading cities. *Foamite-Childs of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

3 KINDS of FIRES

EXTRA-HAZARDOUS FIRES of oil—grease—gasoline—can be surely controlled only by "smothering" them. The clinging Firefoam from *Foamite* appliances does this most effectively.

AUTOMOBILE FIRES and fires in live high voltage electrical equipment may be "stifled" under heavy gas, as with the discharge from a *Fire-Gun*.

ORDINARY FIRES of wood, paper, rubbish, can be "cooled" out with the *Childs* (Soda-Acid) Extinguisher, or, better still, "smothered" with the *Foamite* Extinguisher.

Foamite-Childs Protection

A Complete Engineering Service

Against Fire

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THE ▽ SPICE ▽ OF ▽ LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Broken China.—"The two Chinese armies have just fought another battle."
"Was anybody hurt?"—*Judge*.

Hoot Mon!—Harry Lauder has immortalized the blue of Irish eyes and the rolling brogue of the Emerald Island people.—*Palm Beach paper*.

Pride of Possession.—"Cook tells me you want to go out to-night, Mary. Is it urgent?"
"No, mum; it's mine."—*Tid-Bits*.

Ancient Retainer.—"Your maid seems to be rather familiar with you."
"Yes, I put up with that from old servants; just think, she has been with us for more than a month."—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

If You'll Believe It.—High above are stones and clay heaped and stacked in incredulous forms and shapes.—*Boston Herald*.

When Time Almost Flies.—"I have had so many troubles, my dear, that this year I have grown six months older."
—*Pêle Mêle (Paris)*.

Still, Small Voice.—Mrs. Petunia Riggs has at last located the squeak in the rear of her car which has been bothering her for the past few days. It was her husband requesting from the back seat that she drive a little slower.—*Life*.

Before and After.—"My wife has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months."
"And can you see any result yet?"
"Yes—the roller is much thinner!"—*Die Muskete (Vienna)*.

Bearing It Bravely.—Despite the fact that an open safety-pin gradually is working its way through her sister, little Nell Clark of Austinville, near here, to-day was apparently little the worse for her experience.—*Vicksburg paper*.

Pledge of Affection.—HE—"Still love me?"
SHE—"Yes."
HE—"Very much?"
SHE—"Bushels."
HE—"Then, say, honey, couldn't I keep six bits out of my salary this week?"—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

Troublesome Surplus.—MR. SPENDIX—"Any instalments due to-day?"
MRS. SPENDIX—"No, dear, I think not."
MR. SPENDIX—"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture the rugs, or the books?"
MRS. SPENDIX—"No."
MR. SPENDIX—"Then I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say if we buy a new car?"—*Hardware Age*.

Surprise Packets.—Reservations may be made for ladies in boxes only.—*Prospectus of a New York banquet to Colonel Lindbergh*.

What Price Zyzze?—"What were Webster's last words?"
"Zymosis, zymotic, zymurgy."—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Packing 'Em In.—The lodge has more than 20 rooms. . . . When filled to capacity it can take care of 53 sleeping guests.—*Washington Star*.

In Again, Out Again.—WIFE—"Was Mrs. De Style in her new gown when you saw her?"
HUSBAND—"Partly."—*Boston Transcript*.

These Boys Were Hot.—A petition signed by 1,200 undergraduates was presented to the corporation.—*New York World*.

Cheerful Bystander.—BADLY BRUISED BOXER—"I can't 'ardly see 'im, now."
SECOND—"Never mind—it 'im from memory."—*London Opinion*.

Ghostly Accuser.—
Forks Man Arrested
On Wife's Complaint
Following Her Death
—*Minot (N. Dak.) paper*.

Scapegoat.—AGATHA—"Did Ella dare to find fault with her young daughter for arriving home with the milkman?"
HARRIETT—"No." She scolded the milkman for coming so late.—*Life*.

Well Deserved.—Congratulations are being sent to Commander and Mrs. Maurice M. Witherspoon for the birth of a daughter.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

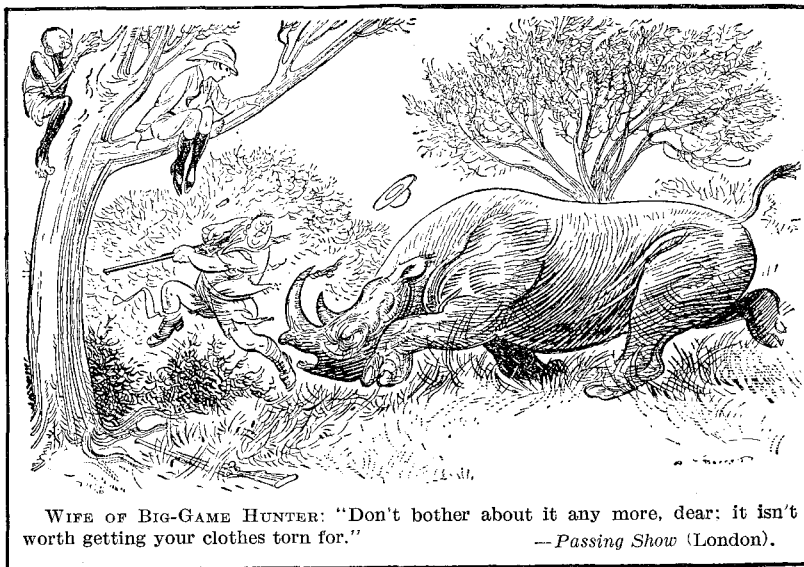
Sweet Compensation.—"Mrs. Svensson is such a lucky woman; she has been left a widow twice and both times there has been a mourning sale at the stores."—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

Vanishing Americans.—There were no inhabitants east of the Pueblo of Pecos until 1794. West of the Rio Grande there were even less.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Getting the Keynote.—INTERVIEWER (to big business man)—"I have called to learn the secret of your unparalleled success."
BIG BUSINESS MAN—"Just one moment, please. Are you from *The American Magazine* or the district attorney's office?"
—*Life*.

In Peril.—Pett Ridge tells of a junior clerk who approached the head of a firm which was doing none too well, with a view to a rise in salary.
"Certainly not," was the reply, "and let me warn you, young man, if you're not jolly careful I'll make you a partner!"—*London Opinion*.

Paradise for Prexys.—The story goes that several college presidents were discussing what they would do after they retired. What would they be fit for, was the question.
"Well," said one of them, "I don't know that I'd be fit for anything, but I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum so I'd never get any letters from parents."
"I've a much better ambition," exclaimed another. "I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."—*Harper's*.



WIFE OF BIG-GAME HUNTER: "Don't bother about it any more, dear: it isn't worth getting your clothes torn for."
—*Passing Show (London)*.

Chicks or Cook?—
EGGS DUE FOR
EARLY BREAK
—*Vancouver paper*.

First Aid.—STRANGER—"Do you have to see a doctor before you get liquor in this town?"
NATIVE—"No, afterward."—*Masonic Home Journal (Louisville)*.

Dear at any Price.—
BILL TO MAKE
BOOBS CHEAPER
IN TENNESSEE
—*Asheville (N. C.) paper*.

Ask Him Another.—"Hello, is that the pawnbroker's?"
"Yes, sir."
"What time is it, please?"
"I am not here to tell you the time."
"But, sir, it's you who have got my watch."—*Pêle Mêle (Paris)*.

Tale of a Leg.—Capt. Harry H. Birkholm, wired General Steamship Corporation officers in San Francisco yesterday as follows:
"Freighter *Alaska's* captain, E. L. Condin, operated on for appendicitis Stop Second captain, Legoff, in charge."
Came the following reply: "Sorry about Cordin Stop Second captain's leg ff is severe blow Stop Wire further details."—*Los Angeles Examiner*.